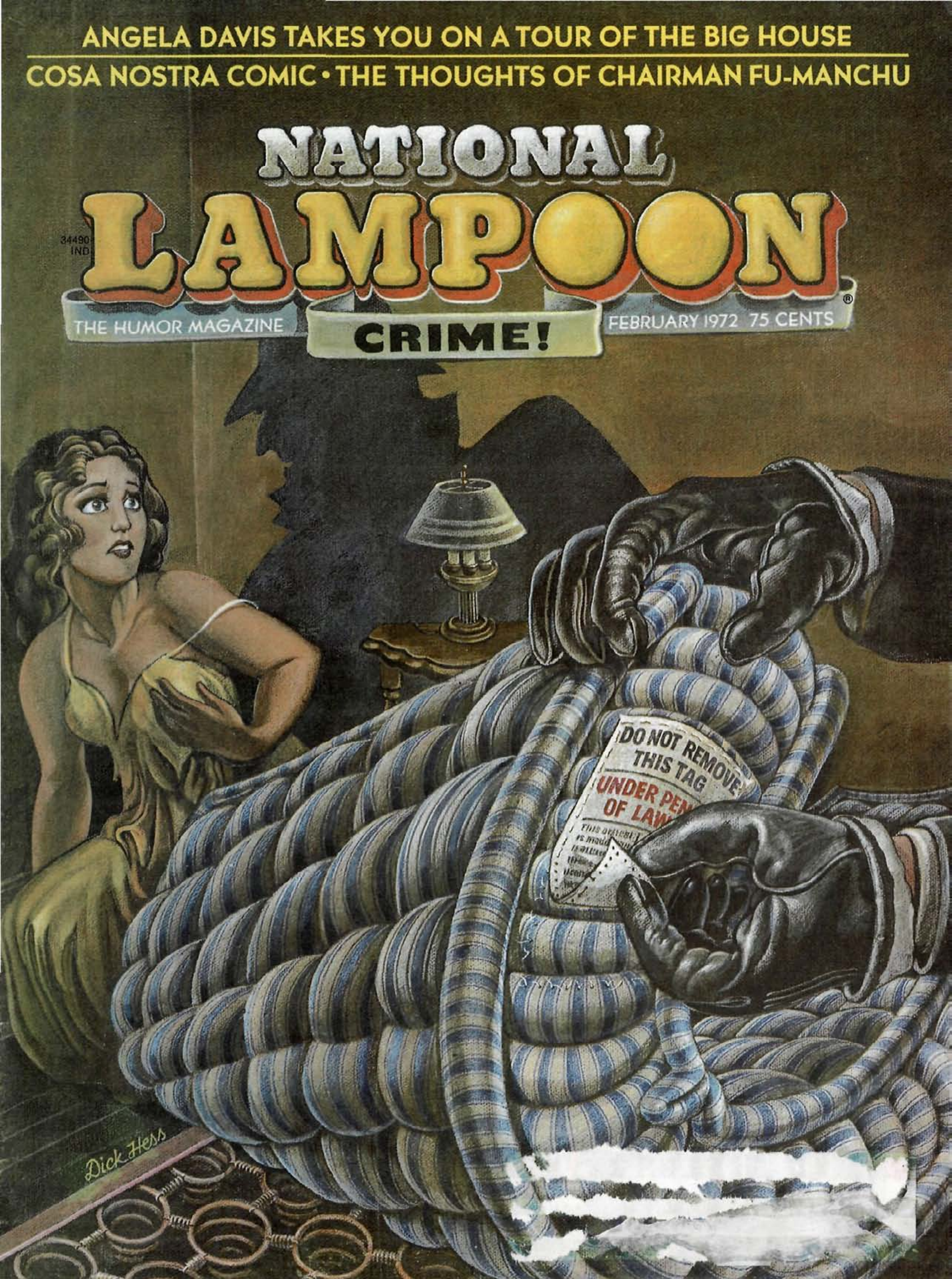
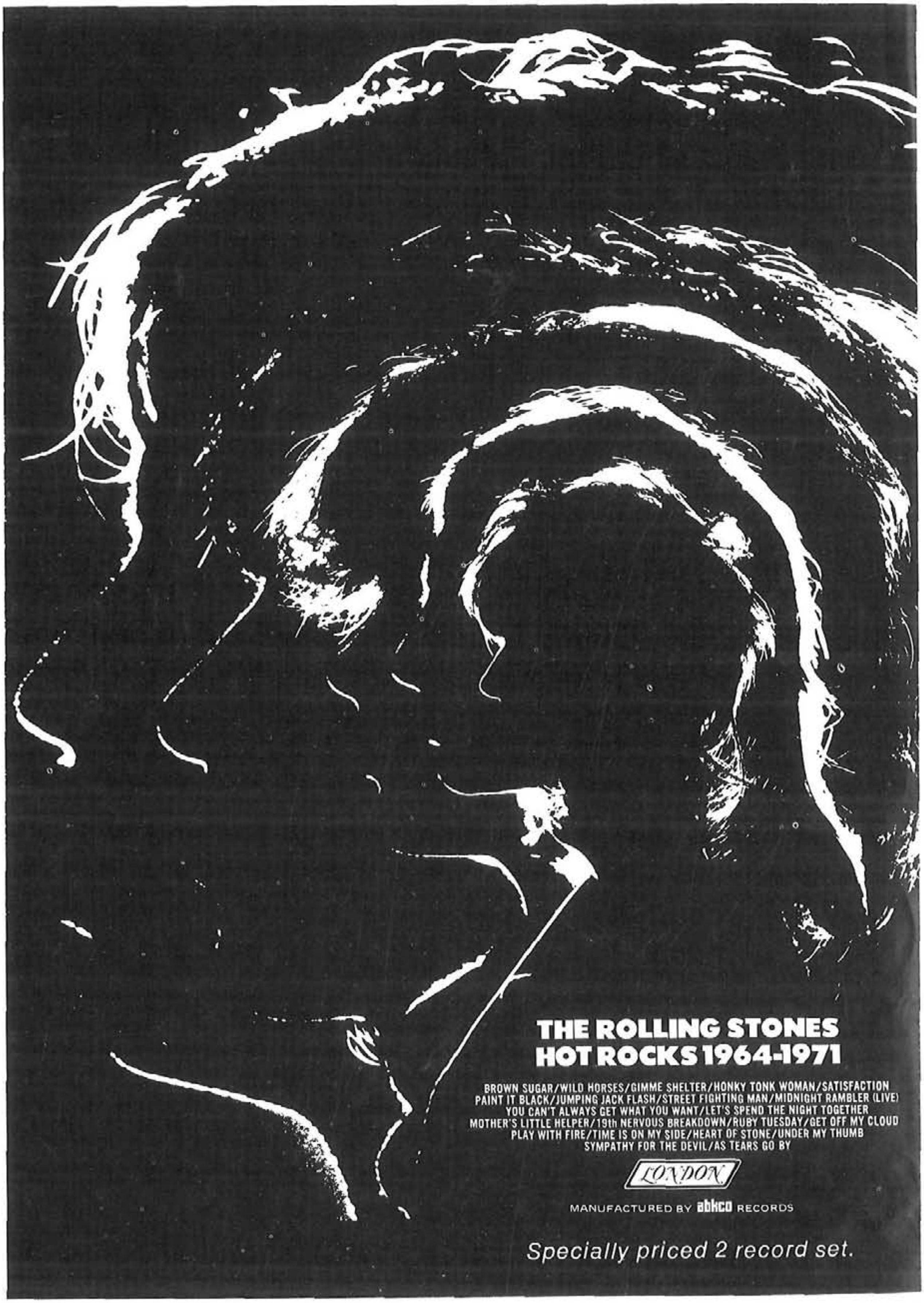

ANGELA DAVIS TAKES YOU ON A TOUR OF THE BIG HOUSE
COSA NOSTRA COMIC • THE THOUGHTS OF CHAIRMAN FU-MANCHU
NATIONAL
LAMPOON
34490
IND
THE HUMOR MAGAZINE
CRIME!
FEBRUARY 1972 75 CENTS
DO NOT REMOVE THIS TAG
UNDER PEN OF LAW
Dick Hess


THE ROLLING STONES
HOT ROCKS 1964-1971
BROWN SUGAR/WILD HORSES/GIMME SHELTER/HONKY TONK WOMAN/SATISFACTION
PAINT IT BLACK/JUMPING JACK FLASH/STREET FIGHTING MAN/MIDNIGHT RAMBLER (LIVE)
YOU CAN'T ALWAYS GET WHAT YOU WANT/LET'S SPEND THE NIGHT TOGETHER
MOTHER'S LITTLE HELPER/19th NERVOUS BREAKDOWN/RUBY TUESDAY/GET OFF MY CLOUD
PLAY WITH FIRE/TIME IS ON MY SIDE/HEART OF STONE/UNDER MY THUMB
SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL/AS TEARS GO BY
LONDON
MANUFACTURED BY abkco RECORDS
Specially priced 2 record set.







CONTENTS

February, 1972 Vol. 1, No. 23





RIP-OFFS

NATIONAL LAMPOON® MAGAZINE: "National Lampoon" is a registered trademark of National Lampoon, Inc. The Lampoon name is used with the permission of the Harvard Lampoon, Inc. Copyright © 1971 National Lampoon, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity to real people and places in fiction and semifiction is purely coincidental. SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published monthly by National Lampoon, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. $5.95 paid annual subscription, $10.50 paid two-year subscription, and $14.50 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional $1.00 for Canada and Mexico. $2.00 for foreign. Second-class postage pending at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber please send change of address to Circulation Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Be sure to give old address, new address, and zip code for both. Allow six weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please mail Form 3579 notices to: Circulation Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. ADVERTISING INFORMATION: Contact Advertising Director, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688-4070. EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Contact Submissions Editor, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688-4070. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted if they are to be returned. Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material.


Garcia

EDITORIAL PAGE



Boy, I'll tell you, the humor business is rough. You know what it's like being an ordinary humorist, out on the beat, keeping a weather-eye on sham and hypocrisy, trying to do a good job? It's hell, that's what it is. You'd think you'd get gratitude from the public, or at least the occasional pat on the back. Instead all you get is *criticism. Commie pervert, they call* you. Unfeeling monster. Sick, twisted mind, they yell after you. And there's no respect for your average humorist anymore. He goes up to a citizen on the street, flashes his cream-pie at them, and what happens? He gets called something filthy like "sophomoric." Now is that fair to the humorist and his family? I'm not saying we're perfect. No one is. There're a few rotten monkeys in every barrel. But are you going to judge the whole comedy force by them? You don't throw out the baby with the bath water—even if it is dead.

Sometimes I wonder why we do. I really do. But if we didn't, who would? Someone's got to hurl cheap, unwarranted filth at all that's good and decent in our society and you certainly won't find your candy-assed do-gooders in there hurling. They're too busy setting up comedy review-boards. Well here's what I think. Next time you want a laff, try calling a do-gooder. See where that gets you.

What this country needs is more laffs and ordure. It's easy enough to build up—it's not so easy to tear down.

Well . . . we went into it with our eyes open and we're just going to go right on, plodding around in the cold, quietly mocking, pillorying, vilifying, and dumping on everything and everybody. All we ask is that the public give us credit for doing our job. And I think they will. Because we've got one thing going for us—the public's basic sense of unfairness. They don't like do-gooders and decency any more than we do. Deep down they know that the only answer is more laffs and ordure.—TH

Cover: This month's cover is by Dick Hess, who adds to the already groaning mantelpiece in his studio atop one of Gotham's loftiest brownstones yet another (his fifth) Hero of Capitalist Art Combination Statuette and Clothes Brush. (This handsome keepsake, executed in Sterling Steel and standing over fifteen inches high, depicts Art playing paper-scissors-rock with Progress, while Responsibility, Hope, and A Winning Personality toss quoits around the base.) Gosh, Mom, this magazine sure has a lot of art by this Hess guy. That's right, Sally, *it has Hessitosis*!

Plug into Dick Oldden and Bob Kraus's new children's book, *Pip Squeak, Mouse in Shining Armor*, if you want to see what cartoonists are up to now that the bottom has dropped out of the magazine market. A nice gift for your sister's kid, particularly if you can get the noisome little mongoloid to eat it. $4.95, Windmill Books.

Splice: *The Phantom Toll Booth* was not, as stated in our Christmas issue, written by Edward Gorey, but by Jules Feiffer and Norton Justen, who are different people, y'know, but like, I mean, these things happen when you get worked a lot in the office, but that's cool, because, like energy flows in, and energy flows out, and as long as the vibes are good, why get all hassocked by all that structure hangup, y'know? Like, ooops, if you can dig it. □

Editor: **Douglas C. Kenney** Executive Editor: **Henry N. Beard** Art Director: **Michael Gross**

Contributing Editors: **Michael O'Donoghue, George W. S. Trow, Michel Choquette, Anne Beatts, Sean Kelly, Tony Hendra, John Weidman, John Boni, Terry Catchpole, Christopher Cerf**

Copy Editor: **Idie Meg Emery** Assistant Art Director: **Ellen Taurins** Editorial Assistant: **Sheila Goldfarb**

Associate Editor (Gt. Brit.): **J. Dudley Fishburn**

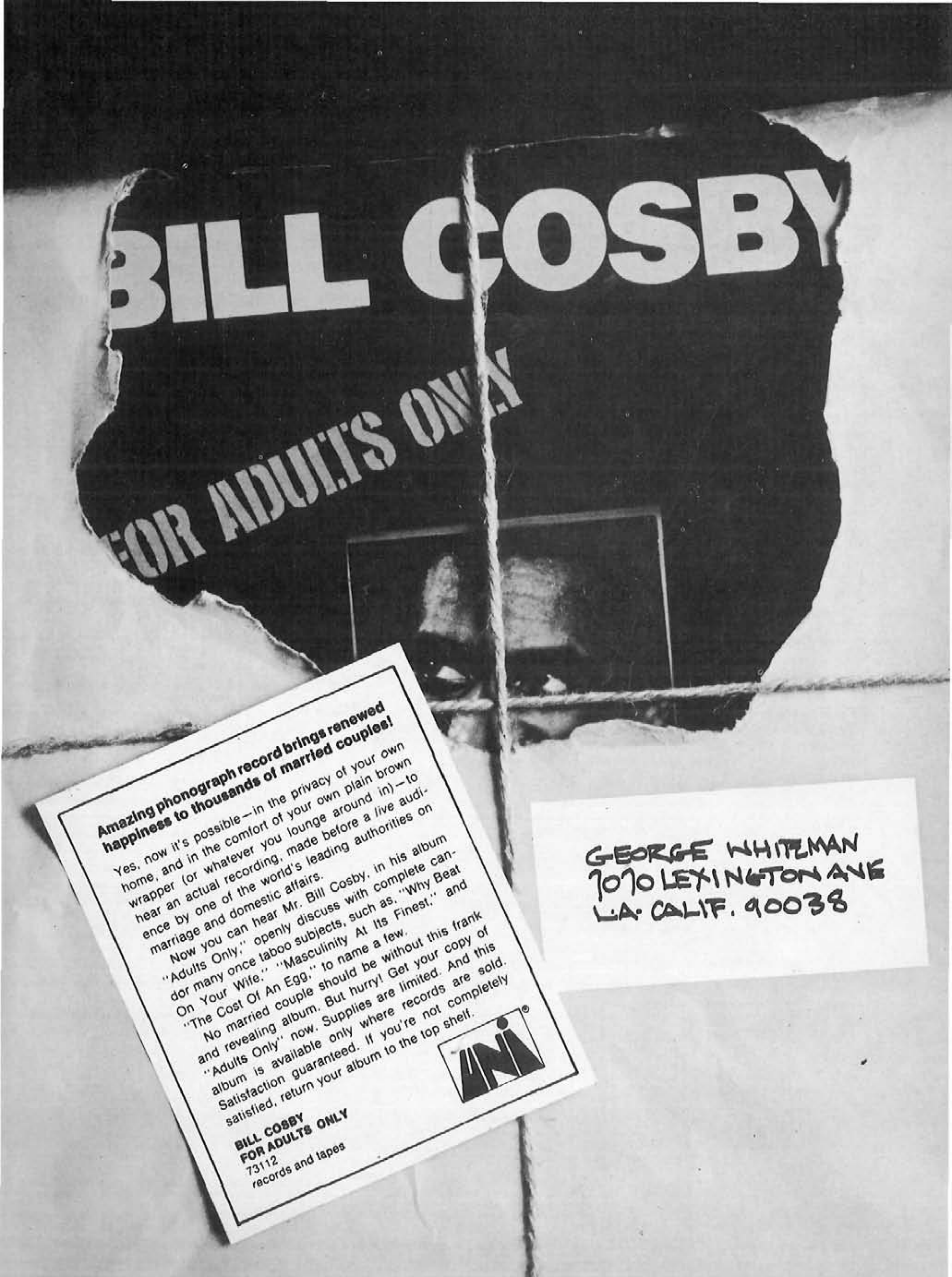
Production Manager: **Roberta Kaman** Stylist: **Linda Sampson** Subscription Manager: **Howard Jurofsky**

Circulation Director: **Alexander Turkish**

Publisher: **Leonard Mogel** Associate Publisher: **Gerald L. Taylor**

The National Lampoon, Inc. is a subsidiary of Twenty First Century Communications, Inc.
Chairman: **Matty Simmons** President: **Leonard Mogel** Vice-President: **George Agoglia**
Vice-President, Sales: **Gerald L. Taylor**

New York: Bob Aaronson, Advertising Director, National Lampoon, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. (212) 688-4070. **Chicago:** William H. Sanke, 1013 Brookside Lane, Deerfield, Ill. 60015, (312) 945-2820. **West Coast:** Dick Thompson, Zander, Coughlin and Thompson, Inc., 22 Battery Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94111, (415) 398-4444. Dave Gibson, Zander, Coughlin and Thompson, Inc., 5478 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036, (213) 938-0111.



BILL COSBY
FOR ADULTS ONLY
Amazing phonograph record brings renewed happiness to thousands of married couples!
Yes, now it's possible—in the privacy of your own home, and in the comfort of your own plain brown wrapper (or whatever you lounge around in)—to hear an actual recording, made before a *live* audience by one of the world's leading authorities on marriage and domestic affairs.
Now you can hear Mr. Bill Cosby, in his album "Adults Only," openly discuss with complete candor many once taboo subjects, such as, "Why Beat On Your Wife," "Masculinity At Its Finest," and "The Cost Of An Egg," to name a few.
No married couple should be without this frank and revealing album. But hurry! Get your copy of "Adults Only" now. Supplies are limited. And this album is available only where records are sold. Satisfaction guaranteed. If you're not completely satisfied, return your album to the top shelf.
UNI®
BILL COSBY
FOR ADULTS ONLY
73112
records and tapes
GEORGE WHITEMAN
7070 LEXINGTON AVE
L.A. CALIF. 90038



Sirs:

As I understand it, the *National Lampoon* writes its own letters for this page to discourage I-dare-you-to-print-this maniacs and incidentally to further insult an obviously masochistic readership. My question is this: since even this pathetic exercise in adolescent petty larceny requires some small glimmer of thought, how does your nameless staff writer keep coming up with ideas to fill up these seemingly endless column inches?

I await your reply.

A Reader
Kansas City, Neb.

Sirs:

Me and the guys were sitting around the dorm really zonked out on this incredible shit and goofing off each other—I mean, we were really *wrecked*, if you can dig it—and Jerry said hey, I bet the *National Lampoon* would really get off on some of the heavy head trips we've been coming up with. For instance, yesterday we were just hanging in the dorm really zonked on some fantastic stuff—I mean, we were really *destroyed*, you know?—and Dave, who was getting behind some DMT, said wouldn't it be incredible like if Nixon comes on TV, like for a press conference or some jive like that, and instead of like laying down all that usual jive-word bullshit, just bent over and *mooned the camera!!!* I mean, dropped trou and the whole bit! Shit, man, I thought we'd bust a gut before we stopped laughing. And like the day before, we were just grooving on the candles in Fred's room, Chuck said oh wow like what if like when Nixon is visiting some foreign country and like instead of shaking hands with the Pope or Khrushchev or somebody, just *blows lunch right in the guy's face!!!* Just tosses his cookies all over the poor slob. Real freak-out, right?

So listen, you can use these ones for free, and if you want more of this stuff, just tell us, because we got lots more. Like we've got this one about what Nixon does when he bends over to tie his shoelaces, but that one you'll have to pay for, dig?

The Far-Out Heads in Room 23B
Ohio State University
Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

It is apparent that my previous inquiry requesting details concerning your methods of filling up your "Letters" column did not reach your desk. I find this puzzling, particularly since you are writing this letter as well, but I hope that this second letter will not escape your notice.

Thank you in advance for your answer.

A Reader
Kansas City, Neb.

Doug and Hxnry,

Sorry I don't havx that story finishxd yxt, but as you can sxx, somxthing has gonx haywirx with my typxwritxr, and it's rxally slowing mx down. Xvxry timx I want to usx a word with an "x" in it, it prints an "x" instxad. But don't worry, I'll figurx somxthing out. Just sxnd thx check and thx pixcx will bx in bxforx you know it.

Michxl Choquxttx
Nxw York, N.Y.

Sirs:

sphincter (sfĭngk' tẽr), n. [LL. Gr. sphinktẽr] a ringlike muscle surrounding the anal opening able to dilate its orifice at will.

David Frost
London, England

Sirs:

I am still waiting for your explanation of how you knock out your "Letters" section every month. This is my third letter, and I don't mind telling you that I'm getting pretty pissed off. You clowns must think you're pretty funny giving me the runaround just because I don't exist. Cancel my subscription.

A Reader
Kansas City, Neb.

Sirs:

Is it possible that you fellows are the same Doug Kenney and Henry Beard who authored that rib-tickling parody of J.R.R. Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings* cleverly titled *Bored of the Rings*? I'm referring to the one that has sold over 300,000 copies and is in its seventh printing by Signet paperbacks. You know, that best-selling bundle of giggles that was reviewed in the *Harvard Daily News* "Book Nook," from which I have taken the liberty of quoting the following:

"Never have I laughed so hard at any other book. Beard and Kenney's *Bored of the Rings* is unquestionably a comic masterpiece as well as a brilliant parody of J.R.R. Tolkien's famous *Lord of the Rings* trilogy. A gem of irreverence . . . filled with an incredible menagerie of mad characters including lustful elf-maidens and a roller-skating dragon. A sidesplitting swipe at the Eternal Quest and the castles, wizards and other folderol of 'ancient' lore . . . a *Catch-22* for lovers of the days of yore."

If you are the creators of this wonderful and imaginative book, then you obviously are aware that it is still possible to buy it at your local bookstore or order it direct from the New American Library, Inc., P.O. Box 2310, Grand Central Station, N.Y., N.Y., 10017, for $1 plus 10 cents to cover the cost of mailing (check or money order—no C.O.D.s. New York City residents add 7 percent sales tax. Other New York State residents add 3 percent plus any local sales or use taxes).

Finally, I'd like to compliment you



"You'd better show me the proper respect, sonny! I kissed a lot of ass to get this job!"

on your fine magazine, the *National Lampoon* (twelve laugh-packed issues for only $5.95), and hope that you find a purchaser for your 1968 VW camper which boasts radio, heater, and fold-down beds, all for the amazingly low asking price of $800!

P. T. Barnum
Chicago, Ill.

Dxxg xnd Hxnry,

Wxll, tx xdd xnsxlt tx xnjxry, thxs gxddxmnxd mxchxnx nxw rxfxsxs tx typx xny vxwxls xt xll! Thxs mxxns X'll hxvx tx lxmxt my vxcxbxlxry sxvxrxly—x fxctxr X'm sxrx wxll bx txkxn xntx cxnsxdxrxtxxn whxn yxx gxt xrxxnd tx sxndxng xff my check.

Mxchxl Chxqxxttx
Nxw Yxrk, N.Y.

Sirs:

Look, why don't you answer that poor "Reader" who keeps asking you about your "Letters" column? What's more, I don't think it's very funny the way you put words in people's mouths, either. For example, what would happen to America's confidence in its government if it were known that I eat my own boogers?

Richard M. Nixon
San Clemente, Calif.

Sirs:

Just because I'm the only kid in my high school who thinks Dylan's new single "George Jackson" really sucks, nobody wants to play with me anymore. Does this mean that I am "creepy" like Tommy says or, as I am beginning to suspect, unlike everyone else in my school, that I have an IQ that has at least a fighting chance at three digits?

Billie Peterson
Portland, Oreg.

Sirs:

Look, you guys aren't fooling anybody with your frantic attempts to use all these repetitive "typewriter" gags instead of real jokes and satire. If you guys don't break out of this tired old formula pretty soon, you'll eventually wind up working for *MAD*, ghostwriting Dave Berg's The-Lighter-Side-of-Home-Permanents-type shit! When Hemingway found himself getting stale, he just changed his locale, sometimes traveling clear around the globe in search of fresh material. So why don't you scrap the feeble "typewriter" stuff and strike out into fresh, untrodden areas for your once sharp satirical wits?

Ima Straightman
Settup, Calif.

Sirs:

Thank you for listening to my problem and for your kind offer of assistance, but the slide rule and the Ex-Lax won't be needed after all. I finally got fed up this morning and worked it out with a pencil.

Bertrand Russell
Paris, France

Xxxx xxx Xxxxx,

Xxxx xxxx xxxxxx! Xxx x xxxxxxxx xxx xx, "Xx xxxxx xxxx x?" X xxxx xxxxx xxxxx x xx xxxxxx, xxxx xxxx xxx x. Xx xxxx Xxxxx Xxxxxxx! Xxxx xx Xxxxx xxxxxx x xxx check?

Xxxxxx Xxxxxxxxx
Xxx Xxxx, X.X.

Sirs:

What's all this talk about you spreading the rumor that Gristede's sells unclaimed Puerto Rican babies for $3.19 per pound in their cold-cuts department? For one thing, it makes lousy copy because nobody outside of New York knows what Gristede's is, and west of the Mississippi most folks think a Puerto Rican is a drink made with rum, jellyfish, and Texaco Marine Oil.

Florence Nesbitt
Montreal, Canada

Sirs:

Having a wonderful time! Wish I would heal.

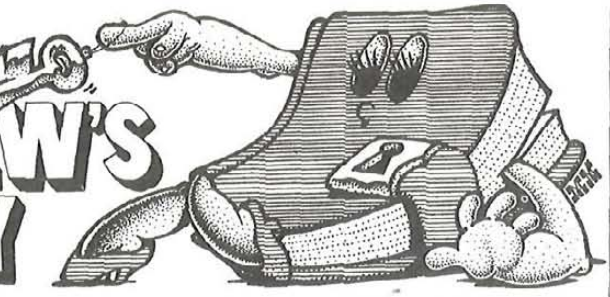
"O"
Roissy, France

Sirs:

Well then, how 'bout the agent who went to the barber's and told him to trim the sides and take 10 percent off the top?

Chris Marlowe
Westminster Abbey,
London, England

MRS. AGNEW'S DIARY



Dear Diary,

Kazantzakis baklava! Or, in real words, hello again! I suppose it's no secret to you where Spiggy and I have been since my last entry, and let me tell you, Greece was everything that that nice man at the travel agency said it would be and more! (You know which one I mean, the cute one who asked me if I was going youth fare with my "father," and who Spiggy then punched in the ear and had deported—tee hee.) I suppose, however, that you are a bit surpised that I have picked up a bit of their "lingo," as Spiggy calls it, but I hope I am not blowing my own horn too loud when I point out that it was little Elinor Isobel Judefind who got all the way to the semifinals in the Maryland State Spelling Bee. As you may recall, I got past *Mississippi*, *phonetic*, and *parallel*, and would have made it to the finals in Baltimore if I hadn't been put out of the running by menopause.

Anyway, after that fancy cookout with the shahs in Persia, we boarded our plane for Greece. Well, we actually didn't use our plane because that rat Teddy Kennedy finagled it for himself when he was visiting the refugees in India. As it turned out, he didn't even *need* it *himself*; he just used it to fly in a load of poor people to be photographed with him in front of the buildings they've torn down to make room for the New Delhi Hilton's swimming pool.

The heel. As a mother, I know how Mrs. Kopechne must feel.

So what happened was that Spiggy and I had to hitch a ride on an Air Athens cargo flight, which would have been okay with me except we had to share the plane with a lot of goats and "Chicanos" that Dick shipped on lend-lease to Colonel Poppodopolous for the olive harvest, and let me tell you, the smell was something awful. And I'm not necessarily talking about just the goats, if you know what I mean. As a matter of fact, the goats were really quite sweet. They had all been clipped and perfumed, and little blue and pink ribbons had been braided in their tails and ears. I asked the pilot why the caterer had gone to so much fuss for fig shish-kebob (Spiggy's favorite), but the pilot said they are not for the figs, they are for the dates. I told him I had never heard of *date* shish-kebob before, and he sort of looked puzzled and then laughed and winked and said oh no Meesoos Anagnos, the goats are not for the dates, the goats are the dates for the men. How do you say, the blind dates, *nai*?

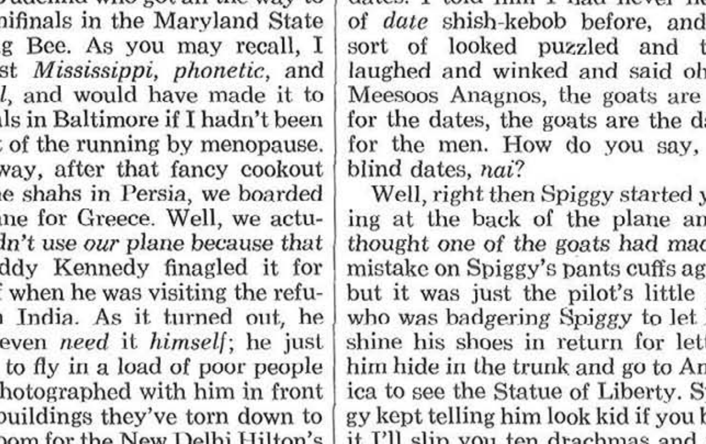
Well, right then Spiggy started yelling at the back of the plane and I thought one of the goats had made a mistake on Spiggy's pants cuffs again, but it was just the pilot's little boy who was badgering Spiggy to let him shine his shoes in return for letting him hide in the trunk and go to America to see the Statue of Liberty. Spiggy kept telling him look kid if you beat it I'll slip you ten drachmas and you can buy a postcard that has the real thing beat six ways from Sunday and you won't even have to stand in line. But the little boy persisted, and finally Spiggy had to tell Rufus to baby-sit for awhile. Rufus is our personal bodyguard that Spiggy hired when Rufus had to retire from the army because of what the papers said he did to those Vietcong suspects that he was supposed to bring back to his base in a helicopter. Spiggy nudged me with his elbow and chuckled that he knew he'd come in handy someday, but I didn't know what he meant because Rufus is usually rather a pest, and once I caught him throwing all of Kim's Barbie dolls out our eleventh-story window at the Park Sheraton. Sometimes I wonder if Rufus, as Spiggy might put it, is playing with a full deck.

(I must say, Spiggy certainly is a caution with his colorful way of putting things. He even sometimes reminds me of that wonderful "All in the Family" show that we both enjoy so much. Spiggy *does* have reservations about the show, however. For example, he says, you notice that the shine they have on the show never talks natural boon-talk because the media kikes try to fool all the lunch-buckets by dubbing out his real voice and putting in a human being's instead. If you woke that dinge up in the middle of the night, Spiggy says, he'd sound like he's still got a chicken bone through his nose. Now, dear Diary, I think I finally see why I find that Archie Bunker so . . . so *utterly devastating!*)

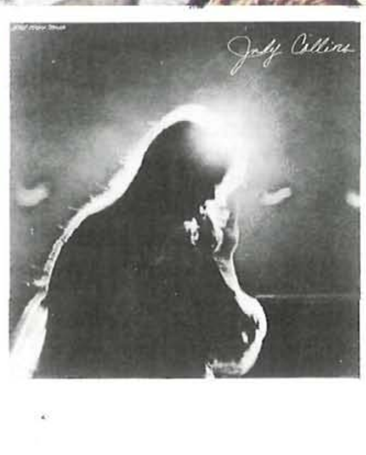
As I was saying, we landed at the Athens airport, but we had to wait in the plane because we had arrived a bit early and the pilot said the colonels hadn't rounded up enough well-wishers for our camera crew yet, and it would take time to empty all the schools and post offices in the city. Apparently, the pilot explained, we flew quicker than he had originally planned. The plane was lightened in midflight because someone had left the old bomb bay doors open and most of the goats and Chicanos had fallen out and by the way had anybody seen his little boy?

Finally, everything was ready and as the band started up with something that sounded remarkably close to "Oh Say Can You See?" Spiggy picked up the moon rocks he was supposed to give to the colonel, opened the door, and started down the ramp to thunderous applause. Unfortunately, that little boy must have prankishly tied Spiggy's shoelaces together and Spiggy sort of bounced down the steps and landed bottom first in one of the bass drums like a big, gray basketball. Then, I must say, though, the applause *really* got thunderous. Luckily, a group of those husky Greek majorettes who wear those darling tutus and fake moustaches ran up and, after much tugging and grunting

continued







Judy Collins' Latest album, "Living", on Elektra, EKS-75014

continued

(not to mention Spiggy's colorful remarks), pried him out of the drum with their rifle butts. Unluckily, however, the colonels never got the moon rocks because when Spiggy tripped, they flew out of his hands and wound up lodged in the tuba player's windpipe.

After apologies were made all around and everyone regained their composure, Colonel Poopadopelis stepped to the microphone, shook hands with us, and said how happy the free people of the Greek Republic were to see us and how they hoped we had a pleasant journey even though we had been, of course, in constant danger of harassment from provocative Communist aircraft which infest the blue Mediterranean skies and is it not too bad that the Greek Air Force could not protect us because, through an obvious and easily rectifiable misunderstanding, the U.S. Government had not yet made good on its generous promise of sending ninety Phantom jet fighters. Even now, Colonel Purpledollapus said, making a sweeping gesture with his arm, we are at the mercy of these ever-dangerous Red marauders. Then, without lowering his arm, Colonel Pimpledoublepuz fell silent. Even now, he said again, uh—dangerous Red marauders. At this point everyone was getting a little uncomfortable, and even Spiggy was having difficulty keeping his little pinky from disappearing nervously into one of his earholes. The colonel got very red in the face, and I noticed that the little bristles that peeked out of his nostril were sort of vibrating as he barked something to one of the colonels who had a little less of that stuff that looks like egg salad on his hat brim, who in turn said something into a little telephone he was carrying. Spiggy and I were by this point quite flustered, and I wondered if Spiggy had made some terrible mistake in trying to say hello in Greek when he shook the colonel's hand. (Like the time he ordered a steak sandwich in French at the Café Niçoise in Washington and the waiter came back with a platter of sautéed galoshes.)

Suddenly, there was a terrible sound and everyone dove for the ground, including Spiggy, who grabbed me and pulled me on top of him so I wouldn't get my new muumuu soiled. There, up in the sky, was a pair of odd-looking airplanes, you know, the kind with the extra wings like Ronald Coleman drives on "The Late Show." Each of them had big hammers and sickles and red stars painted on them, and, all at once, they dropped thousands of little pieces of paper on us before they buzzed away. I picked up one of the little pieces of paper and it said "Next time, this could be an H-bomb! Turn Communist today! Signed, The Ever-Dangerous Red Marauders." (P.S. Lucky for us there weren't any Phantom jet fighters around here today!)

Colonel Popaduffelbag helped us to our feet and said he wished that he could apologize, but that this sort of thing is a daily occurrence in the Greek Republic and shrugged his shoulders philosophically. I managed a polite smile, but, as we were being frisked and X-rayed by the airport guards, I whispered to Spiggy if he hadn't noticed something odd about the way everyone was behaving and Spiggy said listen, if you spent *your* whole life playing soldier in this crummy little jerkwater country, *you'd* be a little gonzo, too.

The motorcade from the airport to the Athens Hilton was, I must say, dear Diary, quite an experience. Thousands and thousands of cheering little children and men in funny blue uniforms with cancellation stamps in their hands pressed close to our car, while the majorettes kept the throngs away from us with bayonets, which I thought was kind of silly because why then were there majorettes *in back* of the crowd forcing them *toward* us with bayonets in the *first* place? Also, every once in a while somebody would throw us a bouquet of flowers, but I never got to keep one because one of the majorettes in the front seat would rudely grab it out of my hand and plunge the flowers into a bucket of water between his knees. Colonel Pumpadingaling told me that this was because there was always the risk of a corsage from the KGB, and I felt like informing Mr. Smartypants that I had gotten practically *hundreds* of rose bouquets from YWCAs all over the country and never boo-booed my finger on the prickers or anything.

But I kept mum.

At long last we got to the hotel, checked in, and flopped tiredly on the bed to rest, first making a quick but much-needed trip to the little girls' room—the plane even had goats in the you-know-what. Spiggy and I changed because we had to go right away to Gargalianoi, his father's birthplace, for a gala homecoming. As Spiggy was shaving his nose (sometimes he forgets and mine gets swollen for days), we heard a huge hullabaloo outside, and when we looked out the window, we saw the whole square was filled with young people who were performing what I gather was one of their national folk-dances (the kind Anthony Quinn does in *Zorro the Greek*), while the majorettes aimed short bursts of gunfire at their feet to help them keep in step. They had

also been carrying banners of greeting, but I never got to read any because, like our own hippie-dippy kids back home, they were playing some sort of cute college prank, and, with the encouragement of the majorettes, were eating them.

This younger generation, don't they ever tire of such kooky hijinx?

Well, it was time to go to the big party, and Colonel Pumpernicholas met us in the foyer with his brow all wrinkly, which is actually an interesting thing to see, because his forehead is so narrow to begin with that, when he scrunches it up, it disappears entirely and his head looks sort of like a pink golf tee. He said he hoped the Communist terrorists which had just attempted to storm the hotel hadn't frightened us, and I said goodness no, I was so busy watching the folk-dancing I hadn't even noticed. The colonel smiled sheepishly and rolled his eyes upward and said I was too gracious, and wasn't it too bad that such a ferocious rabble would never even dare set foot within the city limits if they knew that ninety Phantom jets, which unfortunately the Greek Air Force lacked at the present moment (a sharp look directed at Spiggy, who sort of sighed), could be ready to swoop down upon them with deadly efficiency?

As we walked to the limousines (which, I noticed, are rather larger than the ones we have back home and have those bulldozer things on their feet instead of tires), I told the colonel how much I enjoyed *Z*, which Kim took me to in Washington, and the colonel said yes he had found the film very interesting, too, and hoped that someday the director would set foot back on Greek soil so he could discuss a shooting script of his own, featuring Melina Mercouri.

To make a long story short, when we arrived at the little village, the entire town turned out to greet us, the quaint peasants dancing their colorful *moussakas* and singing their age-old *retsinas* just like Anthony Quinn does when he's throwing away all his money on that chippy. To my surprise, the buildings were much more modern and impressive than I had imagined them, and when the mayor gave Spiggy the golden doorknob to the city, Spiggy said if this is what the colonels had done for the simple peasants, then it knocked Max Lerner and the rest of those red diaper crybabies into a cocked hat.

That is most beautifully true, said Colonel Puppetomatoes, but even these small achievements are yet helpless prey before the ever-dangerous Red maraud—well, right then Spiggy screamed oh no you don't, you crazy son-of-a-bitch, and grabbed the colonel by the lapels, but before he could drag him away from the microphone, two more of those Communist-inspired airplanes appeared in the sky, and this time they dropped actual bombs! You could tell they were real ones, because, as they plummeted down upon us, one had a long streamer on it like the kind those little planes use to use to advertise demolition derbies and things in Baltimore, reading "Real Communist H-Bomb," and right behind it came the other one, reading "Ho Ho, Freedom-Loving Fools, Where Are Those Phantom Jets to Protect You?"

As fate would have it, they didn't actually go off, but one of them bounced off our platform and ricocheted against the building nearest us, and, one by one, all the other buildings toppled over, well, the *fronts* of the buildings did anyway, because that's all there turned out to be to them. By the time all the building fronts flopped over, all that was left were a lot of peasants on rickety stepladders still waving handkerchiefs out where the windows would have been and looking as if they felt a little silly.

Spiggy picked himself up, dusted himself off, and sort of blinked a lot as he looked around, until he saw Colonel Poopoodingdong kind of duck-walking away and trying to slip under the platform. Well, I could tell that Spiggy was a bit hot under the collar, so I reminded him that we were still their guests and remember what Dick said about how if Spiggy caused any more international incidents like when he sat on the Shah's Throne of Minos and accidentally made a little raspberry, he'd be damned if he didn't make us thumb home.

Needless to say, Spiggy was in quite a snit by the time the eight days were over, and on the plane back all he did was fuss and fidget and say that the lousy bastards didn't even let him see one of those tummy-dancers like they have in New York at the Egyptian Gardens (which Hank Kissinger *is* always raving about) and if he'd taken one more piece of crap from those slimy little goatf----rs, he'd send those goddamned Phantoms just to make an air strike on their goddamned palace.

Which makes me wonder, dear Diary, if I should tell Spiggy who I found in our trunk when I unpacked this morning, all ready and waiting to see the Statue of Liberty.

All for now,

Judy



THREE DOG NIGHT HARMONY
Old Fashioned Love Song
Family of Man
DUNHILL/ABC
210229
Chicago Vols. 3 & 4
AT CARNEGIE HALL
I'm a Man
25 or 6 to 4
COLUMBIA
Double Selection Counts As One
209726
DONNY OSMOND
To You With Love, Donny
Go Away Little Girl
MGM
210211
CARPENTERS
FOR ALL WE KNOW
Rainy Days and Mondays
Superstar
203919
Any 14 records-$2.86
if you join the Columbia Record Club and agree to buy ten records (at regular Club prices) in the next two yea
CAT STEVENS TEASER AND THE FIRE CAT
Moonshadow
Peace Train • 8 MORE
209973
STEPPENWOLF FOR LADIES ONLY
PLUS Sparkle Eyes
210203
Aretha Franklin's Greatest Hits
SPANISH HARLEM
A NATURAL WOMAN
RESPECT
11 MORE
210179
RAY CONNIFF Great Contemporary Instrumental Hits
It's Too Late
Superstar
Put Your Hand in the Hand
8 MORE
207571
JAMES GANG LIVE IN CONCERT
Walk Away • 6 MORE
209445
TAMMY WYNETTE and GEORGE JONES
WE GO TOGETHER
PLUS Something To Brag About
Take Me
Someone I Used to Know
7 MORE
206771
CAROLE KING TAPESTRY
PLUS It's Too Late
So Far Away
9 MORE
203539
BARBRA JOAN STREISAND
Where You Lead
Beautiful
9 MORE
207522
JAMES BROWN HOT PANTS
209114
ANDY WILLIAMS
YOU'VE GOT A FRIEND
PLUS A Song For You
It's Too Late
• 7 MORE
207472
TAMMY WYNETTE'S Greatest Hits Vol. 2
• Good Lovin'
• We Sure Can Love Each Other
9 MORE
207381
JUDY COLLINS WHALES & NIGHTINGALES
Amazing Grace
12 MORE
210948 *
JETHRO TULL AQUALUNG
PLUS Wond'ring Aloud
9 MORE
203372
Today's Great Hits
JOHNNY MATHIS
YOU'VE GOT A FRIEND
PLUS For All We Know
207563
THE BEACH BOYS SURF'S UP
PLUS Don't Go Near The Water
8 MORE
208397 *
Gershwin's GREATEST HITS
187112
BOBBY SHERMAN
GETTING TOGETHER
PLUS Jennifer
8 MORE
209981
VAN MORRISON
210856 *
THE MAMAS & THE PAPAS
PEOPLE LIKE US
PLUS Shooting Star • Pearl
9 MORE
210609 *
Andre Kostelanetz plays Chicago
209791 *
BLOOD, SWEAT & TEARS
B, S & T; 4
Go Down Gamblin'
11 MORE
202713
JIM NABORS
HELP ME MAKE IT THROUGH THE NIGHT
PLUS Rose Garden
I Won't Mention It Again
8 MORE
206755
(SOUNDTRACK) SUMMER OF '42
Michel Legrand
204990 *
B. B. KING LIVE AT THE REGAL
Every Day I Have The Blues
9 MORE
209668 *
KENNY ROGERS AND THE FIRST EDITION
Transition
What Am I Gonna Do
9 MORE
208538
LOVE STORY
199158
SANTANA ABRAXAS
195727
TCHAIKOVSKY 1812 OVERTURE
EUGENE ORMANDY
Philadelphia Orchestra
MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR
VALLEY FORGE MILITARY ACADEMY BAND
201129
MARY TRAVERS
Mary
Rhymes and Reasons
11 MORE
200295
URIAH HEEP
LOOK AT YOURSELF
PLUS Shadows of Grief
Love Machine
4 MORE
209163 *
GRAHAM NASH
Songs for Beginners
Chicago
10 MORE
205534
JERRY LEE LEWIS
TOUCHING HOME
PLUS Help Me Make It Through the Night
9 MORE
206995
BEE GEES TRAFALGAR
PLUS How Can You Mend a Broken Heart
10 MORE
209874 *
LYNN ANDERSON YOU'RE MY MAN
PLUS Put Your Hand in the Hand
Joy to the World
8 MORE
206631 *
EMERSON, LAKE & PALMER
TARKUS
PLUS Eruption
Stones of Years
11 MORE
207076 *
The Best of Peter, Paul and Mary
TEN YEARS TOGETHER
191809
CARPENTERS CLOSE TO YOU
PLUS We've Only Just Begun
10 MORE
196444
SAVOY BROWN
STREET CORNER TALKING
PLUS Tell Mama
Let It Rock • 4 MORE
210146 *
RAY PRICE
I WON'T MENTION IT AGAIN
PLUS Loving Her Was Easier
9 MORE
202176 *
THREE DOG NIGHT
GOLDEN BISQUITS
Eli's Coming
Mama Told Me
Easy To Be Hard
9 MORE
201780
RAY STEVENS' GREATEST HITS
Everything Is Beautiful
Gitarzan
Ahab the Arab
8 MORE
207456 *
JAMES TAYLOR
MUD SLIDE SLIM & THE BLUE HORIZON
PLUS You've Got a Friend
11 MORE
202523
MARTY ROBBINS' Greatest Hits, Vol. 3
Devil Woman
My Woman, My Woman, My Wife
Tonight Carmen
8 MORE
201251 *
ANDY WILLIAMS' GREATEST HITS
Moon River
Happy Heart
Born Free
Dear Heart
7 MORE
187666
Led Zeppelin
196717
TEN YEARS AFTER
A SPACE IN TIME
I'd Love to Change the World
10 MORE
207977 *
BARBRA STREISAND'S GREATEST HITS
187088
CROSBY, STILLS NASH & YOUNG
DALLAS TAYLOR & GREG REEVES
Déjà Vu
188060
JANIS JOPLIN
PEARL
Me and Bobby McGee
9 MORE
198986
NEW RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE
I Don't Know You
Glendale Train
8 MORE
208306 *
THE ASSOCIATION GREATEST HITS!
Cherish
Windy
11 MORE
172254
BURT BACHARACH
One Less Bell to Answer
Close to You
9 MORE
203885
TOMMY JAMES
Christian of The World
PLUS Draggin' The Line
11 MORE
208017 *
FRANK SINATRA GREATEST HITS
168989
SLY & THE FAMILY STONE GREATEST HITS
196246
KENNY ROGERS & THE FIRST EDITION GREATEST HITS
Something's Burning
Ruby, Don't Take Your Love to Town
8 MORE
198085
Johnny Cash
Man in Black
PLUS Singin' in Viet Nam Talkin' Blues • MORE
201277
THE OSMONDS
HOMEMADE
Double Lovin'
9 MORE
206409
SERGIO MENDES & BRASIL '66
GREATEST HITS
Fool on the Hill • 11 MORE
191817
CAT STEVENS
TEA FOR THE TILLERMAN
PLUS Wild World • 9 MORE
198911 *
DEAN MARTIN'S GREATEST HITS, Vol. 1
Everybody Loves Somebody
11 MORE
170852
THREE DOG NIGHT NATURALLY
ONE MAN BAND
9 more
196709
JAMES TAYLOR
188367
THE PARTRIDGE FAMILY
UP TO DATE
I'll Meet You Halfway
10 MORE
202135
BLOOD, SWEAT & TEARS
You've Made Me So Happy
9 MORE
172411
VIKKI CARR'S LOVE STORY
PLUS For All We Know
9 MORE
205450 *
SANTANA
181909
DAVID HOUSTON'S GREATEST HITS, Vol. 2
Nashville
10 MORE
206706 *
PERCY FAITH
JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR
210260
BOOTS RANDOLPH
HOMER LOUIS RANDOLPH, III
Rose Garden
For The Good Times
8 MORE
204743
RAY CONNIFF'S GREATEST HITS
Somewhere My Love
10 MORE
176891
STEPPENWOLF GOLD
THEIR GREAT HITS
201772
* Selections marked with a star are not available in reel tapes



209239



210237



211805 ✻



Double Selection Counts As One
210138

OR Any 8 tapes–$2.86

if you join the Columbia Tape Club and agree to buy seven tapes (at regular Club prices) in the next two years



207993



206573



209932



207662



210153

TAKE YOUR PICK OF TAPES



8-track cartridges OR tape cassettes OR 7" reel-to-reel tapes



208363



207373



209536



210195



210112

MORE DOUBLE SELECTIONS
2-record sets or twin-pack tapes—yet each double selection counts as only one!



210161



210252



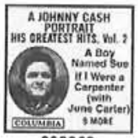
210419



207084 ✻



209544 ✻



208868



210245 ✻



209957 ✻



186809

Just look at this great selection of recorded entertainment — available on 12" Records *OR* 8-Track Cartridges *OR* Tape Cassettes *OR* 7" Reel Tapes! So no matter which type of stereo playback equipment you now have — you can take advantage of one of these introductory offers from Columbia House!

If you prefer your music on 12" Stereo Records join the Columbia Record Club now and you may have ANY 14 of these selections for only $2.86. Just indicate the 14 records you want on the application and mail it today, together with your check or money order. In exchange, you agree to buy ten records (at the regular Club prices) during the coming two years . . . and you may cancel membership any time after doing so.

OR — if you prefer your music on Stereo Tapes join the Columbia Tape Club now and take ANY 8 of these selections for only $2.86. Just write in the numbers of your 8 selections on the application — then mail it together with check or money order. (Also indicate whether you want cartridges *or* cassettes *or* reel tapes.) In exchange, you agree to buy seven selections (at regular Club prices) during the coming two years . . . and you may cancel membership any time after doing so.

Your own charge account will be opened upon enrollment . . . and the selections you order as a member will be mailed and billed at the regular Club prices: records, $4.98 or $5.98; cartridges and cassettes, $6.98; reel tapes, $7.98 . . . plus a processing and postage charge. (Occasional special selections may be somewhat higher.)

You may accept or reject selections as follows: whichever Club you join, every four weeks you will receive a new copy of your Club's music magazine, which describes the regular selection for each musical interest . . . plus hundreds of alternate selections from every field of music.

- . . . **if you do not want any selection** in any month, just return the response card always provided by the date specified
- . . . **if you want only the regular selection** for your musical interest, you need do nothing—it will be shipped automatically
- . . . **if you want any of the other selections offered,** order them on the response card and return it by the date specified
- . . . **and from time to time** we will offer some special selections, which you may reject by returning the dated response form provided . . . or accept by simply doing nothing.

You'll be eligible for your Club's bonus plan upon completing your enrollment agreement — a plan which enables you to save at least 33% on all your future purchases. Act now!

Columbia House
Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

B61/S72

COLUMBIA HOUSE, Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

I am enclosing check or money order for $2.86, as payment for the 14 records indicated below. Please accept my membership application for the **Columbia Record Club.** I agree to buy ten records (at regular Club prices) in the coming two years — and may cancel membership at any time after doing so.

RECORDS			

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (check one box only) **(BS-Z)** E17
☐ Easy Listening ☐ Young Sounds ☐ Classical
☐ Broadway & Hollywood ☐ Country ☐ Jazz

OR TAPES

I am enclosing my check or money order for $2.86, as payment for the 8 tapes indicated below. Please accept my membership application for the **Columbia Tape Club.** I agree to buy seven tapes (at regular Club prices) in the next two years — and may cancel membership any time after doing so.

SEND ME THE FOLLOWING TYPES OF TAPES (check one box only) E17
☐ Cartridges (PN-W) ☐ Cassettes (PP-X) ☐ Reel Tapes (MH-Y)

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (check one box only)
☐ Easy Listening ☐ Young Sounds ☐ Country

Whichever Club I've joined, all selections will be described in advance in the Club magazine, sent every four weeks. If I do *not* wish any selection, I'll return the card provided by the date specified, or use the card to order any selection I do want. If I want *only* the regular selection for my musical interest, I need do nothing — it will be shipped automatically. Occasionally, I'll be offered special selections which I may accept or reject by using the dated form provided.

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss. . . . .
(Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address. . . . .

City. . . . . State & Zip. . . . .

Do You Have A Telephone? (check one) ☐ **YES. . . . . .** ☐ **NO**

APO, FPO addressees: write for special offer E17

NEWS OF THE MONTH



We have, by the usual method, obtained the final list prepared by Attorney General Mitchell of distinguished women in the legal field whom President Nixon reportedly considered for appointment to the Supreme Court prior to his last-minute decision to fill the two vacant seats with nominees representive of the predominantly white, male, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant character of the country rather than cater to any divisive, special-interest group. The four finalists:

• Madeleine Pung. A specialist in forensic dentistry and one of the country's leading experts on dental law, this feisty fifty-three-year-old attorney recently won headlines in Minneapolis papers and the respect of her peers in the legal profession by establishing in a precedent-setting case that a defendant's dentures can be used as evidence against him without violation of his Fifth Amendment rights. She is the author of *The Tooth and Nothing But* and more than twenty articles in the prestigious *LaSalle Correspondence University Law Review*, and holds the distinction of having been the first female notary public in Minnesota's history. A political conservative, Miss Pung believes that laws should have "more bite."

• Varicosa Putanegre. One of the many Mexican-American citizens who have risen to positions of power in the Southwest in recent years, Mrs. Putanegre has since 1964 been Chief Matron at the Mesa del Muertos State Correctional Institution for Women in her native Nogales, Arizona, where her husband, Hildago, holds the local Skiddo dealership. During her tenure she has instituted a number of innovational penal reforms, including a novel system of rewards and punishments based on "food stamps" and the establishment of regular encounter group sessions between guards and inmates in the prison's converted grease-trap, where, through Esalen-style sensitivity exercises like "hitting" and "slapping," an atmosphere of respect is encouraged. She supports capital punishment as "a necessary detergent to crime."

• Noreen Treble. After graduating from Cottonmouth Bible Institute in Snout, Arkansas, with a combined degree in law and home economics, Miss Treble returned to her home state of Tennessee, where she married a childhood sweetheart, Herman Fleshinghaut, a local law-enforcement official. To help make ends meet, she went to work as a meat inspector for the U.S. Department of Agriculture, rising from Grade B chuck to prime cuts in only a few short years. Later she found a job practically tailor-made for her background, approving "legal" foods for a nationwide diet program, and she has remained in that occupation ever since. Miss Treble, who uses her maiden name (not, she admits coyly, because of women's liberation, but because she can't spell her husband's), has served for the last eight years as an alternate judge in the cookies and pastries division of the Pillsbury Bake-Off and has had twenty-three submissions accepted for Jimmy Hatlo's "There Ought to Be a Law" syndicated cartoon. A staunch Republican, she advocates the use of wiretapping, and in an article entitled "Recipe for Crime Prevention: Just Add More Police" in *Weight and See* magazine, she suggested water-tapping and even hamburger-tapping, because "although crimes are committed in the street, they're planned in the kitchen."

• Priscilla "Pete" Prendergast. Following a successful career in the Adjutant-General Branch of the Women's Army Corps, the gruff, forty-seven-year-old, cigar-smoking Miss Prendergast went into private practice in Columbus, Georgia. Miss Prendergast, who often appears in court in men's suits and has a reputation for a barracks vocabulary, insists on being called "Pete" rather than Priscilla and abhors the term "Miss." "My name isn't Muffet," she is fond of

barking, "and I'm not sitting on a goddamn tuffet." Almost all of her cases are divorce or paternity suits, and her clients are invariably female. "There's a lot of little girls around who need someone to hold their hand," she says, "and," she adds, "a lot of lunks who need a size eight hushpuppy in the old crotcheroonie." A hard-liner on law and order, Miss Prendergast believes "bed checks" should be instituted in high-crime ghetto areas.

It has been reliably learned from sources in Bonn, West Germany, that, in an important demonstration of Germany's return to respectability and economic and political self-confidence, Adolph Hitler, the shy, graying, national symbol of the Federal Republic will make a goodwill tour of Europe and possibly the United States some time in the spring. The eighty-four-year-old former Chancellor, who was stripped of his official powers during the Allied occupation following the war but still holds the honorary title of Vater dem Vaterland in the German Constitution, has lived for many years in the tiny Bavarian town of Berchtesgaden, where he pursues his favorite hobbies of growing prize hops, studying astrological charts, and poring over his collection of several million spectacles, considered the world's largest.

Hitler, a retiring, formal figure during the war, won considerable affection in the early postwar years with his quiet strength in the face of adversity and such gestures as his refusal to allow the construction of a modern, comfortable bunker for himself and his wife, Eva, at Berchtesgaden until Germany's bombed cities were rebuilt. He is the subject of a recent book by former Nazi Albert Speer which disputes the generally held notion that Hitler was a helpless pawn in the hands of vicious warlords like Goebbels, Himmler, and D. Führer, but most Germans scoff at the suggestion that the dignified, grandfatherly man had any real part in the planning or execution of the war, and although isolated incidents are expected in some of the countries slated for his visit, the German authorities are apparently convinced that few outside Germany take the allegations seriously and that the vast majority of people in the countries that suffered most from German occupations are willing, after a quarter of a century, to forgive and forget.

From the Stranger Than Fiction Department come two noteworthy items. The first appeared in the *New York Post* under the headline *Ax-Toting Bunny Man Seen Again*: "'The Bunny Man has been sighted again. Three children in Seat Pleasant, Md., reported upon their return home from school yesterday that they had just seen 'this man on the street with this bunny-rabbit suit on with a hatchet.'

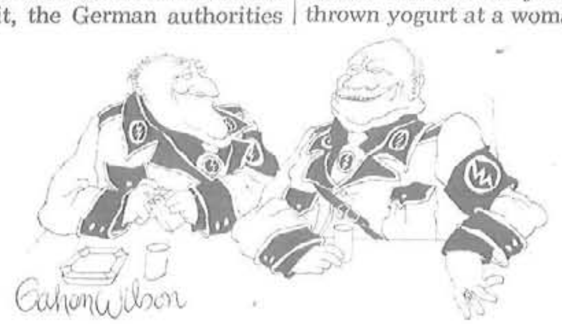
"The three told Cornelia Wedge, mother of two of the children, who called the police, but they searched the area without success. It was the third time in two weeks that an ax-carrying man in a furry rabbit suit was spotted in the Washington suburbs.

"On the first occasion, police said, he approached a car parked in Fairfax County, Virginia, accused its two occupants of trespassing, and threw a hatchet through a closed car window before bounding off into a wooded area.

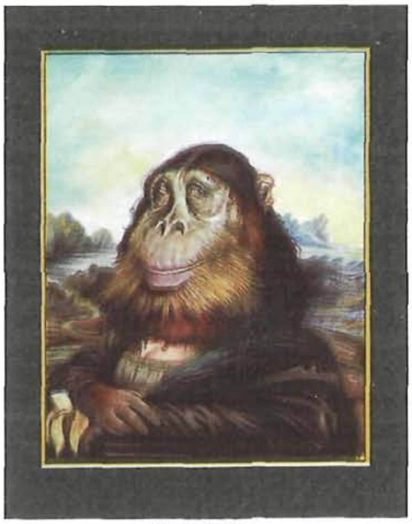
"Fairfax police said he reappeared last Thursday night, chopping away at a porch support of a newly built house. They said he accused a startled watchman of trespassing before running away."

The second item is a caption from an Associated Press news photo depicting two newly bald youths being herded along a street in Athens, festooned with signs in Greek: "What worse punishment could be placed on a pair of youthful offenders than to be paraded down a main street with shaven heads? Athens police are experimenting with this highly embarrassing method of dealing with ruffians in an effort to stem the wave of hooliganism sweeping the Greek capital.

"Escorted by police, the handcuffed pair is marched along a thoroughfare. Sign around neck of one of youths reads: 'We are teddy boys. We have thrown yogurt at a woman.' "



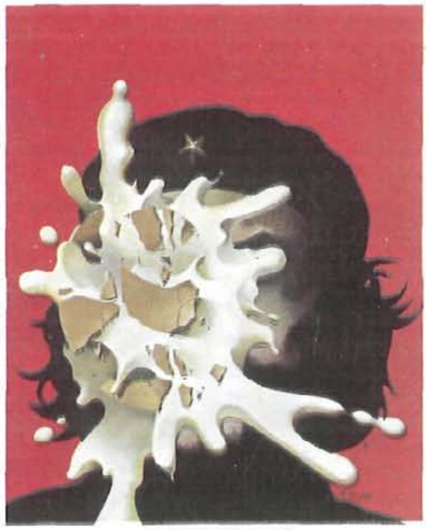
"Well, Larry—how do you like being a Fascist?"



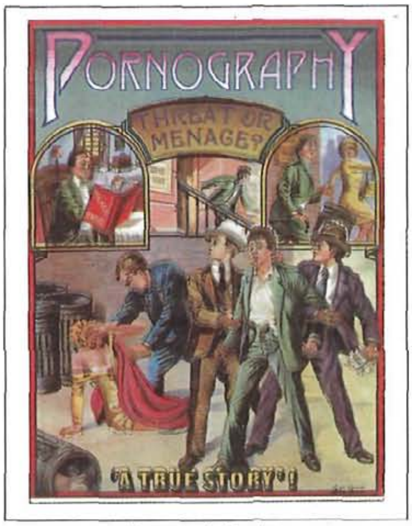
Mona Gorilla



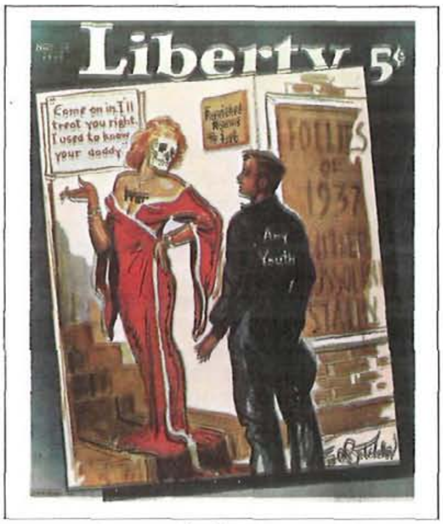
Calley Poster



Is Nothing Sacred?



Pornography Poster



War Poster



War Is Not Unprofitable

Introducing the first National Lampoon posters.

Full-size, full-color posters of three of the most popular *National Lampoon* covers ever published.

There's Rick Meyerowitz's romantic "Mona Gorilla," Kelly Freas's portrait of that legendary folk hero Lt. Calley, and Dick Hess's historic story and pictures of the Pornography Menace.

We've also included the popular *Liberty* magazine Pulitzer Prize Antiwar Poster—probably the most famous antiwar poster ever created—and the latest *Lampoon* posters: "Nothing Sacred," created by *National Lampoon* Art Director, Michael Gross, and Michael O'Donoghue's "War Is Not Unprofitable" poster.

The posters vary slightly in size, being just under two-feet wide and slightly more than two feet in height. You can buy them for $1.50 each. If you want any three of them, you save a buck—it's $3.50 for three, $4.50 for four, $6.50 if you want all six. There's a postage-and-handling charge of 50 cents for each order (not each poster, but each order).

NATIONAL LAMPOON Posters, Dept. NL272
635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me the following posters at $1.50 each, plus 50 cents for postage and handling, or any three for $3.50, four for $4.50, six for $6.50, plus half buck for P. and H.

- ☐ Mona Gorilla
- ☐ Calley Poster
- ☐ Is Nothing Sacred?
- ☐ Pornography Poster
- ☐ War Poster
- ☐ War Is Not Unprofitable

Name__________

Address__________

City__________ State__________ Zip Code__________

SPECIAL BOOK AND RECORD BARGAINS

Order Now! Save up to 400% over original published price!



K680. THE GREAT COMIC BOOK HEROES. Compiled, annotated by Jules Feiffer. Reproduced in glorious color, the origins and early adventures of the classic super-heroes of the comics, including *Superman, Batman, Capt. Marvel, Capt. America, The Flash, Hawkman, Wonder Woman, The Spirit,* etc. 9¼" x 12¼".
Orig. Pub. at $9.95 New, compl. ed. **Only $4.95**

S-2694. Krips' COMPLETE BEETHOVEN SYMPHONIES. Now, arranged in sequence for automatic record changers, you can hear any symphony complete without turning a record over. These are the famous London Festival definitive recordings. 7 magnificent records plus handsome 2-color softbound Pictorial History of Composer's life. Originally released in different format at $40.00. Now only ¼ of the original price!
Stereo **Only $9.95**



2767. BUCK ROGERS: The Collected Works in the 25th Century. Introd. by Ray Bradbury. Comic strip and space buffs will revel in this careful selection from 40 years of the strips starting in 1929. Over 1000 of them reproduced in color and monochrome on 400 pages. Massive 11" x 14" volume.
Pub. at $15.00 **Only $6.95**

9600. THE HUMAN FORM IN ART. By M. Levy. 12 pages in full color, 32 in monochrome. The first section is a history of the nude from cave paintings to the present throughout the world with notable examples by great artists. The second section is a practical manual of instruction on compositon, techniques, materials, etc. **Only $2.98**

8326. THE COLLECTED DRAWINGS OF AUBREY BEARDSLEY. Appreciation by Arthur Symons. Ed. by B. Harris. 214 illus. The most unique, comprehensive collection ever published — full of Beardsley's beauty and decadance, sensuality and sin. Incl. all major works and many previously suppressed, complete catalog, informative text and a large section of wicked forgeries. 8½" x 11". Extraordinary value.
Only $2.98

2959. THE ANNOTATED MOTHER GOOSE. Introd. & Notes by Wm. S. & Ceil Baring-Gould. Over 200 illus. by Caldecott, Crane, Greenaway, Rackham, Parrish & Historical Woodcuts. The complete text and illustrations in a fully annotated edition containing more than 1,000 separate rhymes — original, variations, sources and allusions.
Orig. Pub. at $10.00.
New, complete ed., **Only $3.95**

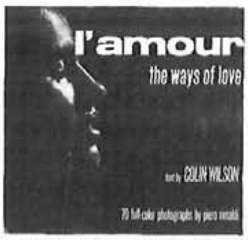
K465. TENDER BOUGH. Over 80 photos by Alice & Peter Gowland, poems by Mary Lee. Poignant, touching love story of a young girl's sexual awakening told in verse and photos. 8½" x 11". Softbound. *Only* **$1.95**



S-4250. GREAT MOMENTS IN RADIO. Re-live these good old days of The Shadow, Lone Ranger, Ma Perkins, Gang Busters, Fred Allen plus old-time commercials, historic news broadcasts, etc. Orig. broadcasts plus Jack Benny's narration.
Pub. at $9.96 2 Record Vols. Complete, Only **$3.96**

6658. TOWARDS AN UNDERSTANDING OF HOMOSEXUALITY. By Dr. Daniel Cappon. With detailed descriptions of case histories, Dr. Cappon shows that there is hope for those condemned to a lifetime of sexual deviance. It is curable as its underlying cause are reversible.
Pub. at $6.95 **Only $2.98**

9109. PREMARITAL INTERCOURSE AND INTERPERSONAL RELATIONSHIPS. By Lester A. Kirkendall. A research study of 668 premarital intercourse experiences reported by 200 college level males.
Orig. Pub. at $7.00 **Only $2.98**



K121. The French Picture Book of Sexual Love: L'AMOUR. France's magnificent pictorial portrayal of the varied positions of sexual love with 70 Full Color graceful action photos of an extraordinarily handsome couple specially posed in the nude by one of France's most imaginative photographers, Piero Rinaldi, with poetic text by Colin Wilson. For sale to adults over 21 only. **Only $9.95**

K643. THE HISTORY OF COMICS. By J. Steranko. Foreword by Frederico Fellini. The definitive history from *Krazy Kat* to the bloody pulps and *Superman, Batman, Wonder Woman* and all the other favorites in fully illus. oversize (10½" x 14") format with sparkling informative original text. Softbound.
Only $3.00

833. SEXUAL SELF-STIMULATION. By R. E. L. Masters. Examines history and techniques of male and female masturbatory practices including physical aspects and the erotic fantasies employed. Filled with remarkable case histories.
Pub. at $7.50 **Only $3.95**

468. TREASURY OF WITCHCRAFT. By H. E. Wedeck. 110 Photos & Drawings. Source book of the magic arts, including divination, astrology, necromancy, spells, charms, occult practices, medicine men, rites, etc. from earliest times to the present.
Orig. Pub. at $8.95 New complete ed. Only **$2.98**

1232. THE ART OF W. C. FIELDS. By Wm. K. Everson. With 128 photos. Here in detail are all of the Fields' movies demonstrating his unique antics and imagination with masterful pantomime. 7¼" x 10¼".
Pub. at $7.50. **Only $2.98**

8135. Television — A Pictorial History: HOW SWEET IT WAS. By A. Shulman & R. Youman. Huge historical panorama with 1,435 photos and commentary of the shows, personalities, comedians, music, specials, panels and quiz shows, Congressional hearings, news shots, campaigns and elections; from trivial moments to significant events — unique and fascinating. 8½" x 10¾".
Orig. Pub. at $12.50 **Only $4.95**



S-4194. Segovia, Montoya, John Williams: MASTERS OF THE GUITAR. Classical, Flamenco, folk guitar treasury featuring Segovia, Montoya, Williams, Manitas De Plata, Alirio Diaz, Laurindo Almeida, other great performers. 75 compositions in all.
$35.00 Value 7 Record Set, Only **$9.95**

2879. PICTORIAL GUIDE TO SEXUAL INTERCOURSE in Full Color. Europe's most beautiful, best-selling sex manual now available with over 100 Full Color, Full Page Photos of a man and woman engaged in a variety of sexual intercourse positions, each shown in an individual photo accompanied by sophisticated informative text translated into English. For sale to adults over 21 only. Softbound.
Pub. at $12.98 **Only $4.88**

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!!

21ST CENTURY BOOKS, Dept. NL272
635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me the book bargains circled below.

MINIMUM ORDER $3.

On orders totalling $3 to $10 add 35¢ for shipping charges. On orders over $10 no charge for shipping. Add 35¢ per title for deliveries outside continental U.S.

Enclosed find $__________.

Send check or money order only. Payable to 21st Century Books.

Sales Tax: For delivery in N.Y.C., add 7%. For delivery elsewhere in New York State, add 6%.

K121	K465	K643	K680	468	833
1232	2767	2879	2959	6658	8135
8326	9101	9600	S2694	S4194	S4250

Name____________________
(please print)

Address____________________

City__________State______Zip______

INVITATION TO A HANGING–

P55. SUPERFISH. Silkscreen; Vivid Dayglo cerise, blue, orange, purple, green, black. 37"x35½". *Only* **1.98**

P51. Max Ernst: BIRDMAN Metallic stock; red, blue, silver & black. 19½" x 29½". *Only* **2.49**

P364. GEESE by Hsu Pei-hung. Full Color; rose tinted beige predominates. 18" x 32". *Special* **1.00**

P52. DONOVAN. Metallic stock; blue, silver & black. 19½" x 29½". *Only* **2.49**

P36. VEILED ISIS: Tarot Card II. Blacklite; flesh tones & cerise predominate. 22½"x34½". *Only* **1.98**

P332. W.C. FIELDS: B/w photo. 22"x29". *Only* **1.49**

P122. COME TOGETHER. Two figures superimposed on peace symbol in vivid dayglo. 24¼" x 23¼". *Only* **1.98**

P353. JIMI HENDRIX/RAINBOW BRIDGE. Maui, July 1970 Full Color Photo. 21½" x 26½". *Only* **1.98**

P309. RIVER GIRL. Full Color import from Stockholm. 23¼" x 31½". *Only* **1.98**

P358. HORSE by Hsu Pei-hung. Handsome charcoal on deep beige. 18" x 32". *Special* **1.00**

P168. CHAINED. Full Color Photo. 20¼" x 39½". *Only* **1.98**

P239. Gustav Klimt: SALOME. Rich-toned full color 19½" x 4'6". *Special Import* **3.95**

P73. UNCLE SAM'S FUTURE. "A nation which hates its young has *no future*"; Full Color. 23" x 29". *Only* **1.98**

P224. TORGA. Silkscreen; Dayglo yellow, green, blue. 21"x33". *Only* **1.98**

P381. AMAZON. Full Color. 34"x4'4". *Only* **2.98**

P775. KISS A TOAD. Humorous & thought provoking; toad in red & purple on olive green. 25¾" sq. *Special* **1.00**

P12. KICK OFF! Monochrome photo. 26" x 22". *Only* **1.00**

P1. A FRIEND WILL ALWAYS BE A BROTHER. Monochrome photo. 28" x 22". *Only* **1.49**

P188. A KISS. Deep red tones. 34"x22". *Only* **1.98**

P72. OLD FASHIONED QUAKER OAFS. Monochrome; 23" x 29". *Only* **1.00**

P533. ECCE HOMO. A world in agony; black line on white. 18½" x 24½". *Only* **1.00**

P501. CAUTION: KEEP OUT OF REACH OF CHILDREN". "Milk in such containers may be unfit for human consumption. B/W; 19" x 29". *Only* **1.00**

P668. Bosch: GARDEN OF EARTHLY DELIGHTS. Surreal 15th century triptych: Creation *(left)*, secular frolic *(center)*, Inferno *(right)*; Full Color. 37½" x 22". *Special* **4.95**

P166. The Above On Canvas, a hand-process reproduction with brush-stroke texture, expertly mounted on a stretcher. *Only* **24.95**

P39. A.M.A. B/W photo by Alfred Gescheidt. 22" x 28". *Only* **1.00**

P370. ILLUSTRATORS XII. In gold, blues, browns, other subdued colors. 30" x 45". *Only* **1.98**

P176. Kishin Shinoyama: TWO WOMEN. Full Color Photo; brown & white on bluegreen. 40½" x 27½". *Only* **2.98**

P347. COME TOGETHER. Two nude figures joyous in a sunlit meadow; full color photo reproduction on board. 14"x9". *Only* **1.98**

P158. I KNEW WHAT YOU WANTED for Your Birthday. Silkscreened in cerise Dayglo, brown & black. 29½" x 21½". *Only* **1.00**

P534. NO DEFERMENT. Newborn baby with dog tags; full color on coated stock. 22" x 28". *Only* **1.00**

P37. SATAN: Tarot Card XV. Blacklite: yellow & red predominate. 22½" x 34½". *Only* **1.98**

P124. ST. PETER'S. Vivid dayglo red, green, cerise, purple, matte black; after M. C. Escher. 28½" x 22". *Only* **1.98**

P580. SYNCHROJECTOR RAMA. Black & gray tiger; full color rainbow. 30" x 20". *Special Import* **1.98**

P443. I MISS YOU. Monochrome photo. 22"x28". *Only* **1.49**

P759. HANGMAN'S NOOSE. Full Color Lithograph, black background. 23" x 35". *Only* **1.00**

P576. DYLAN. Film poster; magenta, orange, blues, flesh tones. 20" x 30". *Special Import* **1.00**

P117. THE GENERAL. Full Color with human bullets. 20½"x28". *Only* **1.00**

P442. IT ONLY MATTERS THAT YOU LOVE. Rod McKuen quote; B/W photo. 22" x 28". *Only* **1.49**

P49. DYLAN. Metallic stock; deep red, black & gold. 19½"x29½". *Only* **2.49**

P8. TEAR DROP. Monochrome photo. 22" x 28". *Only* **1.00**

P74. "PROBE THE EARTH ... and see where your main roots are." Thoreau; Full Color. 23" x 29". *Only* **1.98**

P6. RITUAL OF THE COVEN. Monochrome photo. 22" x 28". *Only* **1.00**

P333. W.C. FIELDS: "I NOTE THE DEROGATORY RUMORS . . ." B/w photo. 22"x29". *Only* **1.49**

P704. JOIN. Black & white photo. 21¾" x 27½". *Only* **1.00**

P7. LUNAR NO. 1. Monochrome photo. 22" x 28". *Only* **1.00**

P41. DOUBLE VISION. B/W photo by Alfred Gescheidt. 22" x 28". *Only* **1.00**

P75. TIME IS CHANGE–CHANGE IN TIME. Full Color. 23" x 29". *Only* **1.98**

P179. PAULETTE. Gorgeous Full Color. Huge 6' 2½" tall x 25" wide. **2.98**

P33. Ditto: TIGER ON RED. On Canvas; striking tiger, red background; full color litho. 18" x 24". *Only* **2.98**

P43. BUTTS. B/W photo by Alfred Gescheidt. 22" x 28". *Only* **1.00**

P579. THE SNAIL. Computer drawn black lines on white. 20" x 29¾". *Special Import* **1.00**

P71. UP WITH PEOPLE! Full Color. 23" x 29". *Only* **1.98**

P655. TOO LATE THE HERO. Full Color on coated stock; dark red predominates. 30" x 40". *Only* **1.98**

P722. THE GREAT LAW OF CULTURE IS: Full Color poster by Miguel Vivancos with quote by Carlyle. 30" x 45". *Only* **3.95**

P120. THE JUDGE. Black & white with docket "spindled & mutilated"; on coated stock. 23"x29". *Only* **1.00**

P54. DIFFERENT DRUMMER. B/W Photo with famous Thoreau quote. 22" x 34½". *Only* **1.00**

P149. THE GREAT AMERICAN DISASTER. Multi-color political-social satire. 22"x33". *Only* **1.98**

–OF MARBORO POSTERS $1 and up

decorate like crazy! BIG • BRIGHT • EXCITING & NOT EXPENSIVE



P50. CANNABIS. Metallic stock; Hyde Park Speakers' Corner poster in deep red, black & gold. 19½" x 29½". *Only* **2.49**



P743. CAUTION: CITIES MAY BE HAZARDOUS B/W photo. 31" x 24". *Only* **1.00**

We have met the enemy and he is us.

P502. WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY. Line drawing in black & white. 22" x 31". *Only* **1.00**



P172. Haskins: APPLE-JACK BEAT. Full Color Photo. 27½"x40¼" *Only* **2.98**



P767. LAURANIE. Full Color Photo. 25¾" x 38½". *Only* **2.98**



P220. SUPER CELESTIAL. Silkscreen; Blinding Dayglo cerise, blue, greens, matte black. 43" x 28". *Only* **2.98**

FREE Poster with every order



REMEMBER EARTH DAY EVERY DAY. Black/white photo. 32" x 28".

P301. Dali: SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC—12 Plate Portfolio. Reproduced in eight colors—superbly decorative, incredibly imaginative. Each 14"x18". *Portfolio of 12, Only* **9.95**



P949. PATIENCE, MY ASS! I'm Gonna Kill Something! Two vultures; cerise, yellow, green, blue, orange. 23" x 35". *Only* **1.98**



P320. LOVE—PEACE. Brilliant dayglo colors & black; silkscreen. 21¾" x 32¾". *Only* **1.00**



P195. MAILER for MAYOR OF NYC. Full color with map of NYC as the 51st STATE. 24"x36¼". *Special* **1.00**



P123. HIGH AND LOW Chartreuse, purple, matte black; after M.C. Escher. 14½" x 34". *Only* **1.98**



P2. LOVE. IT'S NATURE'S WAY. Monochrome photo. 22" x 28". *Only* **1.49**



P56. IF EVER TWO WERE ONE . . . THEN SURELY WE! Monochrome photo. 41¾" x 29¼". *Only* **1.00**



P242. Charles Ricketts: HERO AND LEANDER. Rich browns & gold on deep blue; textured brown stock. 36¼" x 35" *Special Import* **3.95**

P770. HORSE. Shades of brilliant red on red. 27½"x38½". *Only* **1.98**



P262. Heath Robinson: MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Rich brown, silver, blue-hued silver & blue; textured brown stock. 22" x 45". *Special Import* **3.95**



P622. I'D RATHER BE RED THAN DEAD. The original Red—and proud of it! Full Color; 24" x 36". *Only* **1.98**



P40. X-RAY. Alfred Gescheidt monochrome photo. 22" x 28". *Only* **1.00**



P9. MEDITATION. Monochrome photo. 22" x 28". *Only* **1.00**



P575. Andy Warhol's CHELSEA GIRLS. Drury Lane poster for the Warhol film in B/W. 20" x 30". *Special Import* **1.00**



P617. "I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE..." Full Color; 21¼" x 28". *Only* **1.00**

FLY UNITED

P882. FLY UNITED. The "only way to fly"; dayglo red & blue on white. 27¾"x20¾". *Special* **1.00**

P966. MEANEST SOB IN THE VALLEY. 23rd Psalm revise; lithograph in multi-hued Dayglos. 23"x35". *Only* **1.98**



P577. "VAGINA REX & THE GAS OVEN" English film poster in B/W. 20" x 30". *Special Import* **1.00**



P627. ENVIRONMENT 70's. Black & white with gas masks. 22" x 28". · *Only* **1.98**



P44. ONCE UPON A TIME. Alfred Gescheidt b/w photo. 22" x 28". *Only* **1.00**



P225. GOD IS LOVE. Silkscreened in vivid multi-hued Dayglo. 28" x 43". *Only* **2.98**



P167. WET LOOK. Full Color Photo. 20½"x 39½". *Only* **1.98**



P42. IN CONCERT. Alfred Gescheidt b/w photo. 22"x28". *Only* **1.00**



P38. THE STAR: Tarot Card XVII. Blacklite: rose & yellow predominate. 22¼" x 34½". *Only* **1.98**



P53. SEX. Metallic stock; King Kong & Conquest in red, blue & silver. 19½"x29½". *Only* **2.49**



P742. BUCKLEY. Monochrome 18"x24". *Only* **1.00**

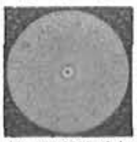
P741. SIX METROPOLITAN OPERA "FIRST PERFORMANCE" POSTERS. 1883 Met Grand Opening Nite, 1883 Traviata & 1907 Butterfly 1st nites, 1903 Caruso, 1908 Toscanini & 1931 Lily Pons debut nites; all on cardstock. Each 12" x 16". *Set of 6, Only* **2.98**



P192. PAINTED LADY MANDALA. Kaleidoscope image in 4 colors. 30¼" square. *Only* **1.00**



P700. THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES. Black/white photo. 29" x 23". *Only* **1.00**



P57. MANDALA of the MAGNIFICENT. Silkscreen; Dayglo cerise, blue, black, gold. 30" sq. *Only* **1.98**



P171. Haskins: BIG APPLE. Full Color Photo. 27" x40". *Only* **1.00**



P690. SQUIRE'S ARLINGTON. Antique poster-ad; in color. 22¼" x 27". *Only* **1.98**



P343. Picasso: MARCH AGAINST DEATH. Picasso's March on Washington poster in gray & white with red border. 23" x 15". *Only* **1.00**



P60. W.C. FIELDS: "IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED . . . Try, try again. Then quit. No use being a damn fool about it". B/W photo. 22" x 29". *Only* **1.49**



P280. WOODSTOCK—WE ARE ONE. Superb photomontage of the Festival, with green lettering. 23" x 35". *Only* **1.00**



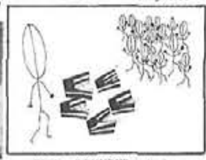
P766. JOHN F. & ROBERT F. KENNEDY. Monochrome photo. 33¾"x25". *Only* **1.00**



P369. PROTEST! Huge Full Color photo-mural of American youth on the march. 40" x 30". *Special* **1.98**



P260. Burne-Jones: HOLY GRAIL. Rich full color reproduction of the Wm. Morris tapestry designed by Burne-Jones. 18½" x 4'6". *Special Import* **3.95**



P116. ROUNDUP. Red, white & blue flags with teeth. 29"x23". *Only* **1.00**

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

MARBORO dept NL-207
131 Varick St., New York, N.Y. 10013

Please send me the items circled below. (Please add 75¢ postage and handling on all orders.)
MINIMUM MAIL ORDER $3.00

☐ Enclosed find $ .... ☐ Send C.O.D.
Charge my: (check one)

Bank name for Master Charge	Amer. Exp.	Diners Club	Uni Card
Bank Number			

& write in your account # ....

P1	P49	P120	P224	P369	P655
P2	P50	P122	P225	P370	P668
P6	P51	P123	P239	P381	P690
P7	P52	P124	P242	P442	P700
P8	P53	P149	P260	P443	P704
P9	P54	P158	P262	P501	P722
P12	P55	P166	P280	P502	P741
P33	P56	P167	P301	P533	P742
P36	P57	P168	P309	P534	P743

FREE! EARTH DAY poster with every order.

P37	P60	P171	P320	P575	P759
P38	P71	P172	P332	P576	P766
P39	P72	P176	P333	P577	P767
P40	P73	P179	P343	P579	P770
P41	P74	P188	P347	P580	P775
P42	P75	P192	P353	P617	P882
P43	P116	P195	P358	P622	P949
P44	P117	P220	P364	P627	P966

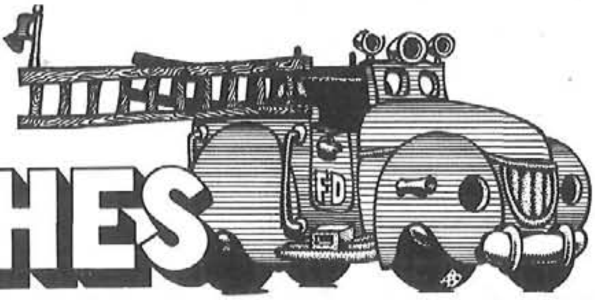
Name ....

Address ....

City .... State .... Zip Code ....

New York City residents add 7% city sales tax. Other New York State residents add applicable increased sales tax. A few cents extra for C.O.D. GUARANTEE: If not satisfied, return order after 10-day examination and money will be cheerfully refunded.

HOT FLASHES





Mount Palomar, Calif.: Speaking before the International Association of Astronomers despite a severe cold, Dr. Rudolph Friedlich rocked the scientific community with his discovery of new star nebula. This hitherto unknown cluster, only a few light years from our own galaxy, was found last month after Dr. Friedlich had routinely inspected the two-hundred-inch reflecting mirror.



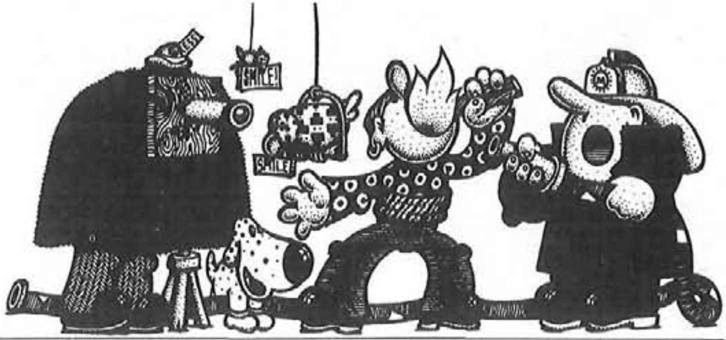
Newport Beach, Calif.: In response to recent pleas for stricter gun control, actor John Wayne publicly has turned in part of his $20,000 firearm collection. "I'm behind gun control one hundred percent," quoth the "Duke," "and some of these goddamn antiques were so uncontrollable I couldn't drop a Commie creep at ten yards with 'em!"



Washington, D.C.: Capitol Hill whispermongers were finally silenced when Pat Nixon announced the birth of her daughter Tricia's first child, a seven-pound male offspring. Amidst the usual good-natured joking from the press as to which side of the family the new arrival favors, Mrs. Nixon smiled broadly and refused further comment, particularly concerning Tricia's vacation activities nine months previous in Sidney, Australia.



New York, N.Y.: Thawing relations between the United States and the People's Republic of China refroze temporarily when Red Chinese representative Tang Chink hopped up and down angrily before the United Nations General Assembly, vigorously decrying the "barbaric and inhumane treatment" of the new delegation by the world organization. Chink's ruffled pajamas were ironed out, however, when an unidentified anti-Communist U.N. guide was made to apologize for repeatedly refusing to direct Chink to the "little workers' room."





Port Alligator, Fla.: Retired circus performer Lester "Bigfoot" McCracken displays the immense shoes with which he drove off a pair of burglars who had attempted to break into his home. McCracken, who for sentimental reasons has worn the same shoes twenty-four hours a day since his retirement in 1954, quipped, "It wasn't so much the *shoes* that scared the scalawags off, but when I threatened to take 'em off and let 'em get a whiff of my *socks*! . . ."



Canton, Ohio: Recent congressional investigations of the television industry's alleged overreliance on "ratings" has identified the A. C. Nielson & Co. sole "typical home viewing family" upon which the service had been gauging the relative popularity of weekly TV offerings. The "family," actually consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Schuester and their two pet geese, Edna Mae and Winnie Ruth, denied any fraudulent intent, adding that "Mr. Nielson said he'd throw in an extra twenty-five cents each time David Frost came on and Edna and Winnie didn't soil the carpet!"



Boston, Mass.: "Women are bound captives of the male-chauvinist-dominated media," stated Gloria Steinem at a Boston women's rights rally, "and magazines in particular will jump at any chance to publish sexually exploitive photographs of half-clad females rather than give proper news coverage to pushy, opportunistic bores such as myself."



THE UNFORGIVING MINUTE

by Paul Krassner

Q. All right now, do you remember the very first time you shoplifted?
A. Well, yeah, I started by accident, a few years ago. I was in the supermarket and I was just walking down one of the aisles when suddenly my eye was attracted by some grated cheese. I mean just the bright color of the containers. It wasn't on my shopping list or anything. Through sheer impulse—there's no other way to explain my behavior—I simply dropped it into my coat pocket. Maybe I secretly felt I was getting just a teeny bit of revenge for their high prices. But the thing is, then I *bought* a can of onion soup to go with the grated cheese. It was too big to stick in my pocket. But I was hooked.

Q. How did you finally get caught?
A. I was in a department store—I can't mention their name—and I was just sort of browsing around the athletic-equipment section after purchasing some Ping-Pong balls, and I spotted this stainless steel chinning bar, you know? It's like an adjustable rod that you place in an open doorway and then you do chin-ups. I'm not even into any kind of exercise. I'll leave that to the muscle-builders and stick to table tennis myself. But I just couldn't resist taking that chinning bar. I think it was the challenge of getting away with something so outrageous. There was this counter filled with all these chinning bars—they're about three feet long—and while I was making believe that I was just looking at the pile, actually I was slipping one of them right up my coat sleeve. I walked very calmly to the elevator, and that's how they caught me, when I tried to ring the bell for the elevator. My arm stuck straight out. I should've used my *left* arm, because all I had in my left *hand* was the box of Ping-Pong balls, but like a fool I used my *right* hand. Anyway, that's all Monday morning quarterbacking, because this store detective came up to me. I guess I must've looked suspicious, ringing the bell like that without even bending my elbow.

Q. Are you aware of the psychiatric contention that shoplifters unconsciously want to get caught?
A. Oh, sure. That's what my own shrink says. The department store agreed not to prosecute if I would seek professional help.

Q. Is that how you got involved with Kleptomaniacs Anonymous?
A. Right. My shrink recommended that I attend one of their meetings, and I've been going to KA ever since. You have to refer to yourself as a *kaka,* as a reminder that faulty toilet training as an infant may have been the root cause of your shoplifting. Kleptomania is just a mobile form of anal retention.

Q. What do you do at Kleptomaniacs Anonymous meetings?
A. Well, for example, you stand up and tell how you've been able to resist temptation. The thing I don't like is we hold the meetings at a different home each week, and sometimes you have to get searched before you're allowed to leave. I have nothing to hide, but when you get searched by a fellow kaka, well, how can you possibly give each other moral support if you don't *trust* each other?

Q. Is there any basis for the searching?
A. Of course. There's been things missing every week. The first time we met at my house, I announced I would refuse to search anybody as a matter of principle. But that was a mistake, because later I discovered that my Scotch-tape dispenser was missing, and my 1972 calendar, and a lot of other things, including all the raisins from my box of Kellogg's Raisin All-Bran. That was very discouraging, but I couldn't help admiring the thoroughness of whoever the kaka was who did it. Every single goddamn raisin was *missing.*

Q. Is Kleptomaniacs Anonymous a social organization too?
A. You bet it is. We even had a marriage in our group. A week after the honeymoon, though, the bride admitted that she had stolen Magic Fingers—the entire works—from their hotel bedroom. Her husband wasn't even aware she'd done it until her "kakanfession"—that's what we call it. Now he doesn't let her carry around a screwdriver and pliers in her purse anymore.

Q. What else happens at meetings?
A. Well, we have guest speakers sometimes. We were addressed last month by the representative of a private detectives association. They arranged for several of us to shop at Macy's, to see what we could get away with—I have to kakanfess that it's not as exciting as when you haven't been *invited* to steal merchandise because you know you're not gonna get in any trouble if they catch you, but we were giving these undercover people the benefit of our experience so they could learn what techniques to look for, like new gimmicks you can do with your clothing, and then they could develop methods to deal with their new knowledge. It was quite rewarding to be able to contribute something constructive to society.

Q. I understand that you personally have extended that service to help ward off holdup attempts on the street?
A. Ah, yes. I teach people how to bark. I know what you're thinking. You're thinking, this crazy kaka has totally flipped out. But I really do that, I teach people how to bark like a dog. You see, once you understand the pathology of the criminal, you can adjust the way you act as a victim. So, let's say I'm walking along the sidewalk, and here comes this mugger type. I don't mean anything racial by that. In fact, we even have a colored kaka in our group. But suppose you were walking along, and you had a vicious-looking dog with you. Then that holdup man would leave you alone, correct? He could kill the dog, but if he uses a gun, the noise would be heard, and if he tries to use a knife or a blackjack, by the time he gets close enough the dog is already barking. So it's not the dog he's afraid of, it's the *sound* of the dog. Now, if you start barking like a dog when somebody approaches you—I teach people how to growl first, in order to frighten a mugger type away before any confrontation takes place—but when you actually *bark,* it's just not worth it for him to rob you. They figure you're nuts and probably don't have anything worth taking. Plus it's extremely embarrassing to try and pull a holdup on someone who's just barking away like mad. And also, you know what's *really* effective? Here, let me show you the way I can howl. . . . □

Paul Krassner is Editor and Zen Bastard of The Realist *($3 a year), author of a big book,* How a Satirical Editor Became a Yippie Conspirator in Ten Easy Years *($7), and a little book,* You Know You're Really Stoned When You Begin to Moan While the Gynecologist Is Examining You *($1), all available from The Realist, 595 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012.*



DEPRESSED? GET FAST RELIEF WITH NATIONAL LAMPOON!

Do you suffer from stiffening of the extremities? embarrassing odor? itchy, flaky skin sloughing off in handfuls? that tired, washed-up feeling? Check with your doctor. You may be a victim of the heartbreak of necrosis, known to medical science as clinical death. If so, read no further! It's too late for you. But if you're suffering from any of a long list of lesser disorders, including Spirorrhea, inflation, Indochina, narkosis, painful swelling of the left wing, irritation of the lower tax bracket, or just the drip, drip, drip of Richard Nixon, *National Lampoon* may be what you're looking for. Of course, there is no cure for these puzzling maladies, but doctors know that the capital of Delaware is Dover, and in a recent survey nine out of the ten individuals polled recommended *National Lampoon* for people who read humor magazines. Why? Because *National Lampoon* has been shown to be an effective, laughter-producing humorfrice, providing transitory relief in some mild cases of simple depression. You see, because it's Boffered, *National Lampoon* goes to work instantly, carrying pain-relieving Lafrin® throughout your entire body. In most cases, readers report a prompt reduction of their symptoms within minutes! So why suffer needlessly? Stay out of the draft, watch between-meal "downs," and read *National Lampoon* regularly. Available by mail in one-, two-, and three-year supplies and on most newsstands without subscription.

To insure a year-round supply of *National Lampoon*, fill out and mail this handy subscription form.

The National Lampoon, Dept. NL272
635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

For each year add $1 for Canada and Mexico, $2 for foreign.

Rush me your remarkable product in the quantities I have indicated below.

I enclose check ☐ money order ☐

- ☐ **1-year supply (12 monthly doses)—$5.95 (you save $3.05)**
- ☐ **2-year supply (24 monthly doses)—$10.50 (you save $7.50)**
- ☐ **3-year supply (36 monthly doses)—$14.50 (you save $12.50)**

All two- and three-year subscribers get a free LP Folk Festival album starring Judy Collins, Pete Seeger, Lightnin' Hopkins, Odetta, and others.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City________ **State**________ **Zip**______

Please be sure to include your correct zip-code number.

14 reasons why you should read
INTELLECTUAL DIGEST

1. **A report on the most implausible war correspondent in history—the pacifist George Bernard Shaw in Belgium during World War I.** (Journey To Heartbreak)

2. **The discovery by a geologist that the South Pole was once in the Sahara Desert.** (Natural History)

3. **An English scholar disposes of the "real" Christ and says that the Church created Him and "has invented ever new Christs for every new age."** (Spectator)

4. ***A first-hand report from Joseph Heller on the long-awaited successor to Catch-22, in ID's unique feature "Work In Progress."***

5. **A lawyer-penologist talks about what will have to replace our disastrous prison system.** (After Conviction: A New Review of the American Correction System)

6. **Robert Craft's moving journal of the death of his friend and master, Igor Stravinsky.** (N.Y. Review of Books)

7. **Why is Frantz Fanon, a black prophet who died 10 years ago, a key to the Black Power movement in the U.S.?** (Saturday Review)

8. **Where in the whole world can you find the best example of the theory and practice of No-Work?** (Hudson Review)

9. **Gore Vidal attacks the fallacy of the male imperative and asks why the male ego can't accept the female challenge to its dominance.** (N.Y. Review of Books)

10. **In "The Souring of George Sauer" the ex-N.Y. Jets star offers some unexpected thoughts on aggression and authoritarianism in football.** (Institute for the Study of Sport and Society)

11. **A *California* psychologist bucks the tide and speaks up for the benefits of poor communication.** (Psychoanalytic Review)

12. **How to tackle a disease with all the weapons of science, and find that success may bring *a whole new set of problems.*** (Smithsonian)

13. **Arnold Toynbee looks at man's development for an answer to today's question: Is Religion Superfluous?** (Surviving the Future)

14. **Was Ho Chi Minh a bad poet? Read the arguments, pro and con, and decide for yourself as Intellectual Digest presents the Chinese original and two clashing translations.**

From literary magazines. Professional magazines. Political publications. Scientific journals. The freshest ideas from over 300 brilliant magazines —reprinted in a single new periodical.

And by mailing the coupon now, you can become a Charter Subscriber and enjoy the next 12 issues at half the regular price.

There has never been a magazine like INTELLECTUAL DIGEST before. Our editors read the most significant magazines and journals in the world, and select the articles most important to the thinking layman. INTELLECTUAL DIGEST culls from all fields: science, sociology, literature, politics, art, medicine, history, even zoology. Our only requirement is that every article be thought-provoking, important, informative – and *lively.*

Many articles are published in full. And when we do "digest," we do so only by editing in collaboration with the author. Thus the integrity – even the complexity – of the original is retained.

In addition, three newsletters in each issue keep you up to the minute on the major disciplines of the social sciences, sciences and arts. Outstanding non-fiction books are excerpted, too – many before publication. (A few recent examples: Kate Millett's *Sexual Politics,* Charles E. Silberman's *Crisis in the Classroom,* Paul Goodman's *New Reformation: Notes of a Neolithic Conservative.*)

Act now for guaranteed Charter Rate

By mailing the coupon now you can become a Charter Subscriber and enjoy these special privileges:

Free examination of your first issue. Take 14 days to decide if it's the kind of magazine you'd like to keep reading. If not, write "cancel" on the bill you receive after your first issue, and owe nothing. Of course, the issue is yours to keep.

Save 50% if you decide to subscribe. You receive the Charter Rate – that's twelve monthly issues in all for $5, instead of the regular $10 subscription price.

So act now to reserve your Charter Subscription. At the very least, you'll end up with a stimulating complimentary issue.



INTELLECTUAL DIGEST
P.O. Box 2986
Boulder, Colorado 80302

Please send me my complimentary issue of INTELLECTUAL DIGEST and enter my charter half-price subscription for eleven additional issues at the rate of only $5 (a total savings of 50% on the regular $10 price). I understand I may cancel within 14 days after receiving my complimentary issue if I am not fully satisfied.

☐ Bill me ☐ $5 enclosed

Name..

Address...

City.......................... State......... Zip.........

Add 50¢ for Canada and $2 for Foreign. 6276

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

JUNE, 1970/BLIGHT: With Sludge Magazine, Beauty Tips for Mutants, Our Threatened Nazis, Jean Shepherd's S.P.L.A.T., Mort Gerberg's Pollutionland, and Michael O'Donoghue's Extinction Game.

AUGUST, 1970/PARANOIA: What would America be like as a second-rate power? Read We're Only Number Two. Also, a Paranoia Map of the World, Is Nixon Dead? (well, is he?) and The Secret of San Clemente.

SEPTEMBER, 1970/SHOW BIZ: Get your mezzanine seats now for the MGM Blackmail Auction, Screen Slime Magazine, Raquel Welch Laid Bare, Diary of a New Left Starlet, and College Concert Comix!

NOVEMBER, 1970/NOSTALGIA: A spin out on Memory Lane. Read reminiscences by Jean Shepherd; *the 1896 Sears, Roebuck Sex Catalogue; The Fifties: A Special Section; 1936: A Space Odyssey;* and The Death Song Game.

DECEMBER, 1970/CHRISTMAS: Prepare now for the next ghastly hollydaze with Gahan Wilson's Xmas Horrors, The Santology Handbook, I Remember Jesus, and Tricia and the Prince Comics.

JANUARY, 1971/WOMEN'S LIBERATION: Combat the Pink Peril with the Women's Lib Naughty Pinup Calendar, the Anti-Sexist Children's Book, a special *Cosmopolitan* Parody, and the expurgated best seller . . . The Censorless Woman!

FEBRUARY, 1971/HEAD ISSUE: Learn the mind-expanding powers of Kitty Litter in Michael O'Donoghue's Bummers, the *Natlamp* Special Stoned Section, Hermann Hesse's Siddhartha Classic Comic, Madison Avenue, Marijuana Packs, and the 1971 *Rolling Stone* parody ("Mozart, We'll Miss You!")!

MARCH, 1971/CULTURE: Tote that tome and lift that pinkie with Michael O'Donoghue's How to Write Good, The Gracie Slick Handbook of Radical Dos & Don'ts, The Undiscovered Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci, The Mantovani Strain, and The Life and Times of Captain Bringdown.

APRIL, 1971/ADVENTURE: Good God, Professor, it's . . . it's . . . Derby Dames on Parade, Tarzan of the Cows, Real Balls Adventure Magazine, The Philosopher Detective, The Great American Cereal Box, and free Booblegum Cards.

MAY, 1971/THE FUTURE: Hop into our steam-powered Time Trolley and stumble backward into the World of Tomorrow. You'll be delighted that you won't live to see: the Zero Gravity Sex Manual *(The NASA Sutra),* Time Warp Comics, the Special Pull-Out "If" Section, the 1906 *National Lampoon, Attack of the 90-Foot Macrobes, and Toilets of the Extraterrestrials.*

JUNE, 1971/RELIGION: Listen, it's getting to be a real pain in the ass coming up with kicky lead-ins to stuff like *Natlamp*'s Inferno, Magic Made E-Z, The Prophet by Kahlil Gibrish, I Dreamed I Was There in Overdose Heaven, and Buckminster Fuller-Charles Reich-Marshall McCluhan-Kate Millett Utopia Four Comix.

JULY, 1971/PORNOGRAPHY: Get it up, off, and out of your system with My Secret Life by David Eisenhower, The Breast Game, Dirty Dick & Jane, Filthy Sherlock Holmes, Are You a Homo? and Everything You Always Wanted to Know about Sex (Aren't You Sorry You Asked?).

AUGUST, 1971/BUMMER: Have a bad trip without illegal substances with Defeat Comics, Welfare Monopoly, the Special Canadian Supplement, and *Right On!,* the flick Jane Fonda was making while you thought she was working for the revolution.

SEPTEMBER, 1971/KIDS: Visit Eloise at the Hotel Dixee, meet high adventure with the Hardy Boys, laugh along with Children's Letters to the Gestapo, and test your wits with Commander Barkfeather's spicy rebuses.

OCTOBER, 1971/BACK TO SCHOOL: Have a few "brews," gross out some chicks, "moon" a townie, barf in the quad, and read the *Mad* parody, Magical Misery Tour, The Campus War Game, and 125th Street, the educational TV show that teaches ghetto kids their place.

NOVEMBER, 1971/HORROR: Step into Ghost Editor Michael O'Donoghue's gas chamber of horrors and meet The Phantom of the Rock Opera, The Mammal That Suckled Its Young, Dragula—Queen of Darkness, Dr. Jekyll's Surgical Supply Catalogue, and X-Rated Foto Funnies.

DECEMBER, 1971/CHRISTMAS: Here's an issue you can stuff right up your stocking! And, mothers, for those "Naughties" on your list, it's cheaper than coal and more of a letdown! Read Blind-Date Comics, The Sweetest Story Ever Told, This Is Your Life . . . Francis Gary Powers, and much less. Batteries not included.

JANUARY, 1972/IS NOTHING SACRED? Find out with Son-o'-God Comics; The Vietnamese Baby Book; Che Guevara's Bolivian Diaries; Buckminster Fuller's Repair Manual for the Entire Universe; and The Last, Really, No Shit, Really, The Last Supplement to the Whole Earth Catalog.

To order these back issues, just check off the ones you want in the coupon below. Return the coupon to us with $1 in bill, check, or money order for each copy you'd like.

THE NATIONAL LAMPOON, Dept. NL272, 635 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 10022

Send me the following:

No. of copies	Issue	No. of copies	Issue
______	JUNE, 1970	______	MAY, 1971
______	AUGUST, 1970	______	JUNE, 1971
______	SEPTEMBER, 1970	______	JULY, 1971
______	NOVEMBER, 1970	______	AUGUST, 1971
______	DECEMBER, 1970	______	SEPTEMBER, 1971
______	JANUARY, 1971	______	OCTOBER, 1971
______	FEBRUARY, 1971	______	NOVEMBER, 1971
______	MARCH, 1971	______	DECEMBER, 1971
______	APRIL, 1971	______	JANUARY, 1972

I enclose a total of $________ at $1 for each copy requested. This amount covers purchase plus shipping and handling.

My Name________________________________

Address________________________________

City______________State______________Zip______________



BOUND TO PLEASE

Ho ho . . . *bound* to please. Get *it*? Hee hee.

Now, for a limited time only (say until the reappearance of Haley's comet), you can purchase this nifty binder to preserve your back issues of the *National Lampoon.*

Each handsome submarine-yellow binder has the name *National Lampoon, The Humor Magazine* stamped in Shirley-Temple black on its front and side. It'll hold your 12 monthly issues neatly for easy reference, or else cleverly camouflage those copies of *Spicy Pix* and *Leather Lads Quarterly.*

Made of durable pseudoleatheroid, this handy binder will keep your issues fresh and crisp for years of midnight snickers. (Midnight *snickers*, get it?)

$3.85 for one; $7.10 for two; $9.90 for three. We pay the postage.

New York State residents please add appropriate sales tax.

cut out and mail to

National Lampoon, Binder Dept. NL 272
635 Madison Avenue, New York City 10022

Please send me:

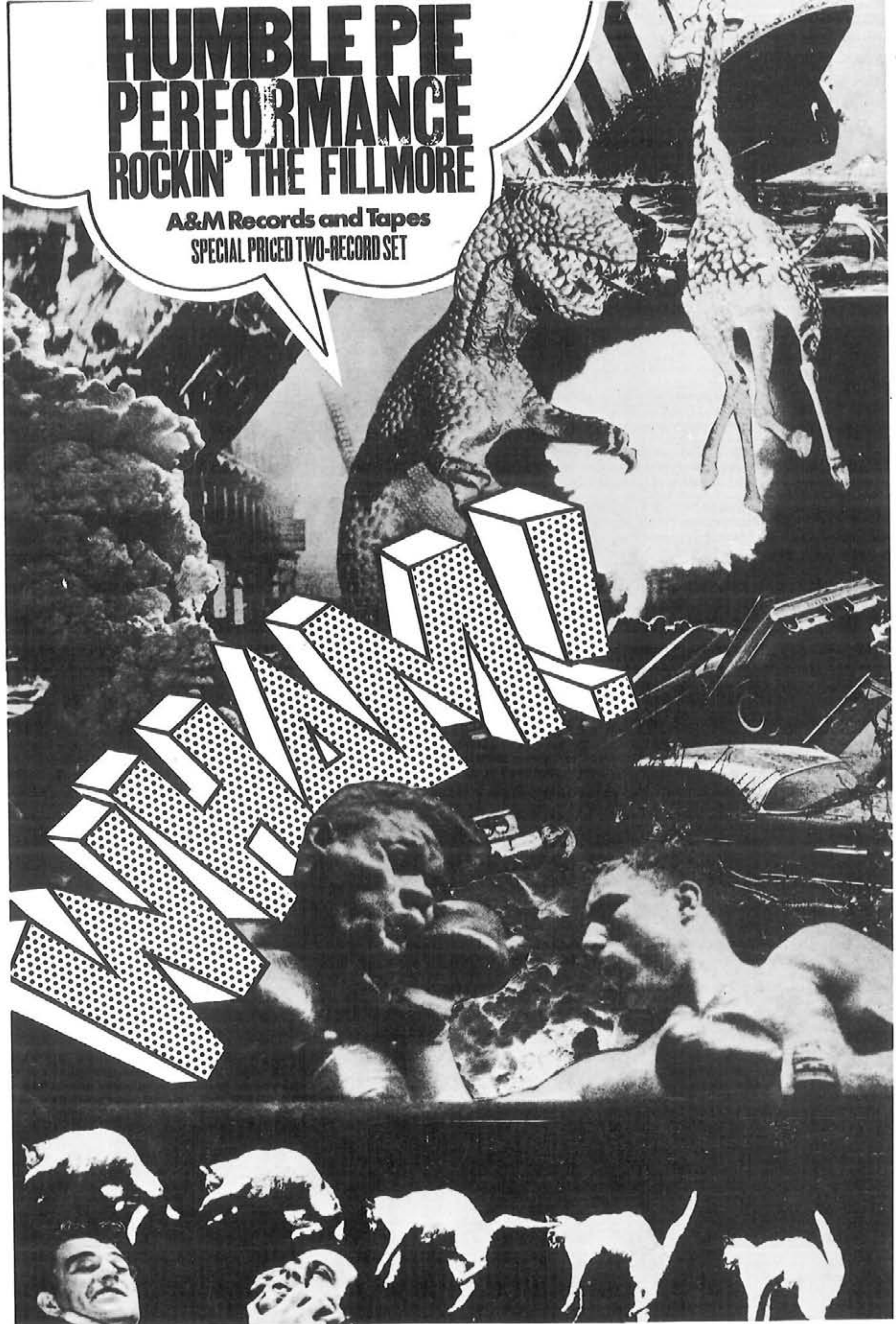
—1 binder @ $3.85
—2 binders @ $7.10
—3 binders @ $9.90

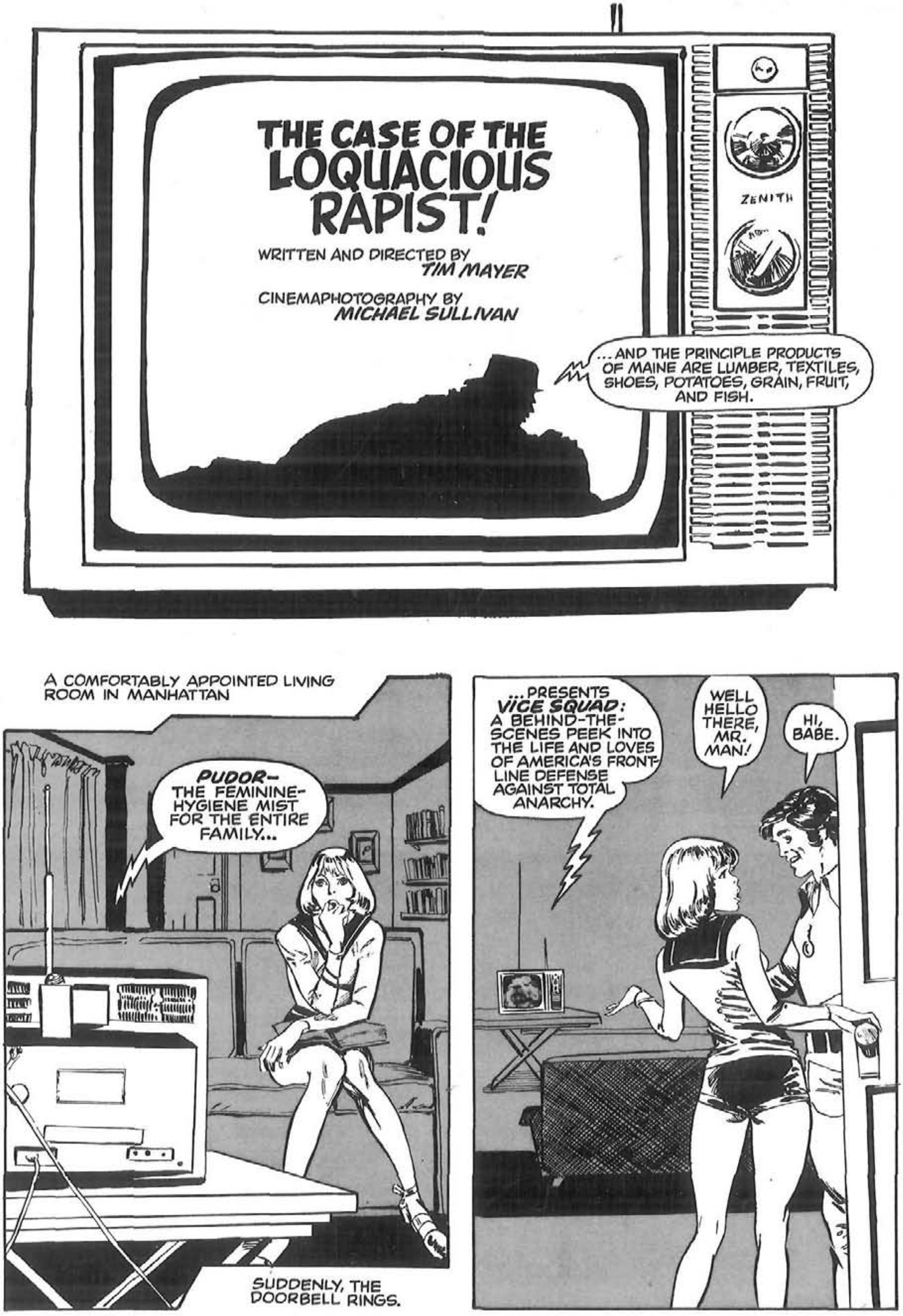
I enclose $______ in check or money order.

Name______________

Address______________

City______________State______________Zip______________


HUMBLE PIE
PERFORMANCE
ROCKIN' THE FILLMORE
A&M Records and Tapes
SPECIAL PRICED TWO-RECORD SET
WHAM!

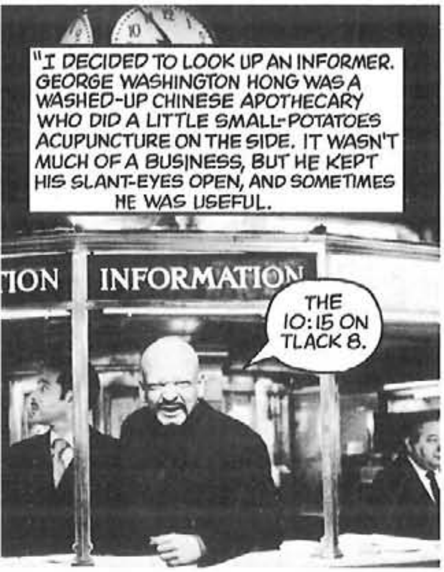

THE CASE OF THE LOQUACIOUS RAPIST!
WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY TIM MAYER
CINEMAPHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL SULLIVAN
ZENITH
...AND THE PRINCIPLE PRODUCTS OF MAINE ARE LUMBER, TEXTILES, SHOES, POTATOES, GRAIN, FRUIT, AND FISH.
A COMFORTABLY APPOINTED LIVING ROOM IN MANHATTAN
PUDOR– THE FEMININE-HYGIENE MIST FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY...
SUDDENLY, THE DOORBELL RINGS.
...PRESENTS VICE SQUAD: A BEHIND-THE-SCENES PEEK INTO THE LIFE AND LOVES OF AMERICA'S FRONT-LINE DEFENSE AGAINST TOTAL ANARCHY.
WELL HELLO THERE, MR. MAN!
HI, BABE.


IS THE COUCH O.K.?
SURE.
THERE'S A BOLD NEW BREED OF PLAINCLOTHES-MAN HERE IN MANHATTAN....
COLLEGE GRADS, MANY OF THEM, OR VETERANS OF "NAM," THEY WANT TO SEE THE SYSTEM WORK...AND THEY'RE NOT AFRAID OF A LITTLE "CURBSTONE JUSTICE," AS THEY LIKE TO CALL IT, IN PUSHING THROUGH THE CITY'S NEW GET-TOUGH ATTITUDE TOWARDS SEXUAL DEVIANTS. THESE ARE IMAGINATIVE MEN, UNCONVENTIONAL...
I WEAR SIDEBURNS. MURPHY HERE'S GOT A WIDE WATCH-BAND.
BUT LET'S LEAVE THE TELEVISION ON.
WE KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING.
PROCTOR SILEX IS A PLAINCLOTHES COP. HE LIKES HIS JOB AND BELIEVES IN IT. "SURE, IT'S DANGEROUS," HE SAYS, "BUT SO IS CROSSING THE STREET," AND THE COMMENT TYPIFIES THE MAN. HE ALSO SAYS, "THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO SKIN A CAT," AND HIS VARIOUSLY SHAPED COLLECTION OF VIVISECTED TABBIES GIVES MUTE TESTIMONY TO THE FORCE OF THIS PRONOUNCEMENT.
LET'S FOLLOW PROCTOR AS HE SPEARHEADS ONE OF THE MOST MADDENING MANHUNTS IN THE ANNALS OF MODERN POLICE HISTORY— THE SEARCH FOR THE LOQUACIOUS RAPIST!
SEE YA, MURPH.
AHHHH!
"ONE AFTERNOON, I WAS SITTING IN THE STOP AND FRISK, PICKING DISCONSOLATELY AT THE FLAG DECAL ON MY GIN AND GINGER...
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, PROCTOR.
I DON'T KNOW, MOJO. IT'S, WELL, I GUESS IT'S KINDA LIKE THE INTERPLAY OF LIGHT AND SHADOW IN VARGAS' MIDDLE PERIOD. YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
MODEL RAPED
AND SLAIN IN

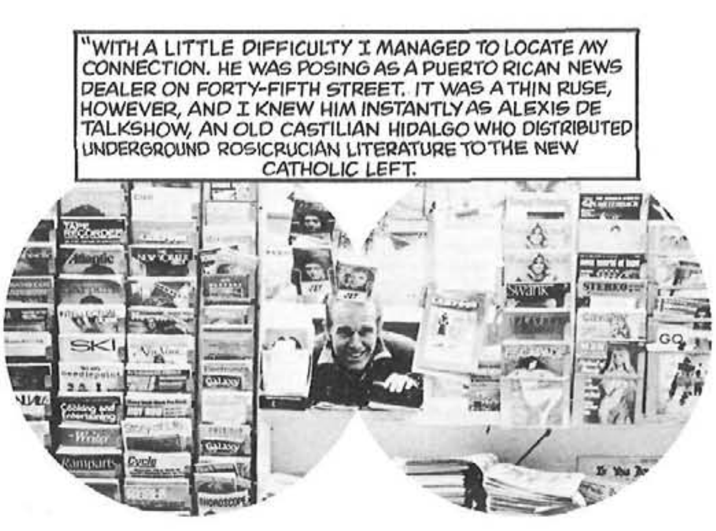


YOU TAKE THIS GUY, THIS LOQUACIOUS RAPIST NUT. WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT HIM? WE KNOW THAT HE GOES FOR MODELS AND WE KNOW THAT HE CAN'T SHUT UP. HELL, MOJO, THERE'S A LOT OF GUYS IN THIS CITY WHO GO FOR MODELS AND CAN'T SHUT UP.
A LOT OF GUYS, PROCTOR. A LOT OF GUYS.
FIRST HE RAPED AND KILLED THE YOUNG MOTHER IN THE PAMPERS AD. THEN IT WAS THE LEGGY SWEDE IN THE PERSONA LAYOUT. THEN THE FEMALE IMPERSONATOR FROM THE PEPSI BEACH PARTY.
R-R-RING
AND THEN, JESUS CHRIST, GIRLS FROM EVERY ADVERTISEMENT YOU CAN THINK OF—PALMOLIVE SOAP, PAPERMATE PENS, PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER, PALL MALLS, PINTOS, PAN AM, PORTUGUESE AIRWAYS, PELLON NONWOVEN TEXTILES, PRELL, PHISOHEX, PANTENE, POND'S, PACQUIN'S, PRATT-WHITNEY, PARKE-BERNET, PITNEY-BOWES, PINCH, PARTNER'S PICK, PANASONIC, PIRELLI RADIAL TIRES, PARLIAMENT, POLAROID, PORSCHE, PEUGEOT, PRISTEEN, AND *PSYCHOLOGY TODAY*. HE EVEN OFFED THE OLD BROAD FROM THE POLIDENT SPREAD.
AS FAR AS WE CAN TELL, HE PICKS HIS VICTIMS AT RANDOM.
IT'S FOR YOU.
Busy Bee RESTAURANT BAR
HELLO, SILEX. THIS IS THE COMMISSIONER. THE *UNIVAC* CAME UP WITH A COUPLE OF NEW WRINKLES ON THIS LOQUACIOUS RAPIST CAPER. FACT IS, I THINK WE'VE GOT A LEAD. SEEMS THAT THE *LR'S* VICTIMS HAVE ALL WORKED FOR PRODUCTS THAT BEGIN WITH A "P." AND THAT EVERY AD INITIALLY APPEARED IN THE *NEW YORK TIMES* SUNDAY MAGAZINE!
MY GOD, SIR. A SUBTLE PATTERN BEGINS TO EMERGE.
831
831
Miller High Life ON TAP
Miller High Life ON TAP


"IT WASN'T MUCH TO WORK ON, BUT I HAD TO TRY.
GOOD-BYE, MOJO.
MODEL RAPED AND SLAIN IN PERVO GABFAST
"I HEARD A LOT OF CONVERSATION," NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR REPORTS
"HE MUST HAVE, OH MY GOD, HE MUST HAVE TALKED ALL THROUGH THE ACT," SOBS VICTIM'S MOTHER
"SOUNDS LIKE A BUM RAP TO ME," QUIPS MAYOR JOHN LINDSAY
RESTAURANT BAR
Busy Bee
831


"I DECIDED TO LOOK UP AN INFORMER. GEORGE WASHINGTON HONG WAS A WASHED-UP CHINESE APOTHECARY WHO DID A LITTLE SMALL-POTATOES ACUPUNCTURE ON THE SIDE. IT WASN'T MUCH OF A BUSINESS, BUT HE KEPT HIS SLANT-EYES OPEN, AND SOMETIMES HE WAS USEFUL.
INFORMATION
THE 10:15 ON TLACK 8.


WHERE CAN I GET THE *TIMES* SUNDAY MAGAZINE...**FOUR DAYS EARLY?** GET ME?
TLEE BROCKS UP AT NEWSSTAND. GIMME FIN, PREASE.


"WITH A LITTLE DIFFICULTY I MANAGED TO LOCATE MY CONNECTION. HE WAS POSING AS A PUERTO RICAN NEWS DEALER ON FORTY-FIFTH STREET. IT WAS A THIN RUSE, HOWEVER, AND I KNEW HIM INSTANTLY AS ALEXIS DE TALKSHOW, AN OLD CASTILIAN HIDALGO WHO DISTRIBUTED UNDERGROUND ROSICRUCIAN LITERATURE TO THE NEW CATHOLIC LEFT.


"DE TALKSHOW DIDN'T BAT AN EYELASH AT MY REQUEST, AND I THOUGHT THE DEAL WAS OFF, BUT THEN..."
FEEFTY CENTS.


SECONDS LATER IN AN ALLEY...
PANDORA
THE FEMININE HYGIENE
WHAT TH...?
"A TELEPHONE CALL TO THE AGENCY BROUGHT QUICK RESULTS."
WELL?
O.K., COPPER, HERE'S HER DEWAR'S PROFILE. NAME: BUNNI LAPIN HOME: NEW YORK, N.Y. AGE: 27 PROFESSION: FASHION MODEL HOBBIES: NEW ENGLAND PIG STICKS, EGG CANDLING, AND "ANYTHING GNOSTIC" LAST BOOK READ: STAR, AN INDIAN PONY LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: HELPING OUT AT THE VENICE FILM FESTIVAL QUOTE: "ONCE MANY BUFFALO. WHITE MAN COME. KILL ALL." PROFILE: FIRM BUT YIELDING; VERY MUCH ABREAST OF THE TIMES
BUNNI LAPIN, HUH? BY HER DESCRIPTION SHE RESEMBLES CREME DE LA PHLEGM, THE DENATURED INGENUE AND OCCASIONAL BAGWOMAN FOR THE SCREEN ACTORS GUILD.
POLICE
MINUTES LATER IN THE CHIC EAST SIXTIES...
SO THIS IS WHERE SHE LIVES? NOT BAD FOR A TWO-BIT CLOTHESHORSE. BUT...ONLY ONE ENTRANCE AND NO FIRE ESCAPE. A STAKEOUT COULD BE ROUGH.
"JUST LEAVING, AS I APPROACHED, WAS BUDD WESTCHESTER, THE INTERNATIONALLY DEPLORED IMPRESSARIO, WHOSE UNFORTUNATE THE GOLEM OF GOTHAM WAS ALREADY IN ITS FIFTH FANTASTIC WEEK AT THE SAVOY."
THANKS, BUNNI. THAT WAS MORE FUN THAN A MONTH IN MILWAUKEE.


HELLO, MISS LAPIN. MY NAME IS PROCTOR SILEX. I'M A POLICE OFFICER.
WHAT'S YOUR SIGN?
IT IS MY UNPLEASANT DUTY TO INFORM YOU THAT WE HAVE TO PUT YOU UNDER SURVEILLANCE.
HAVE YOU READ THE PROPHET?
A DANGEROUS AND TALKATIVE MAN MAY BE COMING TO ATTACK YOU. WE DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS, BUT WE FEAR YOU MAY BE NEXT ON HIS LIST.
I GROOVE ON GUYS 'N' GAZPACHO, BUT I REALLY *GET OFF* ON VONNEGUT....
MELANIE
THERE ARE A LOT OF THINGS TO WATCH OUT FOR IN THIS CITY, MISS LAPIN, THINGS THAT WOULD TURN YOUR TEETH IN PARADIDDLES OF PARANOIA IF YOU ONLY KNEW ABOUT THEM. FEAR WRAPS UP MANHATTAN LIKE A GIANT BAGGIE.
I LOVE THE OUT-OF-DOORS....
I AM NOT TALKING ABOUT THE INTERNATIONAL ANABAPTIST CONSPIRACY OR THE CAREFULLY DOCUMENTED PROOF I HAVE AMASSED THAT SOON, VERY SOON, ALL THE ELEVATORS WILL STOP AND NEVER START AGAIN. RATHER I REFER TO THE MORE INSIDIOUS MENACES WHICH HAVE WORKED THEIR WAY INTO THE VERY WARP AND WOOF OF EVERYDAY LIFE. IT IS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN, FOR EXAMPLE, THAT CHEAP PLASTIC COMBS ARE THE PRINCIPLE CAUSE OF ECZEMA, SEBORRHEA AND PSORIASIS. HABITUAL WALKING ON CONCRETE OR THE INABILITY TO REPEAT THE WORD "LINOLEUM" FIVE TIMES IN QUICK SUCCESSION CAN BE EARLY
WARNING-SIGNS OF CANCER-OR WORSE. THE WORLD'S RECORD FOR THE CONSUMPTION OF SHELLFISH IS HELD BY MR. WILLIAM CORFIELD OF EAST COKER, SOMERSET, WHO ATE EIGHTY-ONE UNSHELLED WHELKS IN FIFTEEN MINUTES ON SEPTEMBER 6, 1970. IF YOU STEP ON A CRACK, YOU'LL BREAK YOUR MOTHER'S BACK. THINGS THAT USED TO GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT ARE NOW WORKING TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR SHIFTS. ***DO YOU TAKE MY MEANING,*** MISS LAPIN?
I AM NOT UNAWARE OF THE EMERGING ROLE OF WOMEN TODAY....


I WAS TOO LATE, COMMISSIONER. YOUR LEAD CHECKED OUT... BUT SOMEONE GOT THERE FIRST.
THAT EVENING...
I'M A COP, MOJO, A GOOD COP. HELL, I KNOW IT'S A BUM GIG AND SOMETIMES I HATE IT, BUT LOOK, MOJO, SOMEBODY'S GOT TO STAND UP AND SAY NO TO SOME OF THE THINGS GOING ON AROUND HERE LATELY AND, LIKE THE MAN SAID, I'M ELECTED.
FOR SURE, PROCTOR, FOR SURE.
BUT THIS GUY, MY ADVERSARY, HOW DO YOU FIGURE A GUY LIKE THAT?
LIKE WHY DOESN'T HE GO DO IT TO VIETCONG WOMEN? THINGS LIKE THAT, MOJO...
HIT THE SWITCH, SWEETIE. THESE UNRESOLVED ENDINGS...
...TURN ME OFF.
...TURN ME OFF.
ME TURN OFF...!

Groin Larceny

by Chris Miller

Freeman Bupp awoke. He shut off his alarm, stretched, and threw back the covers. Halfway out of bed, he discovered that his cock had been stolen.

He sat very still, with no immediate idea what to do. His cock had never been stolen before. He looked again. Sure enough, the former site of his genitals was now occupied by a smooth expanse of skin and a hole, neatly corked.

"Even my pubic hair," muttered Bupp dismally. He padded into his kitchen and called the office. "Listen," he told them, "I can't come in for a while. My apartment's been robbed."

"Christ, that's a bitch," said his boss. "They get anything valuable?"

"Yup," said Bupp.

"You mean like jewels or something?"

"That's what they got, all right."

"Okay, Bupp, take as long as you need. If I were you, the first thing I'd do is call my insurance agent."

"You say the only thing stolen was your cock?" asked his insurance agent. "That's very unusual."

"What? Cock theft?"

"Oh, no. Cock theft is common. It's only that they usually get your stereo too."

"Well, in my case they just got my cock, which is enough as far as I'm concerned. Does my homeowner's policy cover cocks?"

The insurance man hesitated. "Yes and no. Ordinarily, we could put in for a new cock immediately and have it grafted onto you within a week. Unfortunately, with the soaring crime rate, demand at the organ banks has quite outstripped supply. I'm afraid there's a bit of a waiting list."

"How long?"

The agent cleared his throat. "Four years."

"*Four years*? I can't wait four years!"

"Of course, there is the equivalent-value clause. In lieu of your cock, we can offer you cash."

"I don't want cash," said Bupp. "I want my cock. I mean, I really need it, you know?"

"I sympathize, Mr. Bupp. I wish there were something I could tell you. Perhaps you can apprehend the thief. What do the police say?"

"Okay, I took the information down on ya," said the desk sergeant, "but frankly I can't offer much hope. We get this kind of thing so often that about all we can do is add ya to the statistics. It's like ya lost ya wallet, ya know?"

"But it wasn't a wallet," Bupp protested. "It was a *cock*."

"Mr. Bupp," said the sergeant tiredly, "we get a male-genital theft every thirty-seven minutes in this borough alone. Look, I know how ya feel, but how can we turn the city upside down just for one cock?" He became suddenly thoughtful. "Unless, of course, it was a *special* cock. You know, vital to the national defense or something. Is there anything special about your cock?"

"It's mine," said Bupp. He stared at the toes of his shoes.

"Ah, g'wan home, Mr. Bupp. You'll get over it. Take the money from the insurance company. I hear they pay off real good for cocks these days."

When he got home, Bupp went to the bathroom to relieve his bladder. This, he discovered, entailed sitting down and removing his cork. His pee splashed down, nondirected, nonpropelled, and afterwards he had to blot himself with toilet paper. Memories of maternal tinklings from behind the closed bathroom doors of his childhood presented themselves coyly.

He felt depressed. There would be ramifications to not having a cock. Locker rooms, obviously, were out. So were nudist camps, circle jerks, and Esalen. He dreaded the next necessity of using a public men's room. Even if he hid in a stall, the goddamn splashing would have every eye in the room on him when he came out.

Then Bupp dared consider his future with the fair sex. Somehow he had managed to keep that ultimate horror from his consciousness until now. He began to feel sick. But the nausea soon gave way to anger. Someone had his cock and he wanted it back! If the police and insurance company wouldn't help, he'd find someone who would.

"And I suppose you want me to help," said Nick Leibestod, private detective, creaking back in his swivel chair to regard Bupp thoughtfully.

"Of course I want you to help. Why do you think I'm here?"

"Listen, Mr. Bupp, I've turned away ten guys this week who were looking for their cocks. Cocks are very hard to get back."

"Don't tell me they're hard to get back. I *need* it. You hear my voice? It's starting to crack like when I was thirteen. I don't *want* to sing in church, Leibestod."

The detective spread his hands. "What can I say, Mr. Bupp?"

"You can say you're working for me. What if I pay you a hundred bucks a day?"

"I'm working for you," said the detective.

"Good," said Bupp. "Let me know when you've got something."

He turned and walked out. In the waiting room, Leibestod's secretary, a striking redhead with extraordinarily long legs, called to him from her desk.

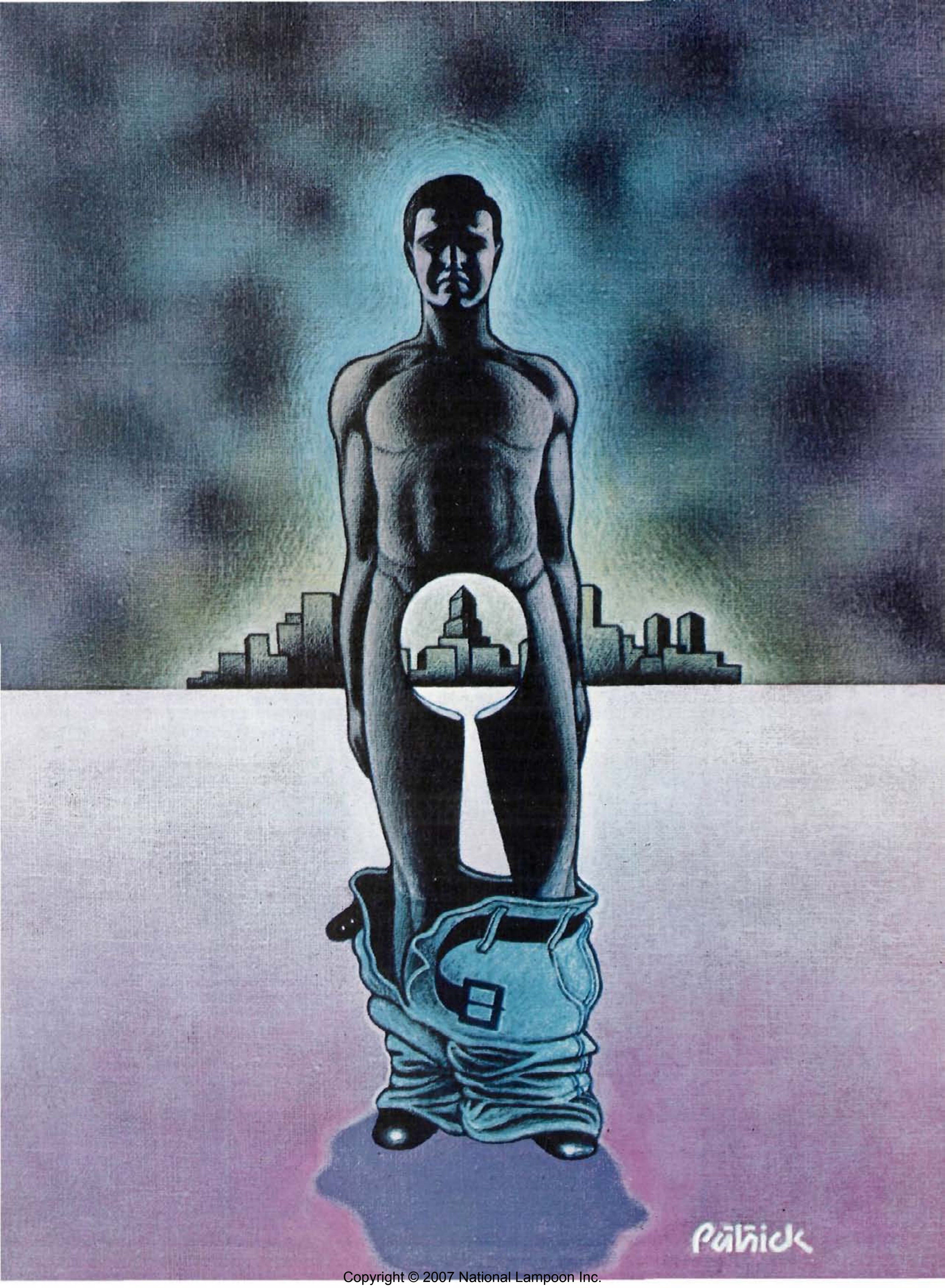
"Hey, you're cute," she told him. "Why don't we get it on?"

"I can't even think about that sort of thing right now," said Bupp.

"Here's my name and number then," she said, pouting prettily.

Bupp pocketed the scrap of paper and walked outside. He considered his next move. Leibestod was tops in his field—he, after all, was the man who had cracked the sensational Kate Smith breastnapping some years back—but that was no reason why Bupp shouldn't pursue his own line of in-

continued


Patrick

continued
vestigation. He decided to start with his friends.

"Well, I don't have it," said Jenny. "Don't look at me."

"Nobody said you had it," said Bupp. "I thought maybe you'd have some ideas."

"I didn't even know they got stolen. When was the last time you saw it?"

"Yesterday afternoon, when I was putting it in you."

"Freeman, I don't *have* your fucking cock!"

"I didn't say you did! I was just hoping you could . . . wait! I do remember seeing it later. Yes, peeing, before bed."

She gave him a sidelong glance. "You slept alone?"

"Utterly alone."

"Well, I don't know, Freeman. I mean, I could turn you on to some people who steal cunts, but that wouldn't help you any. Why don't you ask a guy?"

"Jesus, what a fuckin' shit bummer," said Robbie.

"Better believe it." Bupp was stroking his cheeks with one palm. No new beard was growing there.

"I'd lend you my cock, man, but it's the only one I have. I sort of need it on a daily basis, you know?"

"Yeah, I know. It's nice of you to think of it, though. What I was wondering was if you had any ideas."

"You're sure you bolted the door last night?"

"I'm positive."

"And the door was still secure this morning?"

Bupp nodded.

Robbie shook his head wonderingly. "A locked-apartment dick heist. Sounds almost supernatural."

"Why not?" said Bupp.

He found Annie the Witch in her cave in Central Park. The location of this exotic abode is a well-kept secret between Annie and her acquaintances, and she certainly wouldn't want me to spill the beans here, just for the sake of a stupid dirty story, so suffice it to say that if you stood at the base of the obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle, up behind the Metropolitan Museum, and walked due west, you'd pass within calling distance. At that point, Bupp slowed casually, made sure he was unobserved, and slipped between a certain pair of elms. He crawled the length of a ragged tunnel through the thick shrubbery. As he emerged into the small clearing before the cave's mouth, his foot tripped Annie's alarm vine. Strung bean cans clunked bovinely. Annie rushed out, her tangled hair trailing her like black exhaust.

"You didn't tell anyone about the cave?"

"No," said Bupp, brushing the undergrowth shmutz from his clothing, "but have you heard anything about where my cock is?"

"I hate to be such a kvetch, Freeman, but I'm so paranoid about straights finding out where I . . . your what? What did you say?"

"Somebody ripped off my cock and balls last night. I was alone and the door was locked, so I was wondering if maybe there was something supernatural involved. Could that be?"

"Maybe," said Annie. She took Bupp inside and sat him on a comfortable toadstool. She read his palm, threw his coins, and interpreted his phlegm. She made a small fire of clippings from his fingernails and scrutinized the ashes. She sneezed twice.

"Ghosts!" she said. "Tell me your dreams."

Bupp lay back and closed his eyes. "Last night I dreamed . . . I was a castaway on a cold arid planet. I finally found a luncheonette, but when I went inside I found myself surrounded by cockroaches and small dismembered animals."

Annie raised one bony finger. "Your parents!"

"Hey," said Detective Leibestod, "glad you called. I know who copped your dong—your parents!"

"How the fuck did you know that?" asked Bupp, annoyed.

"I went to see Annie the Witch right after you left this morning. She's this amazing chick who lives in a . . ."

"Never mind," said Bupp. "How am I supposed to get a cock back from ghosts?"

"Mah man, ah thought you'd nebber ask."

The Harlem night was chill and dank. Streetlights slicked the streets like pomade. The air smelled like piss.

"I don't think this is going to work," said Bupp. "I think this was a terrible idea."

"Bupp, I'll be beside you every step of the way," comforted the detective, bracing his small, frail body against the wind.

"Leibestod, exactly how crucial are the twenty-dollar bills sticking out of our pockets?"

"*Extremely* crucial. For the tenth time, we have to create in you the emotions of great fear. That's how you *summon* ghosts of parents."

"But I *have* great fear. I've had great fear for two hours. Now I have great fear and I'm freezing."

"Maybe it works cumulatively," suggested the detective. He would have said more, but, at that moment, two ebon monoliths stepped from a darkened doorway before them, each holding a knife.

"We'se Negro muggers," growled one of them, "an' we gwine mug you."

"Fantastic!" blurted Leibestod. "Bupp, your life is being threatened by huge Negroes. How's your fear now?"



"Oh, Mama," Bupp moaned.

There was a sudden . . . presence in the air. It was not a nice presence. It enveloped them like a fart. It muted the streetlights and put out the stars.

"I think we're getting somewhere," whispered Leibestod, digging an elbow into Bupp's ribs.

The muggers had begun to shuffle their feet and roll their eyes. "W-whuss happ'nin'?" managed one.

"Ah don' know, man," replied the other, "but this sudden presence in de air sho gib me de heeby jeeby."

"Listen," said Bupp, "you think it's tough on *you*, try it sometime without a cock and——"

He broke off. The muggers, abruptly ceasing their peering and jittering, had flung their gaze straight at him.

"He *misses* it!" crowed the first mugger, performing a small triumphal dance. But the voice . . . Bupp swallowed. The voice was his mother's!

"How's it feel to be a department-store mannequin, son?" inquired the second mugger, chuckling.

"Leibestod, what? . . ."

"I didn't count on this, Bupp. Apparently, the spirits of your parents have temporarily possessed the bodies of the muggers. I had a similar case in Shanghai once, back in '47 . . . or maybe '48 . . . anyway, I was scouting a deserted temple when . . ."

"Leibestod, do something! I'm paying you a hundred bucks a day!"

"Uh, right." The detective strode foreward. "Okay, you two, Mr. Bupp here is my client, and he's insisting upon——"

"GNORR!" interrupted the parent muggers. They plucked Leibestod from the sidewalk and hurled him through the plate-glass show window of Big Ed's Soul Brother Furniture Salon. The detective merged noisily with a twenty-seven-piece Hollywood Dinette Ensemble and lay still.

"Wow," observed Bupp, "sure has gotten late! Better be heading back downtown now, I guess. My cats haven't eaten since . . ."

"Thought you wanted your cock, boy," drawled the father mugger.

Bupp stopped inching away and stared down at the pavement. "*Do* want it." His voice no longer cracked; it was clear, unbroken, and high, like the voice of a small cartoon animal.

"Why don't you kind of . . . plead a little?" suggested the mother mugger. "I used to love it when you pleaded for things."

"Yeah," put in the father mugger, "or throw a tantrum, like when you wanted the bicycle."

Bupp's lower lip began to tremble. "Want my *cock*."

"Well, you can't *have* it," chorused the parent muggers.

Bupp's face crumbled. He began to cry. "Want it," he wailed, "want it, want it, want it."

"What's the *matter* withums?" cooed his mother. Her sympathetic grin was like Chiclets emerging from fudge.

"Lost his wee-wee? Awwwww." His father chucked him playfully beneath the chin with his callused black forefinger.

Abruptly, Bupp snapped. Somewhere in the region of his liver, his anger exploded like a small star going nova, washing his body with waves of heat. His fear was incinerated instantly. Adrenalin roared through his veins like fiery subways, drawing his lips back into a snarl, bunching the muscles of his thighs, staining his vision a dark pulsing red.

"MY COCK!" roared Bupp. His spring caught the parent muggers off balance, driving them back against a wall. All in one motion, he snatched them by their do-rags and slammed their heads together.

"Ouch! Jesus Christ!" said the father mugger. "I thought you were going to plead."

"No more pleading," said Bupp. He fired several short punches to the father mugger's kidneys, curling him into an impotent ball.

"Attaboy!" Leibestod was flailing amidst the dinette set.

"You better watch out," cautioned the mother mugger. "We're two-hundred-fifty-pound Negro thugs, you know."

"You are not," shouted Bupp. "You're ghosts. You're *dead*. You don't even belong here." He kicked his mother in the balls and axed her neck with the side of his palm as she doubled over.

THURPP! Abruptly, the crotch of his trousers was bulging proudly.

"Leibestod! My cock is back!"

POIT! POIT!

"Leibestod, *everything*'s back!"

"Case closed," murmured the detective, limping toward him. The streetlights, Bupp noticed, were normal again.

The prone mugger sat up unsteadily. "Ah don' feel so good, Marvin. Wha happen?"

"Ah don' know, Douglas, but mah kidneys sho hurt." The second mugger helped his friend to his feet. "Wuzzin we about to mug these two cats?"

"Uh oh," said Leibestod. "Watch it."

"Don't worry," said Bupp. His voice sounded deep and strong.

"Well, ah sho' don' feel like muggin' nobody tonight," said Douglas. "Le's go home, Marvin. Uh, we see you two gennamums another time, okay?" The muggers limped toward Lenox Avenue.

"Need a ride downtown?" asked Leibestod.

"You bet," said Bupp. He pulled a crumpled scrap of paper from his pocket. "Drop me at this address."

"But that's my secretary's address," exclaimed Leibestod.

"That's right," said Bupp.

And she was a real redhead, too. □



"Hey, what exposure are you using?"


BABY, YOUR EYES ARE LIKE OPALS FLECKED WITH GOLD.
AND YOUR LIPS. YOUR LIPS ARE LIKE A ROSE OPENING TO THE SUN.
AND YOUR BREASTS ARE LIKE...
UH, YOUR BREASTS ARE LIKE...
GUAVAS? PUMPKINS?
CASABAS? EGGPLANTS? TURNIPS? BEEFSTEAK TOMATOES?
CANTALOUPES? CALIFORNIA MELONS? LARGE GRAPES?
Z


FAMILY
ADVENTURE STORIES
APPROVED by the CODE of HONOR
RIDERS OF THE
BLACK HAND
COMICS
GOD BLESS YOU, NOBLE SIR!
DON VITO MEETS IL DUCE!
FATE PLAYS A HAT TRICK!

These great minds were Cosanostrians . . .

WHAT SECRET POWER DID THEY POSSESS?



Charles Luciano



Meyer Lansky



Albert Anastasia

SECRETS ENTRUSTED TO A FEW



How did these men achieve greatness? What hidden forces did they tap to gain mastery over others? Can these mysterious secrets be harnessed by you for your enjoyment and advantage?

In times long past, certain gifted men discovered potent methods of persuasion and control that conferred on them the ability to eliminate chance; remove obstacles to a happy, peaceful life; alter the course of events to their advantage; and bend others to their will. For years these secrets were shrouded in mystery and guarded by an oath of silence to protect them from the ignorant and superstitious, who spied on, persecuted, imprisoned, and even executed those few who dared go beyond the narrow limits of their age. Handed down from family to family, these secrets can now be yours.

Do you seek the fuller, richer life that comes with greater wisdom? Let the Cosanostrians (NOT an actual organization), an age-old brotherhood dedicated to the preservation of this body of knowledge, show you how to achieve power, wealth, success, and the good things in life. A new life of opportunity awaits the individual ready to put to use his latent talents and grasp power over even life itself! If sincere, write for free booklet.

The COSANOSTRIANS

Newark (MAFIA) New Jersey, U.S.A.

SEND THIS COUPON

Mouthpiece H.N.B.
The COSANOSTRIANS
(MAFIA)
Newark, New Jersey U.S.A.

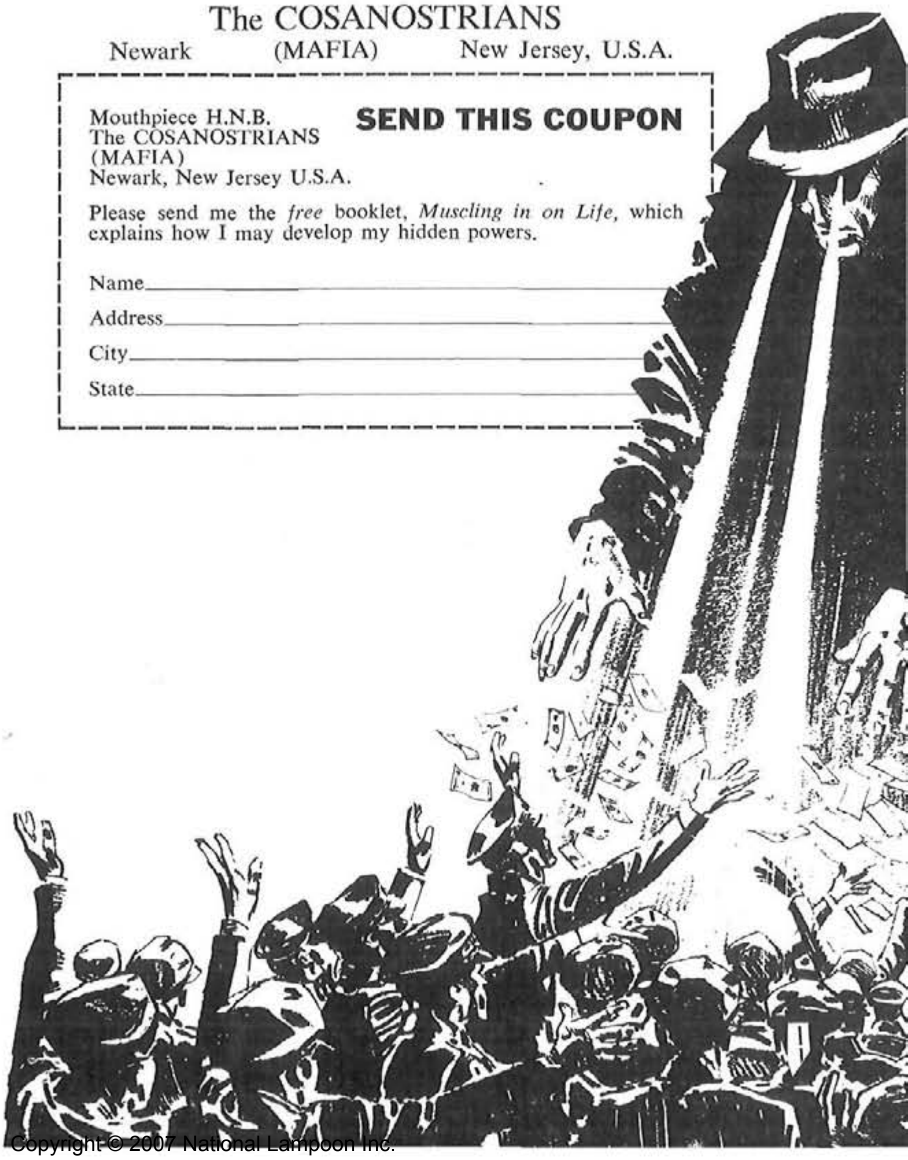
Please send me the *free* booklet, *Muscling in on Life*, which explains how I may develop my hidden powers.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________________

State____________________




TONIGHT YOUR UNCLE LOUIE IS GOING TO READ YOU ANOTHER STORY ABOUT LIFE IN THE OLD COUNTRY... THIS IS A TRUE STORY... IT HAPPENED IN 1923... A LONG TIME BEFORE YOU WERE BORN... AND IT INVOLVED...
A MATTER of HONOR
STORY BY ANNE BEATTS and MICHEL CHOQUETTE —ILLUSTRATED by
"THE SICILIANS ARE A PROUD PEOPLE... STUBBORN, STIFF-NECKED... YET GENEROUS TO A FAULT... THEY NEVER FORGET A FRIEND... NOR FORGIVE AN ENEMY... THEY PRIZE NOTHING MORE THAN THEIR HONOR... NOT EVEN THEIR LIVES!
"NO OUTSIDER CAN EVER HOPE TO UNDERSTAND THE SICILIAN TEMPERAMENT... BECAUSE NO OUTSIDER CAN LEARN TO LIVE BY THE SAME FIERCE CODE... LEAST OF ALL A ROMAN!
WELL, I CAN CERTAINLY SEE THAT YOUR CITY IS IN GRAVE NEED OF FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE! SO, BEFORE I LEAVE CATANIA, HERE'S 200,000,000 LIRA FOR THE MAYOR AND 2,000 LIRA TO SPEND ON PUBLIC WORKS!
MILLE GRAZIE! THANK YOU, SIGNOR MUSSOLINI!
PREFETTURA DI POLIZIA
ROMA
QUICK! THE MEETING IS OVER AND IL DUCE WANTS HIS HAT! PRESTO!
"IN CATANIA, IN THE EASTERN PART OF THE ISLAND, WHERE THE STABILIZING INFLUENCE OF THE MAFIA WAS NOT FELT, CRIME WAS VERY DISORGANIZED. ANY IRRESPONSIBLE AMATEUR COULD CARRY OUT A THEFT WITHOUT A LICENSE FROM THE PROPER AUTHORITIES. THE POLICE WERE POWERLESS TO ACT, AND ANARCHY PREVAILED!
HAT? WHAT HAT? IT WAS HERE WHEN I WENT TO SLEEP...
I MEAN... WHEN I WENT ON DUTY!
PLEASE DON'T CONCERN YOURSELF ABOUT YOUR HAT, SIGNORE! I'M SURE IT WILL TURN UP! ONE OF MY MEN PROBABLY TOOK IT HOME FOR SAFEKEEPING!
THEN I'LL JUST TAKE THIS BACK FOR SAFEKEEPING ALSO!
WHO WOULD WANT TO STEAL HIS GREASY OLD BOWLER HAT?
WHAT ELSE CAN YOU EXPECT FROM SICILIANS? THEY'LL PROBABLY MAKE SOUP OUT OF IT!


I AM SURROUNDED BY IDIOTS!
HE'S THE ONE IN CHARGE OF HATS, NOT ME!
I'LL LIGHT A CANDLE TO ST. ANTHONY!
YOU'RE DEMOTED!
SO ARE YOU!
NOBODY COULD HAVE GOTTEN BY ME!
ROMA
"EVEN AS CATANIA'S POLICE FORCE GOT READY TO PREPARE TO LEAVE NO STONE UNTURNED IN THEIR SEARCH FOR THE MISSING BOWLER, UNDESIRABLE ELEMENTS WERE SECRETLY PLOTTING A COUP....
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, EXPENSIVE? YOU WANT IT TO GO OFF IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS... THAT TAKES TWO CLOCKS!
PUT IT ON THE ACCOUNT!
I TOLD YOU, NO MORE CREDIT!
STOP WORRYING! COME THE REVOLUTION, NO ONE WILL NEED MONEY!
REVOLUTION... HAH! MIGHT AS WELL WAIT TILL JUDGEMENT DAY!
RIP!
SCARPE
BOMBE
Gelati
"THE EVIL BOLSHEVIK SET HIS NEFARIOUS SCHEME IN MOTION...
STAZIONE
"THE 2:05 FOR PALERMO WAS ON THE VERGE OF DEPARTURE....
HURRY UP THERE! IT'S HALF PAST FOUR! TIME TO GO!
FRAGILE
"IN PALERMO THAT EVENING, AS WAS HIS USUAL CUSTOM, DON VITO CASCIO FERRO, THE MOST RESPECTED MAN IN ALL OF SICILY, TOOK HIS AFTER-DINNER COFFEE IN THE PIAZZA.
DA GIUSEPPE

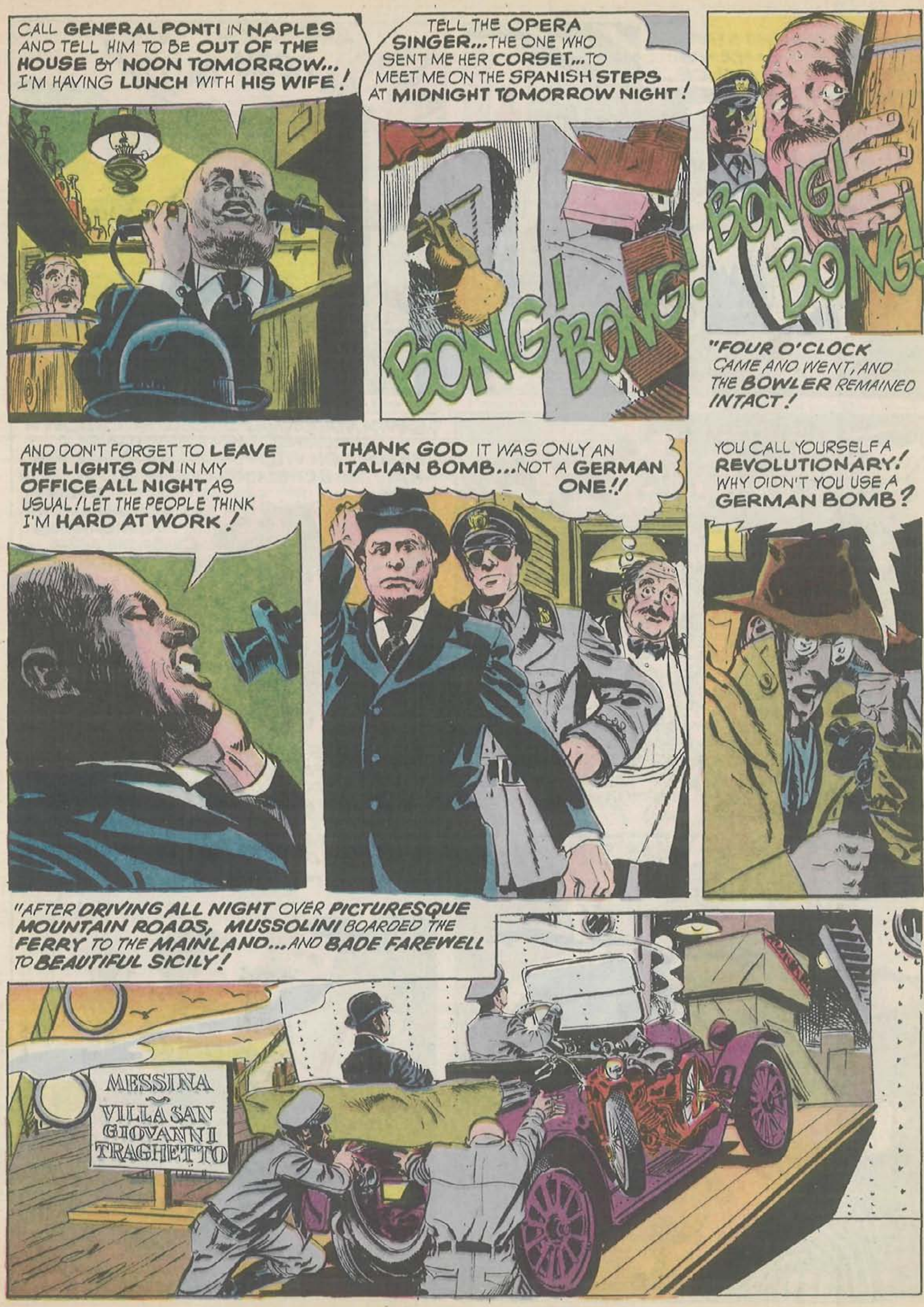

ESPLOSIVO
I BELIEVE YOU LOST THIS IN CATANIA!
CATANIA? THERE MUST BE SOME MIS...OH YES, THANK YOU, GIUSEPPE! HOW GOOD OF YOU TO RETURN IT!
"LITTLE DID DON VITO KNOW THAT A TREASONOUS PLOT WAS AFOOT... A PLOT WHICH WOULD PLACE HIM IN PERIL OF HIS LIFE!
OUR HOST GIUSEPPE IS A MAN OF GREAT GENEROSITY... AND EVEN GREATER DISCRETION!
WHAT A MAGNIFICENT GIFT! HE MUST HAVE SENT ALL THE WAY TO ENGLAND FOR THAT HAT! TOO BAD IT'S A LITTLE BIG FOR YOU!
I FOLLOWED YOUR INSTRUCTIONS TO THE LETTER, COMRADE! I GAVE THE HAT TO THE BIG CHEESE JUST THE WAY YOU TOLD ME TO!
BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! MUSSOLINI WON'T BE IN PALERMO UNTIL TOMORROW!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, MUSSOLINI? I GAVE IT TO DON VITO! HE'S THE ONLY BIG CHEESE AROUND HERE!
YOU BLUNDERING IDIOT! GET IT BACK IMMEDIATELY! GET IT BACK, I TELL YOU! IT'S SET TO EXPLODE AT FOUR O'CLOCK TOMORROW AFTERNOON!!
BIG CHEESE, LITTLE CHEESE! YOU'RE ALWAYS SPEAKING IN CODE! SPEAK PLAIN ITALIAN IF YOU WANT TO BE UNDERSTOOD!
I MUST HAVE THAT HAT, ROCCO! GET IT BACK TO ME BEFORE FOUR O'CLOCK TOMORROW! I DON'T CARE HOW YOU DO IT, BUT GET IT BACK, YOU UNDERSTAND? OR I'LL GIVE YOU THE WORST BEATING OF YOUR LIFE!
I WOULDN'T SAY NO TO A GLASS OF BRANDY AND A PIECE OF CAKE!
GIUSEPPE MUST HAVE GONE CRAZY! FIRST HE GIVES DON VITO A PRESENT, THEN HE TELLS ME TO STEAL IT!
"WITH UNQUESTIONING OBEDIENCE, ROCCO FOLLOWED THE HAT TO A HOUSE OF MOURNING...
"DON VITO AND THE MONSIGNORE WERE PAYING THEIR LAST RESPECTS TO A PROMINENT CITIZEN OF PALERMO WHO HAD DIED SUDDENLY IN AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT INVOLVING A TON OF BRICKS....
DON VITO! HOW KIND OF YOU TO THINK OF US IN OUR MISFORTUNE! MY POOR HUSBAND WOULD HAVE BEEN SO HONORED!
MY DEEPEST SYMPATHIES, SIGNORA! PLEASE DON'T DISTRESS YOURSELF! I WILL SEE TO IT THAT YOUR SON'S EDUCATION IS PROVIDED FOR!


DON VITO, I'VE RECONSIDERED YOUR OFFER! WE CAN SETTLE THE DEED FOR THE PROPERTY RIGHT NOW IF YOU LIKE!
LET'S NOT DISCUSS BUSINESS AT A TIME LIKE THIS!
HE LOOKS JUST AS THOUGH HE WERE ASLEEP!
LET US NOT FORGET THAT FROM DUST WE CAME...
AAAH...
AND TO DUST WE SHALL RETURN!
CHOOOO!
GESU MARIA E TUTTI GLI SANTI!
"ROCCO WAS TRAPPED! HE WAS FORCED TO SPEND THE WHOLE NIGHT LISTENING TO PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD AND GOSSIP ABOUT THE LIVING. IT WAS DAWN BEFORE HE MADE HIS ESCAPE.
"AS DON VITO RODE OUT ON HIS DAILY ROUNDS, ROCCO WAS READY AND WAITING... PREPARED TO BRING ALL HIS ANCESTRAL CUNNING INTO PLAY...
PESTALOZZI HAS BEEN THUMBING HIS NOSE AT ME AGAIN! HE WON'T LET ME TAKE THE SHORTCUT THROUGH HIS FIELD WHEN I DRIVE MY COWS TO WATER! YESTERDAY HE SET THE DOGS ON ME!
DON'T WORRY, BANDUCCI... I HAVE THE IMPRESSION THAT HE WILL GIVE YOU NO MORE TROUBLE!
IF I CAN KNOCK HIS HAT OFF WITH ONE OF THESE STONES...
UH-OH!
THAT BASTARD PESTALOZZI! NOW HE'S PUT THE EVIL EYE ON MY COWS! THE MILK WILL TURN SOUR!
GALUMPA! GALUMPA!
"MINUTES LATER...
BUON GIORNO, SIGNOR PESTALOZZI! I UNDERSTAND THAT SOME OF YOUR SHEEP ARE MISSING!
YOU MUST BE MISINFORMED, DON VITO! I HAVEN'T LOST ANY OF MY SHEEP!
REALLY? PERHAPS YOU SHOULD COUNT THEM AGAIN. BY THE WAY, SIGNOR BANDUCCI SENDS HIS REGARDS!
"STILL LATER...



YOU ARE A SAINT, DON VITO!
YOU POOR WRETCH! I AM DEEPLY MOVED BY YOUR PREDICAMENT! YET UNLESS YOU OBTAIN A LICENSE, I CAN DO NOTHING TO SPARE YOU FURTHER INDIGNITIES OF THIS NATURE!
THESE ARE TERRIBLE TIMES, MY FRIEND! A MAN NEVER KNOWS WHEN HIS VINES WILL BE CUT DOWN OVERNIGHT, HIS WELL POLLUTED, HIS WOODS SET ON FIRE, AND PERHAPS EVEN ONE OF HIS CHILDREN KIDNAPPED! HOWEVER, A FEW CONCERNED CITIZENS LIKE YOURSELF HAVE STARTED A FUND TO PROTECT THEMSELVES AGAINST SUCH OUTRAGES. THEY KINDLY ASKED ME TO BE TREASURER, AND I FELT IT WAS MY DUTY TO ACCEPT!
A FINE CATCH, YOU LITTLE SON OF A WHORE! JUST WAIT AND SEE WHAT YOU CATCH WHEN YOU COME DOWN FROM THERE!!
"AT NOON, THE BOWLER WAS STILL ON DON VITO'S HEAD! ROCCO DARED NOT RETURN TO THE CAFE EMPTY-HANDED! HE MADE UP HIS MIND TO RISK EVERYTHING IN ONE LAST-DITCH MANEUVER....
EET A LONG-A WAY TO TIPPERARY...
VIVA IL RE DUCE
"SHORTLY AFTER ONE O'CLOCK, THE CITY FATHERS WERE ON HAND TO WELCOME IL DUCE WITH TRUE SICILIAN HOSPITALITY....
DON'T WORRY, DON VITO, IT'S A MERE FORMALITY! THIS KEY DOESN'T OPEN ANYTHING!
VIVA IL
ABOUT TIME, I'M FAMISHED!
THE CANARD A L'ORANGE WAS DELICIOUS!
I ALWAYS ENJOY PEASANT COOKING! WHAT IT LACKS IN FINESSE, IT MAKES UP IN GUSTO!
A QUARTER TO THREE! WE'RE EXPECTED ON THE SPEAKER'S PLATFORM!
NEARLY THREE O'CLOCK AND STILL NO ROCCO! I SHOULD NEVER HAVE SENT A BOY TO DO A MAN'S ERRAND! EVERYBODY IN TOWN SAW ME GIVE DON VITO THAT HAT! I'M FINISHED!
NOW THAT THE DIE IS CAST AND MY NEW FASCIST REGIME CONTROLS YOUR DESTINY, YOU WILL NO LONGER BE A SUPERSTITIOUS AND ILLITERATE RABBLE, TERRORIZED BY DISREPUTABLE BANDITS ON HORSEBACK! YOU WILL BE DEVOTED SUBJECTS OF A NEW AND GREATER ROMAN EMPIRE! YOU WILL REAP COUNTLESS REWARDS!
"DON VITO UNCONCERNEDLY SET THE BLACK BOWLER ON THE CHAIR BESIDE HIM, LITTLE REALIZING ITS VERY PRESENCE ENDANGERED INNOCENT LIVES!


YOUR TRAINS WILL RUN ON TIME!
IN EVERY VILLAGE IN SICILY THERE WILL BE A STATUE OF ME... EACH ONE IN A DIFFERENT POSE!
EVERY MOTHER WHO PRESENTS ME WITH A SOLDIER FOR MY NEW ROMAN LEGIONS WILL RECEIVE A MEDAL!
"HAD MUSSOLINI'S HEAD ONLY BEEN SMALLER, THE DEATH-DEALING BOWLER WOULD HAVE FALLEN INTO ROCCO'S HANDS....
SO KEEP ON MAKING BAMBINI... AND THE GLORY OF ROME WILL LIVE AGAIN!
"AS IT WAS, ROCCO'S ENDEAVORS ONLY SUCCEEDED IN BRINGING THE LETHAL HEADGEAR TO THE DICTATOR'S ATTENTION.
BRAVO! BRAVISSIMO!
HEIL CAESAR!
THAT LOOKS LIKE MY HAT! I WONDER WHAT IT'S DOING HERE?
I THOUGHT I LOST IT IN CATANIA!
WHY, THANK YOU... MY HAT!
YOU MEAN MY HAT!
"FOR A TENSE MOMENT, THE COURTLY SICILIAN AND THE TRUCULENT ROMAN WERE LOCKED IN A BATTLE OF WILLS! IT WAS A MATTER OF HONOR...
I BEG YOUR PARDON, BUT I BELIEVE THIS HAT BELONGS TO ME!
OH NO YOU DON'T! NOT AGAIN!
ARE THERE NOTHING BUT HAT THIEVES ON THIS ACCURSED ISLAND?
"BUT THE CODE OF THE CASCIO FERRI WOULD NOT PERMIT DON VITO TO ARGUE WITH A GUEST... EVEN A GUEST WHO HAD INSULTED THE SICILIAN WAY OF LIFE!
"WITH INDOMITABLE DIGNITY, HE SURRENDERED THE HAT!
"THE HAT WAS ON ITS WAY TO ROME!
COME HERE, ROCCO! I HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU!
ROCCO, MY LITTLE ANCHOVY! WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THE REST OF THE AFTERNOON OFF? TAKE TOMORROW OFF, TOO! IN FACT, WHY NOT TAKE THE WHOLE WEEK?
HE'S EVEN CRAZIER THAN I THOUGHT!
"BUT GIUSEPPE HAD NOT BARGAINED ON A SURPRISE VISIT!
IL DUCE REQUIRES THE USE OF YOUR TELEPHONE IMMEDIATELY TO SETTLE SOME IMPORTANT AFFAIRS OF STATE!



CALL GENERAL PONTI IN NAPLES AND TELL HIM TO BE OUT OF THE HOUSE BY NOON TOMORROW... I'M HAVING LUNCH WITH HIS WIFE!
TELL THE OPERA SINGER...THE ONE WHO SENT ME HER CORSET...TO MEET ME ON THE SPANISH STEPS AT MIDNIGHT TOMORROW NIGHT!
BONG! BONG! BONG! BONG! BONG!
"FOUR O'CLOCK CAME AND WENT, AND THE BOWLER REMAINED INTACT!
AND DON'T FORGET TO LEAVE THE LIGHTS ON IN MY OFFICE ALL NIGHT AS USUAL! LET THE PEOPLE THINK I'M HARD AT WORK!
THANK GOD IT WAS ONLY AN ITALIAN BOMB...NOT A GERMAN ONE!!
YOU CALL YOURSELF A REVOLUTIONARY! WHY DIDN'T YOU USE A GERMAN BOMB?
"AFTER DRIVING ALL NIGHT OVER PICTURESQUE MOUNTAIN ROADS, MUSSOLINI BOARDED THE FERRY TO THE MAINLAND...AND BADE FAREWELL TO BEAUTIFUL SICILY!
MESSINA ~ VILLA SAN GIOVANNI TRAGHETTO


"IL DUCE HASTENED TO AVAIL HIMSELF OF THE CAPTAIN'S PRIVATE CONVENIENCE....
BA-BOOM-BA!
SANTA MADONNA! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT THE TICKING WASN'T JUST IN MY HEAD! DON VITO FORCED ME TO TAKE HIS HAT! THE SCHEMING OLD GOAT! I'LL SHOW HIM THAT EVEN A ROMAN KNOWS THE MEANING OF THE WORD VENDETTA!
"THE FORCES OF ANARCHY HAD NOT ACCOMPLISHED THEIR MISSION... BUT THEY HAD POISONED THE MIND OF IL DUCE AGAINST A GREAT AND GOOD MAN! MUSSOLINI WOULD NOT REST UNTIL DON VITO WAS PUT IN PRISON... AND HIS RIDERS OF THE BLACK HAND HUNTED DOWN LIKE DOGS!.. BUT I'LL SAVE THAT STORY FOR NEXT SUNDAY..."
On Sale Soon:
MUSSOLINI'S REVENGE!

The Last Recall

by Henry Beard

It was six-thirty on a Monday, and the late autumn sun was going through its daily dramatization outside my fifth-story window, sinking through the murky Washington air like that pearl in the bottle of Prell. For a quarter of an hour the sky was a grifter's dream, with good, bright television colors and no law that said you had to run a line underneath saying "Hydrocarbons and sulfides added to enhance color." When you took a deep breath, it was like being back in the chem lab when they showed you how to make the yellow stuff turn into green stuff and bubble, and afterwards, when they opened you up to find out why you came up shy a couple of decades on your three score and ten, your lungs were a dead ringer for the Before picture in a Midas muffler ad, but for fifteen minutes on a good day, it's almost worth it. That leaves only 1,425 minutes when it isn't. They say the air is one thing you can't bottle and sell, but tell that to the people who live next to an air-freshener factory and have to buy air freshener because the air smells like someone has been wearing it to work for a week.

I was sitting in my swivel chair and staring at the telephone, and I was thinking how much I looked like the washer repairmen in that Maytag commercial who never get calls because Maytag washers never break down. I was wondering why the Naval Observatory doesn't replace its cesium clocks with something really reliable, like a couple of that company's legendary top-loaders, when I heard a pair of high heels coming down the corridor, doing the timpani score from the *Lt. Kijé Suite*.

They stopped, and then a hand rapped on the pebble-glass outer door that has "Ralph Nader, Investigations" on it in flaking black paint, and then the buzzer sounded. I wasn't expecting anyone, and I was pretty sure it wasn't the Avon lady come to sell me $4 worth of scented skin irritant in a bottle shaped like a shoe.

I picked up my feet off the desk where I had left them an hour before. They were asleep, probably dreaming of spending their days in fifty-dollar wing tips instead of cheap Weejuns. I hobbled through the connecting door and across the faded cloth vomit mat that has been auditioning for the role of carpet in my outer office for the past four years. I opened the door.

The pair of high heels were just outside. In them were a nice pair of ankles, and a nice pair of legs, and a nice pair of knees, and from there on up, past a miniskirt that was at least as large as a wildlife commemorative, she'd been dealt a lot of nice pairs, right up to the nice pair of blue eyes she was watching me add up her nice pairs with.

"Well," she said, "do I pass the Starkist test, or is it back to Charlie the Tuna?" She had that pleasant, half-happy, half-surprised kind of voice Hollywood housewives use when they find out they've picked the towels washed in Wisk.

"Come in," I said, wondering if this was going to be one of those cases where the client has all the good lines.

I led her into the inner office, and held a chair for her, and helped her fasten the seat belt.

"What the hell is this for?" she asked.

"Seventy-five percent of all accidents happen in the home or office," I answered, settling back in my swivel chair. It didn't have a belt. When John Beresford Tipton gives me the nod, I'm going to have one of those air bags that inflate in a tenth of a second installed under the desk, but meanwhile I've got an agreement with myself that if anything happens to me on my own ground, I won't sue.

"Where's yours?" she asked.

Every now and then you'll get a setup like that, right out of the blue, and when you've been in the business for as long as I have, you don't let it go by.

"I've got an agreement with myself that if anything happens to me on my own ground, I won't sue," I said.

She laughed. I listened for the little chime that tells you a lipstick mark is going to appear on your forehead, but all I got was a metallic raspberry from the one-armed bandit the Bell Telephone Company maintains in my office for when I feel like gambling a few dimes on the spin of a dial to try to beat the one-hundred-to-one odds against getting any seven-digit number on the first try.

"Nader here," I said into the phone. Then I said, "Name this tune," and whistled "Taps."

"What's the gag, Nader?" Whoever it was was speaking through a handkerchief, but, with all the taps, it sounded like the Brain from Planet Arous addressing the people of Earth from orbit around Jupiter.

"Most people don't know this," I said, "but there's this juicy stuff in telephone wires that a lot of people go for. Right now the sap's running, and there's a lot of little men running around sticking little things in the trunk lines to drain off this stuff . . ."

"Okey, okey, I get it," said the voice. "Now listen and listen good. There's a dame there. If you know what's good for you, you'll kiss her off. If you don't, you'll be in circulation about as long as a can of Bon Vivant. Get me?"

I had recently stumbled on a novel method of sexual self-gratification, and I wanted to pass it on to the caller as a friendly gesture in return for his advice, but he had hung up, and the anthropologists who are preserving all my phone conversations as a priceless source of folk humor had heard it already, and anyway, there was a lady in the room.

"Who was that?" said the lady in the room.

"My daily death threat. It's a sort of service. I pay $2.50 a month and someone at the agency calls up and tells me they're going to kill me. It keeps me on my toes." I didn't tell her she was included in today's call.

She had that look people get when you tell them the ingredients of a frankfurter after a weenie roast. "That's terrible," she said.

I didn't say anything.

"Mr. Nader," she said, "I'm in trouble and I don't know what to do."

"You can start by telling me your name."

"Penny," she said, "Penny Stall-

continued

continued

worth." It sounded like a deceptive label, and maybe it looked like I was having difficulty swallowing it, because she gave me her hand for a chaser. It was the kind of hand you expected to find on the other end of a leash from a dog that barked in five languages and did its duty in little linen envelopes and mailed them to the Superintendent of Sanitation. I gave it back and it went right to the other hand and told it about the wart on my index finger and the crooked thumb I got trying to trepan a running power-mower when I was eight.

"What can I do for you, Miss, or is it Mrs., Stallworth?"

"It's Mrs.," she said, and the hand I had met went inside a purse made from the skin of an animal that there are about enough left of to field a baseball team as long as you didn't mind them putting in a couple of raccoons as pinch hitters. When it came out, it was holding an envelope. She passed it across the desk.

I opened it and took out a half dozen color photographs taken with a Polaroid. They all showed the same thing: a red 1970 Chevrolet Camaro that probably couldn't go much faster than the speed of sound, and if anything went wrong, they'd have to help you out of with a high-pressure hose. One of the views showed the front end and a D.C. license plate. In the background of a couple of the shots was a house that looked like the Six Months Later picture in one of those articles in *Better Homes and Gardens* that tells how a couple from Baltimore turned a rundown chicken shed into a villa with only $650 and some old gold bricks they found in a well. One of the pictures showed a distinguished-looking man who was taking a break between poses for the Abercrombie & Fitch catalogue. He had a metallic look: steel-gray hair, iron jaw, copper complexion. He probably also had a tin ear and a heart of lead, but I was just guessing.

"Is this your car?" I asked.

"Yes it is," she said, "or was, until last week when a friend of mine took it back to the dealer to get a bumper fixed. It vanished."

"It sounds like you should be talking to the dealer, or the police."

"I talked to the dealer. A man named Spinetti, at Beltway Buick. Mr. Nader, the car had great sentimental value."

"Sentimental value?"

"The friend of mine vanished with it."

"The man in the picture?" I held up the photograph.

"No. The man in the picture is my husband."

"I see."

"And I'm sure you also see why I can't go to the police. Anyway, Larry didn't steal it."

I said I saw why she couldn't go to the police but that the kind of investigation she had in mind wasn't in my line.

"You mean you go in more for finding old derby winners in hot dogs." I let that go by.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I guess I'm upset. But this is in your line. You see, Larry, Larry Rendall, that's my friend, or was,"—there was a catch in her voice but I could have gotten one just like it for 39 cents in any hardware store in town—"was something of a car nut. He raced stock cars off and on during the summer at the local tracks. Anyway, he used to enjoy fooling around with my car."

"The Camaro?"

"Yes. He always wanted me to let him race it, and of course I wouldn't, but he still liked to tune it or whatever it is. He was always talking about compression ratios and torque and things. Then last week he took it entirely apart, and put it back together. That was Monday. That night when I saw him, he was very excited, joking around and everything. He showed me a picture he had taken of the car in a heap of little pieces, just to tease me, and then he gave me this." This time the hand brought out a plastic bag and emptied it on my desk. When it was finished, there was a little heap of broken metal shards.

"He said it was a motor bolt or something, that he had taken it out of my engine and that just by chance he had hit it with a hammer and there was something wrong with the alloy because it broke like a piece of clay. He said it was our ticket to freedom."

"Freedom."

"He wanted me to get a divorce from my husband and marry him, but neither of us has any money, and I for one didn't plan to live like a pauper. Anyway, Larry said that little gismo was a defective part, and he said he had checked and there was one in just about every Chevrolet made in the last seven years, maybe ten million cars in all, and that GM would pay quite a lot to keep it quiet. He said if anyone found out, it would cost them millions to recall all the cars and millions more in damage suits, because it must have caused thousands of accidents. I thought he was crazy."

I wasn't doing any talking.

"I didn't hear from Larry again until Friday morning when I got a call from him. He was very excited and said he had talked to someone, I think he said Spinetti, and it looked like they were going to come up with a lot of money. He wanted to borrow the car. I told him he could, but I asked him to drop it off at Beltway Buick when he was finished. I couldn't see him because I had to have lunch in town with my husband. Larry had his own set of keys to the car. That's the last I saw of him. We were supposed to meet at his place after he got finished working Friday night. I went there and I rang the bell for about a half an hour but there wasn't any answer."

"Did he tell anyone else about finding the defect?"

"Not that I know of."

"Did he say where he was going to meet Spinetti?"

"No." She slumped a little. "I'm not being very much help, am I?"

"Does your husband know about this?"

"No. As far as he knows, I drove the car to the dealer and took a cab into the city."

"What does Spinetti say?"

"That neither Larry nor the car ever showed up."

"What happens when you have to explain where the car is, and your husband finds out you didn't drive it over?"

She smiled. "I'll play silly blonde and tell him I was late and so I hired a nice-looking boy on the street to drive it over for me for five dollars and then I didn't tell him because he would have been angry with me for being so foolish because that's how cars get stolen, and he was right, because that's just what must have happened." While she was talking, her face assumed a pout and her voice broke a little, and I had to pinch myself to keep from saying, There, there. Like a lot of wives, she had learned that in the paper-scissors-rock game that goes on in most marriages, paper was a winner nine times out of ten.

"Well, Mr. Nader, will you help me?" I thought it over long enough to make a mental total of my checking-account balance.

"My rates are fifty dollars a day, plus expenses," I said, "and I'll need a hundred dollars in advance."

"I thought foundations paid your fees," she said, smiling.

"Not on private cases."

She gave me Larry Rendall's address, which was in the 8000 block on Whitehaven Parkway, and the address of the place where he worked three days a week, the El Ecolo in Georgetown, and a photo strip he had taken of himself in one of those bus-station camera booths, and a nice pair of fifty-dollar bills. I gave her a number she could reach me at in case anything came up, and a receipt.

After the sound of her heels died away, I opened a desk drawer and took out the can of V8 juice and bought myself a drink. Then I took a handful of vitamin C pills. Linus

continued



Pauling may be crazy, but no crazier than people who take those three-layer cold pills the size of a cookie that are nothing more than Mickey Finn wearing a sandwich board.

I put on my hat and coat, turned out the light, and locked the inner office. I turned out the light in the outer office, but I left the door open so any clients who came looking for me while I was out could come in and read the back issues of *Consumer Reports* and sit on my Goodwill couches. They could also stretch out on a chaise longue and read *Photoplay* magazine and munch bonbons, but they'd have to have their own prop man for that.

When I got outside, there was a man sitting in a Chevelle and looking about as inconspicuous as a mouse in the bottom of a bottle of Coke. He'd need to be shaken, but I was in no hurry.

There aren't a lot of ways to get around Washington other than on foot if you don't own a car, which I don't, and if you have something against riding in them, which I do. You can ride a bicycle, but if you have enemies, it's like going deer-hunting with a Mafia triggerman. You can wait for the bus or you can wait for them to finish the subway sometime in 1978. As usual, I decided to take whichever one came first. The bus nosed out the subway, but it was a photo finish, and the motorman lodged a foul.

Following a Washington bus is about as easy as following the logic in a Nixon speech. They're much too slow for a car, and just a little too fast for the marrowbone express. I waited until the man in the Chevelle got tired of slowing down and getting honked at and decided to take a turn around the block to give the bus a chance to get ahead, and then I got off, stood in a doorway until he went by again, and waited for the next bus. A lot of those little calendar pages had gone by by the time it came.

The El Ecolo was on Prospect Street, next to Georgetown University. The *E* in *El* was a story high and lined in white lights that illuminated the rest of the lettering. It wasn't neon. Georgetown doesn't have any neon signs. Someone I knew a long time ago who lived in Georgetown told me what he liked about it was no neon and no Negroes. The way he said it, it sounded like he thought neon worked on Negroes the way those Koratron ultraviolet bug lures work on mosquitoes, and that if you didn't put up any neon signs, you didn't get any Negroes.

There used to be an El Morocco in Georgetown around the time I picked up the neon theory, and I was willing to bet this was the same place. Electric signs cost money. It probably had been the El Mocha in 1955, and someone who was now in marketing in Wilmington read a lot of poetry rhymed about as well as a laundry list, and when he was finished, people didn't clap, they snapped their fingers, because someone had been to Greenwich Village once, and in Greenwich Village they snap their fingers. And then it was the El Calypso, and then the El Twisto, and then the El Disco, and then the El Go-Go, and then maybe the El Olde English Pubbe, with beer in test tubes and a menu that offered mafhed potatoef and firloin fteak.

Right now it was a large brick room with Sierra Club posters on the wall and a picture of the earth as seen from the moon and a Navajo rug made by a tribe of Navajos who moved to Rahway, New Jersey, and changed their name to Textel. There were about twenty tables and about as many people sitting at them and a bar along one wall. In a corner stood an old Seeberg jukebox that had probably sat, as tranquil as a Buddha, spinning its little black prayer wheels through all the incarnations of the place. As I came in, a girl wearing one of those T-shirts that looked like it had been dyed with a stomach pump paid it a quarter, and it started chanting something you can hear for free downtown during rush hour.

I walked over to the bar. The bartender said, "Tara furba."

I didn't have a comeback.

"It's Ojibway for 'May your moccasins have wings.' The Ojibways were great poets. What'll it be?" I wondered how he'd like Wilmington.

There was a blackboard over the bar. I read it. "What's a Mandala?" I asked.

"Rum and mineral oil. You can get it with cider instead if you want. You see," he said seriously, "there has to be a balance between yin and yang or the stomach gets uptight."

"What's a Sutra?" I was getting desperate.

"Oh, that's a ham and swiss on banana bread, with guacamole." I gave up and told him to bring me a glass of cider without the rum. The hell with my yang.

It came in an earthenware mug made by some Navajos who went to Osaka when their brothers went to New Jersey, and it cost 75 cents. I didn't mind because I knew part of the proceeds were going to buy scholarships for apple trees at forestry school.

"Hobba timagami," said the barkeep.

"Ojibway?"

"Right." He looked pleased. "It means 'May you never thirst more than the trout in the lake.' " I wasn't going to drink any, but I was afraid that might be an Ojibway way of telling him I thought his canoe was a lemon. It was Mott's, right out of the can, and the mug was dirty, and I was willing to bet there were cockroaches playing Simon Says in the guacamole, but I wasn't looking for health-code violations. I was looking for Larry Rendall. I said so.

"Larry? Sure, he works here. Or I think he does. He works Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, except he didn't come in last Friday, and he didn't call to tell anybody. The boss was pretty teed off. Why are you looking for him?"

"I want to ask him a few questions."

"He's not in any kind of trouble, is he? Say," he added brightly, "you're not a narc, are you?"

I said I wasn't.

"Larry's no head, I mean, he smokes a few joints once in a while, like anyone, but no hard stuff." I wondered what the Ojibway word for dumb fink was.

I showed him the picture strip just to make sure, and he said it was Larry, and I left him one of my cards and told him to have him call me if he came in. He said he wasn't sure he could remember all that, so I left him a dollar to buy a string to put around his finger with.



"Don't bother to wrap them; I'll eat them here."

"Faruba toofla," he called as I left.
"Uckfay ooyay," I said.
Nobody did any translating.

It wasn't far to the address on Whitehaven, so I walked. It was eight o'clock, and Wisconsin Street was full of Christmas shoppers. In the southeast, they were in Woolworth's buying little dolls that walked and talked and burst into flame and toy firetrucks with more sharp edges than a Swiss Army knife and modeling clay with poison enough to last the Borgias for a year, but in Georgetown they were in shops with names like The Committed Peacock and Perspicacity and Hemispherics, and they were buying sets of walnut blocks that illustrated the Pythagorean theorem and patchwork-quilt rag dolls made in Appalachia.

Number 8616 Whitehaven Parkway was part of a row of new, thin, two-story townhouses with built-in garages on a sloping street that ran along the edge of a little wooded strip they hadn't gotten around to blacktopping. It was still Georgetown, but the houses looked cheap, and it was almost as if the magic zoning spell that kept Georgetown colonial and graceful wasn't strong enough out here on the edges to keep out the first bits of aluminum siding and fake brick and stucco that the Wicked Witch has been using ever since candy prices got so high.

There weren't any lights on. I rang anyway for the benefit of any spectators, but there weren't any of those either, so I slipped the little plastic burglary tool one of the oil companies sent me in the mail between the door and the jamb and worked the bolt open. It had been intended to be employed for the kind of highway robbery oil companies indulge in, so I didn't feel like I was misusing it.

I closed the door and turned on the light. I took a step into the room, and then there was a flash behind my eyes, and then the lights went out. When they came back on, Peter Pain was working on the back of my head with an air hammer, and I was on the floor and the door was open and someone was starting a car. I did an imitation of the mummy coming to life and chasing the professor who had ignored the Curse of King Tut, but by the time I got to the street, the car was halfway down the hill. It was a late-model Buick Riviera with Virginia plates. I didn't get the number, but there were only three digits and some diagonal lettering, and in Virginia that's what they put on dealers' plates.

I went back inside and closed the door. This time I looked behind it, but no one was waiting in line to sap me. I walked through the living room to the kitchen and soaked a handful of paper towels in cold water and put them on the back of my head. This provides some mild transitory relief in minor cases of cranial trauma, or sapping, as it is sometimes called, and I recommend it for all my patients who are gumshoes.

I went back into the living room. It wasn't much to look at, and if you put up velvet ropes and charged $1 a head admission, you'd wind up at the end of the day $10 shy of a sawbuck. There were a few pieces of flotsam around that if you're a landlord you can put on your property and when people land there they have to pay double the rent. There were a few well-thumbed copies of *Road and Track* on a piece of furniture that got named Most Like a Desk in the little contest they had, and it had been rifled, but whoever did the rifling didn't come away with any Cellini miniatures.

I climbed the narrow flight of stairs that led to the upper floor. The bedroom was exactly what you'd expect to find if someone told you a family of kangaroos had just moved out.

I found Larry Rendall in the bathroom. He was sitting in the bathtub fully clothed in about an inch of red water, with his legs hanging over the rim. He'd had as many holes punched in him as that can of Zerex, but he'd had nine pints of Brand X in him instead of a quality antifreeze, and it all leaked out. He looked like he had been dead for a couple of days, but I didn't feel like doing any sensitivity exercises with him, so I figured I might be off by twenty-four hours either way. It had been done with something thin and short, like a penknife, and it had probably been done by an amateur, since it had been done clumsily and too often. I guessed that the body had been put in the tub by someone who wasn't used to letting things spill on the floor.

I went into the bedroom and found some blood. I also found a gold tie-clip with a GM logo on it, and on the back, engraved in script, "Salesman of the Year, 1970." That made me like the idea of the murder being done Friday night, since a tie clip lost Friday night might not be missed until Monday morning, and the person who missed it might not have a chance to come back looking for it until Monday night, just in time to sap a sleuth.

I wrapped the tie clip in my handkerchief and went downstairs. The door to the garage was in the kitchen. Mrs. Stallworth's Camaro was in the garage, and the keys were in it. I thought it over, then I opened the garage door, looked outside, drove the Camaro out, came back in, closed the garage door, and went back into the living room. I called the District Police and gave them the address and a reason for being interested in it and hung up. When I had done that, I turned out the light, closed the door, and got into the Camaro and drove it a few blocks away and parked it. Then I locked it and pocketed the keys, and headed up P Street with the light heart of a man who is leaving the scene of a murder, failing to report a directly related felony, and suppressing evidence.

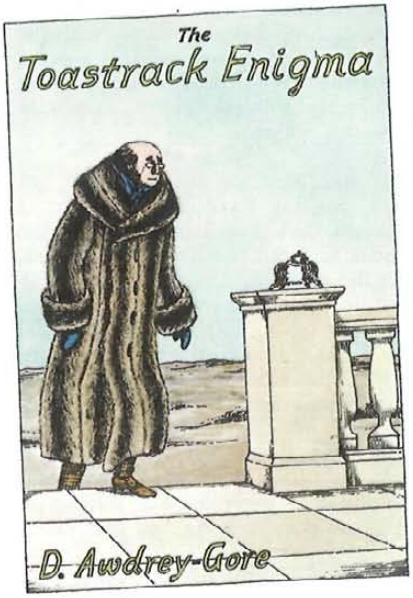
It was eleven o'clock when I got back to the Excelsior building. I guessed that it was named after the motto, and not the packing material, but the name told you it was a lousy building the same way a name like Majestic or Imperial tells you a hotel is a fleabag. Not all the windows were dark. When Congress is in session, the shyster lawyers, and the two-bit lobbyists, and the influence peddlers work late hours, crawling all over bills, nibbling away at clauses, and leaving little amendments. When you wake up they're gone, but the water-pollution law doesn't prohibit liquid discharges anymore, and the acreage-ownership limitation in Imperial Valley has picked up a couple of zeros, and a congressman from Mississippi is getting $1 million for not growing rice on his tennis court.

I walked through the lobby with the marble lining that said Business the way Greek architecture says Government and Gothic arches say Religion. The night man was pushing a mop around, but no plastic frisbee appeared to carry me over the floor, so I guessed he wasn't using Aerowax. He took me up in the elevator and left me off at my floor. I went into my office and got the little pile of metal fragments Larry Rendall had been killed for out of the safe. Fifteen minutes and half a tube of Duco later, I had something that looked like an elongated bolt.

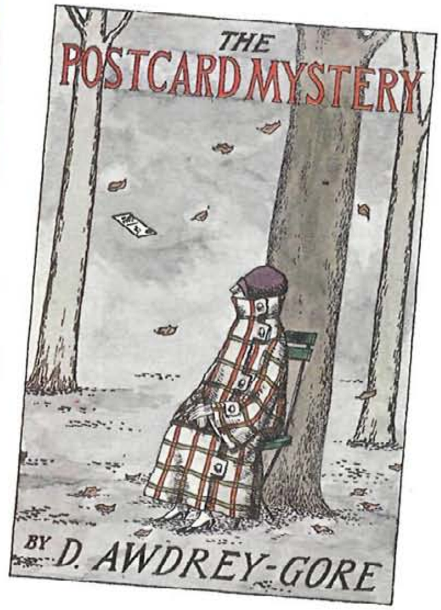
I got out the 1970 GM auto parts catalogue that sits in my library next to the *Bureau of Weights and Standards Reporter* and Volume I of *Decisions and Decrees of the Federal Trade Commission*. It took me until one o'clock to find it. It was Part GM 63CV8-20341-83995, but its friends called it Motor Mount Retaining Bolt. Four of them held the engine supporting frame to the underbody. And if their little hands got tired of holding the great big engine, it would drop onto the street. At 30 miles per hour, that would be a nuisance. At 60 miles per hour it would be positively annoying.

I had found four different models of Chevrolet V8, covering five years, that had the exact same bolt by the time I dozed off at around 4:00 AM. I

continued on page 81

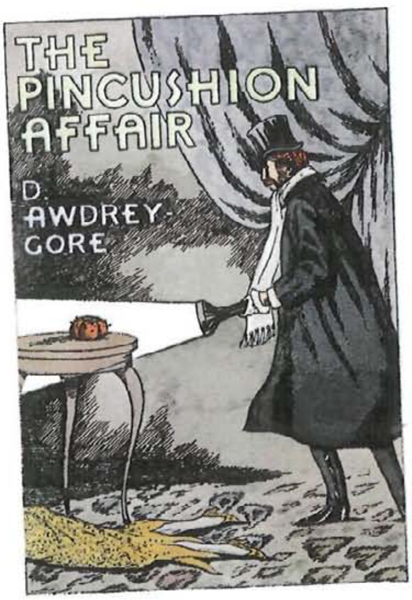






THE AWDREY-GORE LEGACY

They dazzle us, but can we trust
These pictures drawn upon the dust?
THE IPSIAD, *can.V*







INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY E.G. DEADWORRY

On last St Spasmus's day Miss D. Awdrey-Gore was found dead at the age of 97. Just before dawn a nameless poacher came upon her body in a disused fountain on the estate of Lord Ravelflap; she was seated bolt upright on a gilt ballroom chair, one of a set of seventeen then on display at Suthick & Upter's Auction Rooms in Market Footling; her left hand clutched a painted tin lily of cottage manufacture, inside which was rolled up a Cad's Relish label of a design superseded in 1947; something illegible was pencilled on the back. That she had been murdered was obvious, though as yet the cause of death has not been determined.



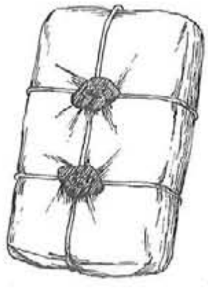


It will be remembered that Miss Awdrey-Gore was one of the most prolific (*vide* our Two-Shilling Reprint Library) and celebrated writers of detective stories at the time of her unexpected disappearance on St Spasmus's eve in 1927. On various occasions since then, she has been reported (among a number of other possibilities) in a private lunatic asylum, living in Taormina dressed as a man, married to a Salubrian nobleman in Slobgut, or alternately, a garage mechanic in Idle-on-Sea, in religious retreat on the slopes of Kanchenjunga. But always falsely: her whereabouts for the past forty-four years remain unknown.

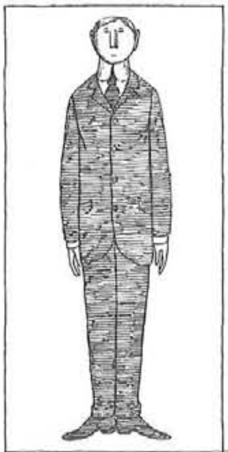
> One moment she was sitting there;
> The next, she'd vanished into air.
> THE IPSIAD, *can.VI*



Several days after her reappearance, in a nearby suburban villa an oiled-silk packet came to light beneath the false bottom of an elephant's foot umbrella stand. Done up with mauve string and indigo blue sealing wax, it was addressed to my late grandfather, G. E. Deadworry, then (in 1927) head of Deadworry and Silt, her publishers. The packet's contents in their entirety—though certain things are patently missing—are reproduced on the following nine pages.

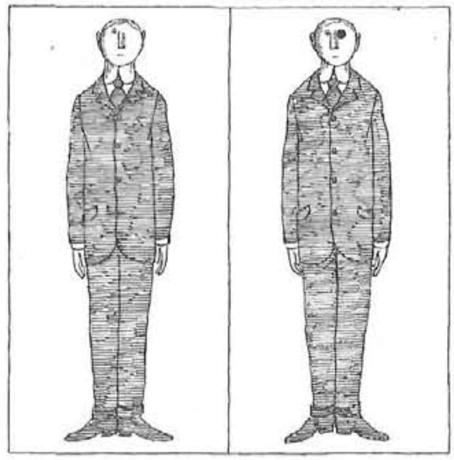


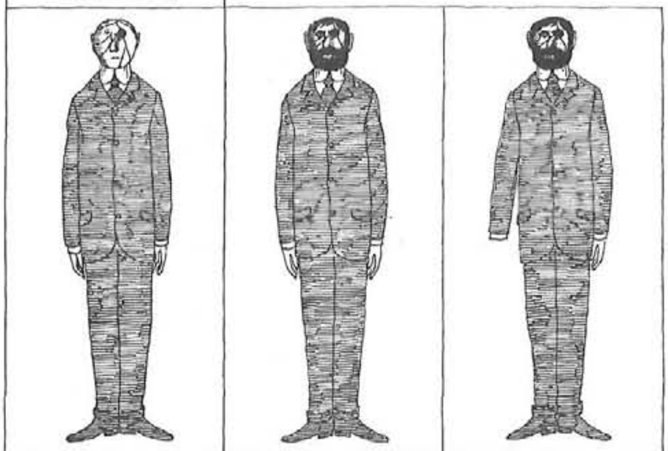




> To catch and keep the public's gaze
> One must have lots of little ways.
>
> THE IPSIAD, *can.IV*

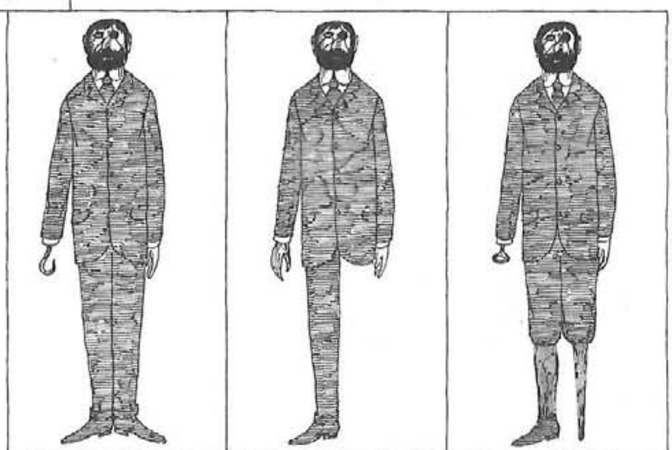
~~Roy Grewdead~~	~~Hon./Sir~~
~~Roger Addyew~~	~~Predilection for parsnips/ cabbage~~
~~Drew Dogyear~~	~~Cribbage addict~~
~~Grey Redwoad~~	~~Collects ticket stubs: covering screen~~
~~Dedge Yarrow~~	
~~Orde Graydew~~	

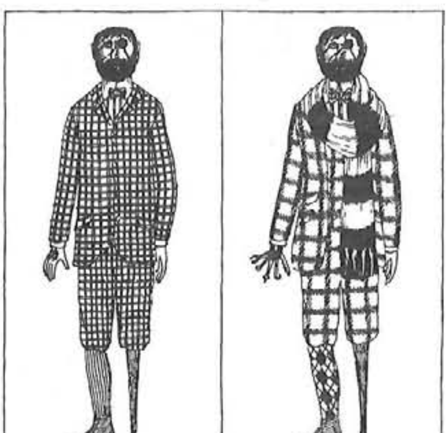




Waredo Dyrge
Half Irish, half Japanese
Has been soldier of fortune and progressive victim of explosions all over the world
Now England's most sought-after private detective
Has possibly world's most valuable collection of artificial hands, many of them given to him by grateful clients
Will never take up a case on a Tuesday

His deductions concerning each case are given in the form of a linked series of haiku in Gaelic of his own composition; each is presented to the reader as it is made in a literal English translation that, while strange and vague in the extreme, turns out to have been perfectly fair and even obvious.





Deary, his inseparable and ferocious companion, is named for his master's favourite reading - the Deary Rewdgo Series for Intrepid Young Ladies (*D.R. on the Great Divide, D.R. in the Yukon, D.R. at Baffin Bay,* etc.) by Dewda Yorger. He is familiar with thirty-seven different hand signals, and has a passionate fondness for Cad's Relish on water biscuits.





Amateur cricketer/sailor/explorer Architect
Heir to title and/or estate Childhood friend



Heroine (if she turns out to be the murderer,
have a second with different hair colour)



Curate/Vicar/Dean/Bishop Escaped lunatic
Cousin from Tasmania



Owner of great estate Local magistrate
Baronet M.F.H. Member of Parliament

Of all the people on the scene
Some are betwixt and some
between.

THE IPSIAD, *can. II*



County/not quite county lady Owner of fabulous
jewels Hostess of weekend house party



Real/bogus Middle European nobleman
Gigolo Secret agent for us/them



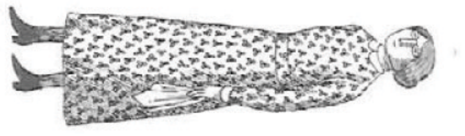
Author of standard work on string figures Indigent
cousin Axe murderess in forgotten *cause célèbre*



Member of the upper class gone to the bad
Lower class person with a grudge



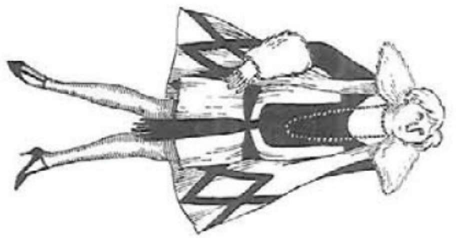
Doctor Solicitor Secretary Friend of family Spy
Jewel thief Cousin who inherits everything



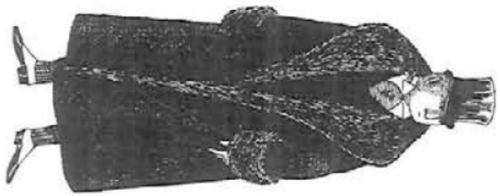
Postmistress Housekeeper Seamstress
Companion Cousin who is retired missionary



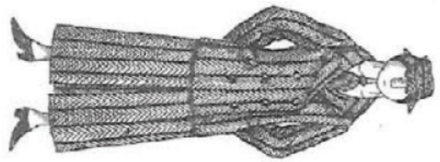
Unsuccessful poet Successful interior decor-
ator Unsuitable friend of heroine/hero



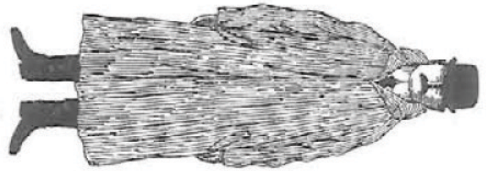
Provincial music-hall star Owner of fashionable
supper club Nurse Cousin by marriage



American millionaire Newspaper proprietor
Prime minister Condiment tycoon



Lady novelist Lady with passion for flowers/
dogs/other ladies Scottish cousin



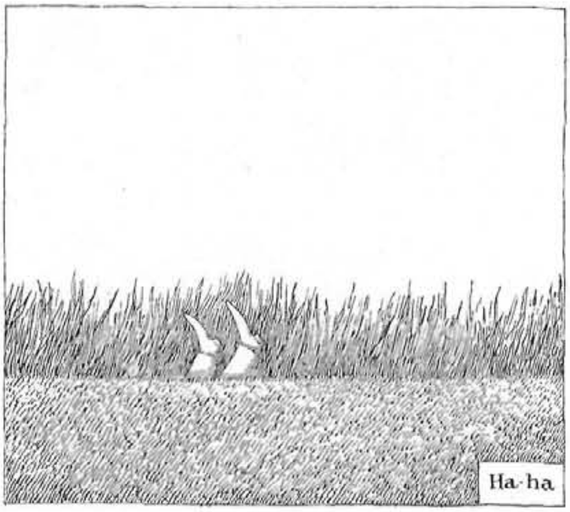
The authorities: local/Scotland Yard

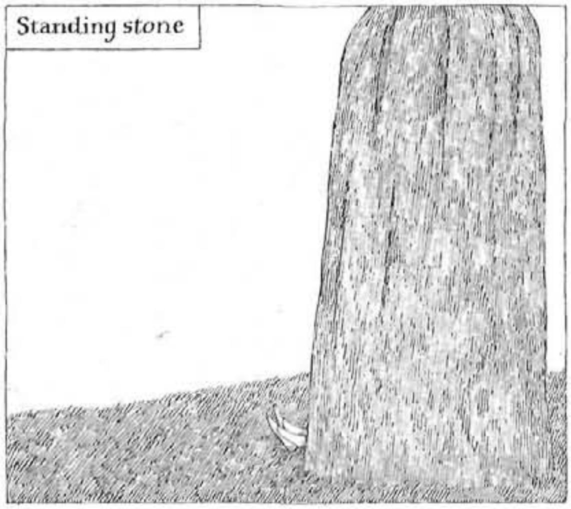


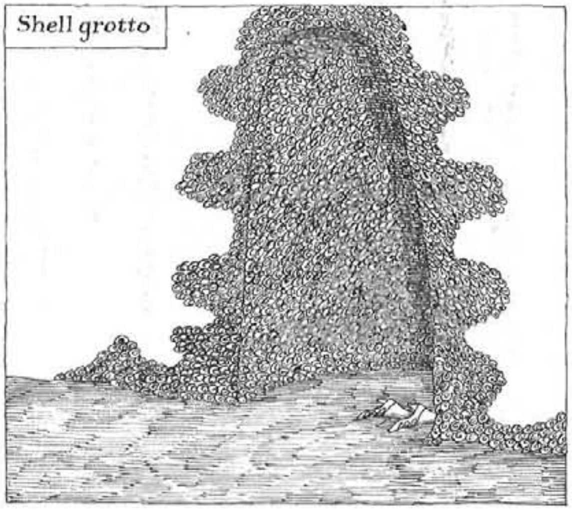
Famous/notorious actress Unsuitable friend of
hero/heroine Cousin living at Antibes

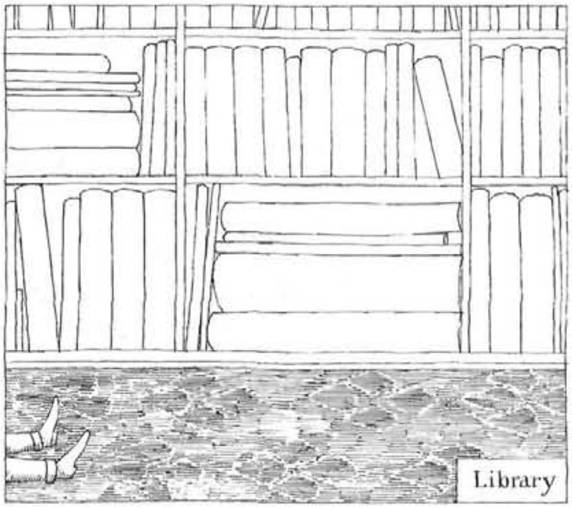


Duke/Dowager duchess Village ancient
Superannuated governess/gardener

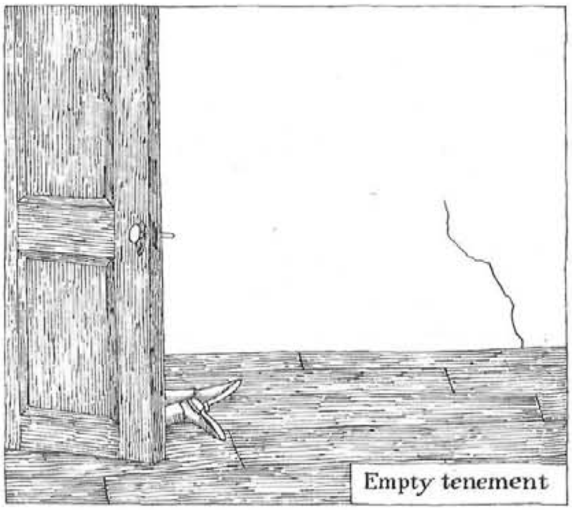


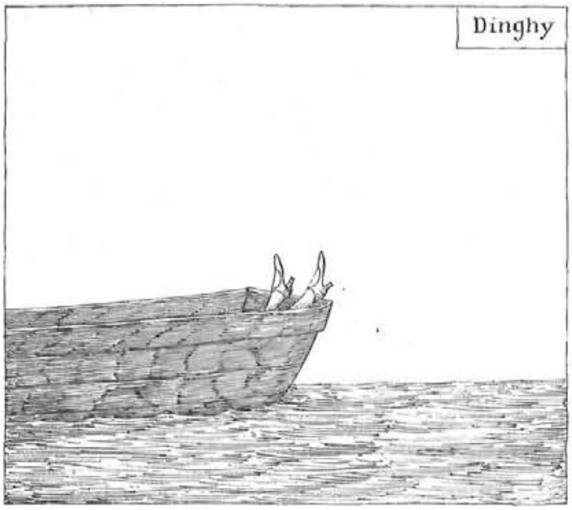


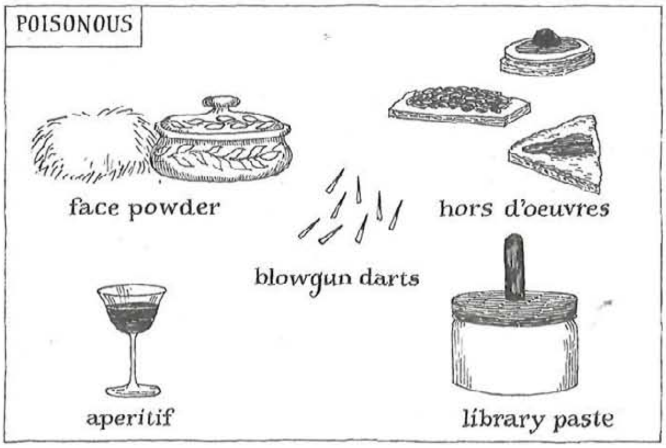


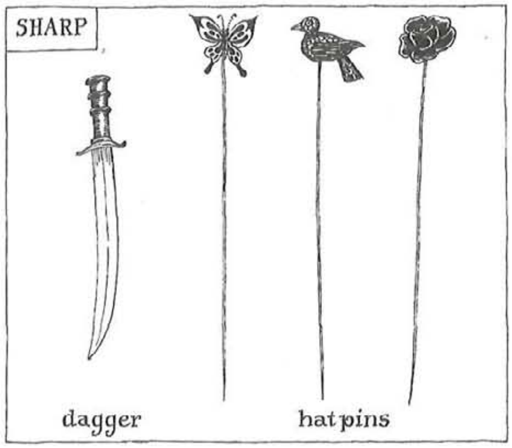


It's most unlikely that his bed
Is where the victim's lying dead.
THE IPSIAD, *can.III*



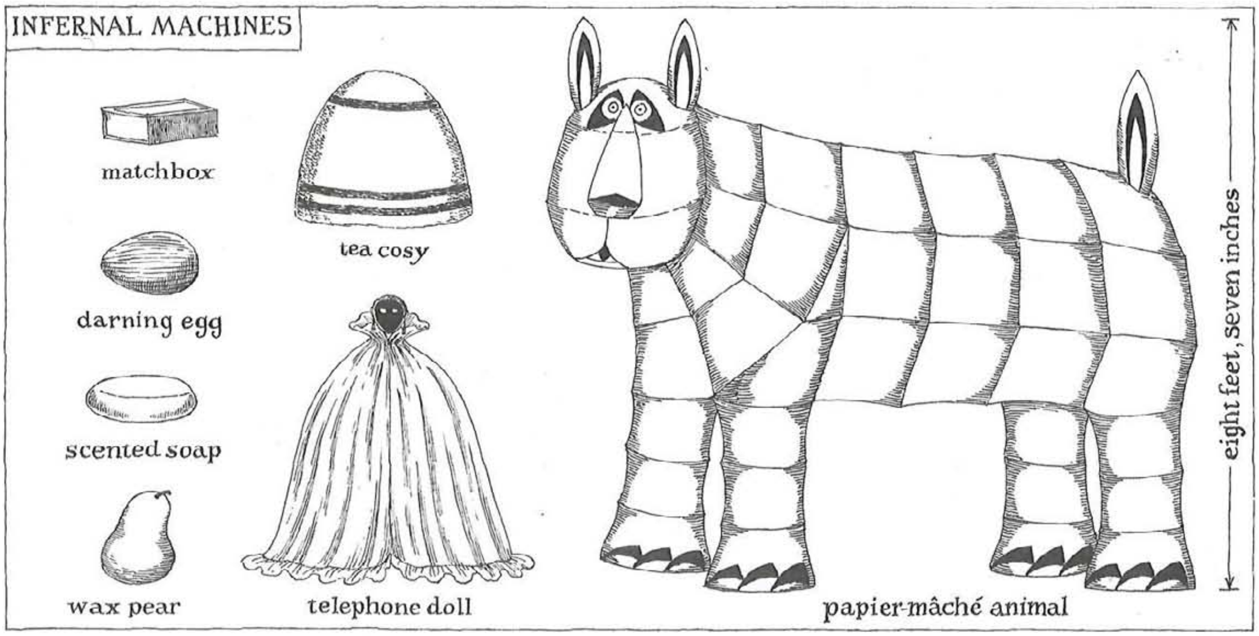


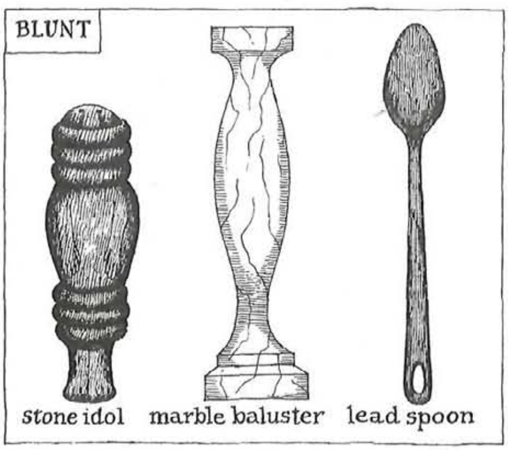


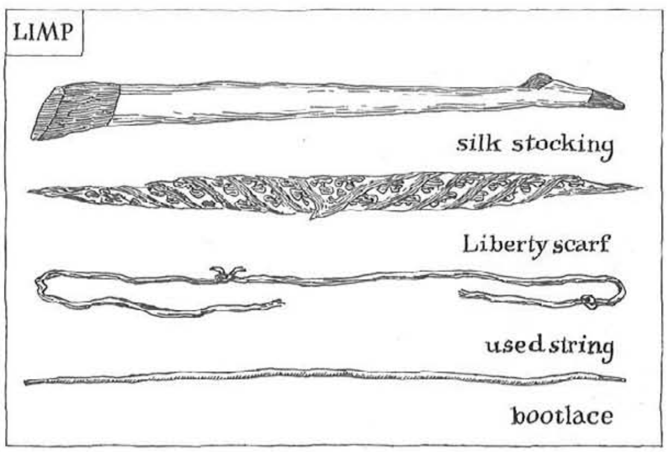


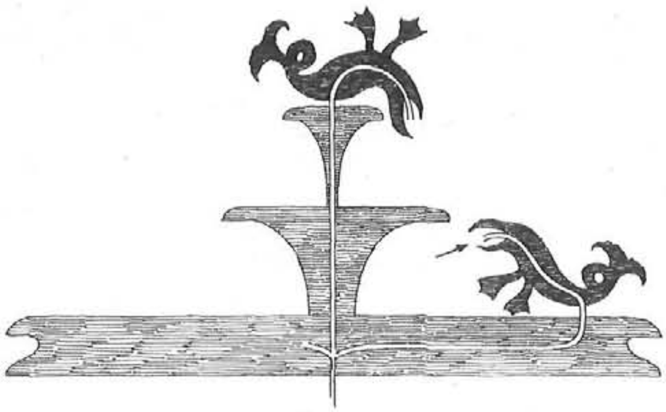
He was, it's said, somehow done in
With nothing but a safety pin.

THE IPSIAD, *can. VI*

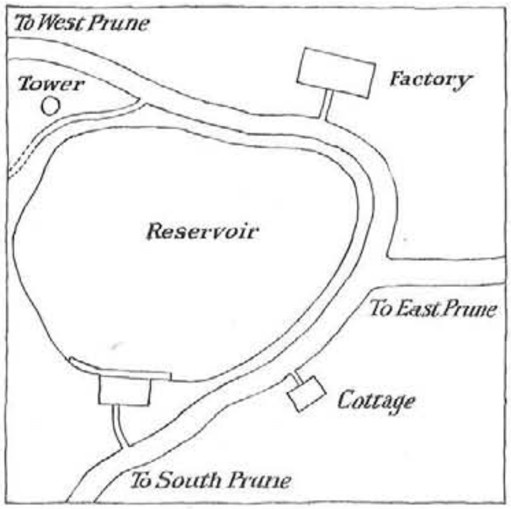


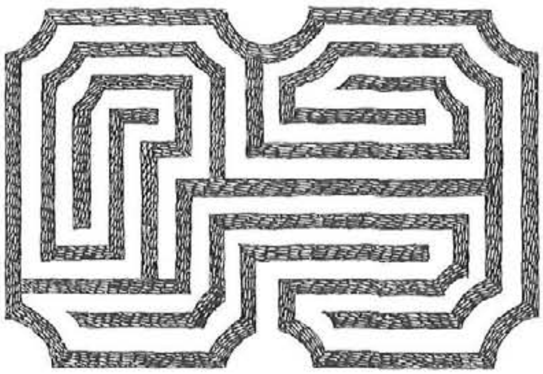




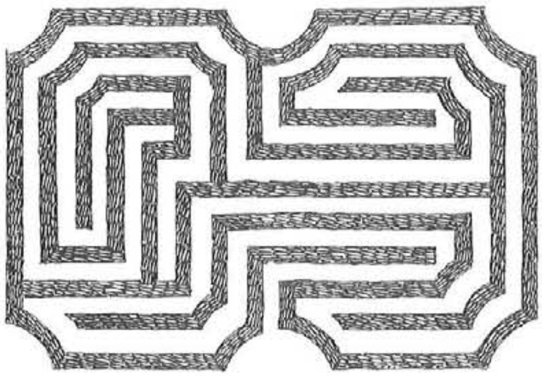


Cross section of fountain from west showing faulty pipe



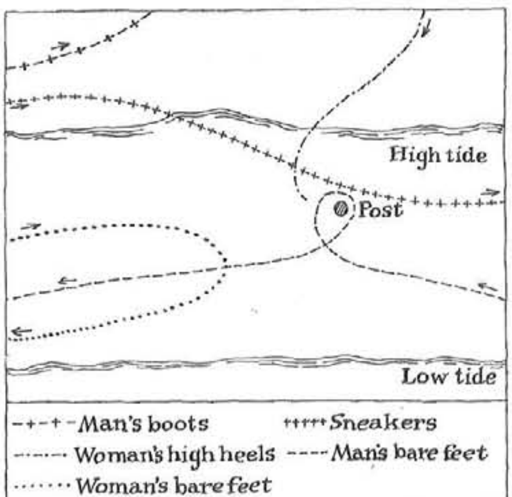


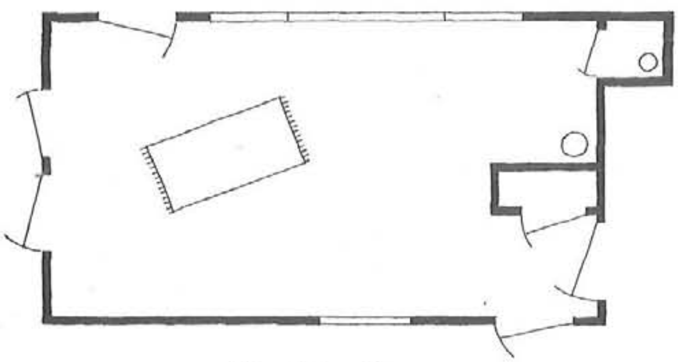
The labyrinth at 3:27 after Miss Gentian had successfully found her way in and back



The labyrinth at 4:09 when Harold Tyne-Forque gave up trying to reach its heart

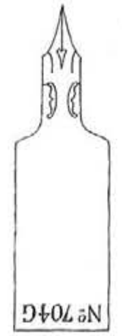
The crucial information can
Be hidden in a simple plan.
THE IPSIAD, *can.* VIII





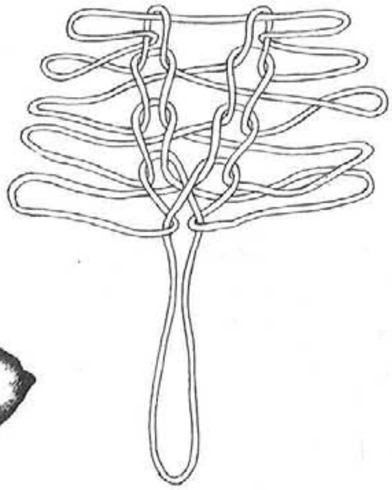
The Celery Room
Showing position of vases and rug







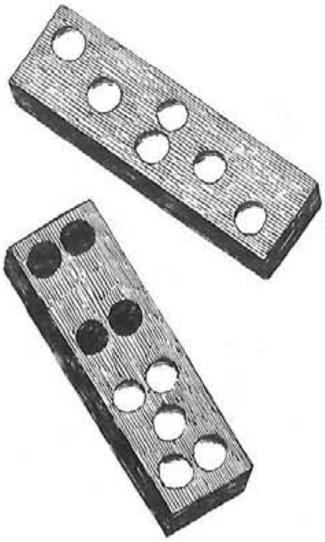


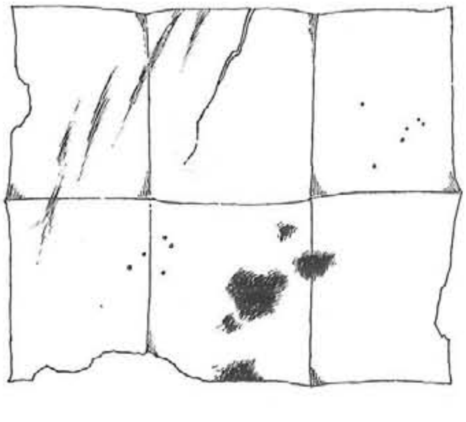


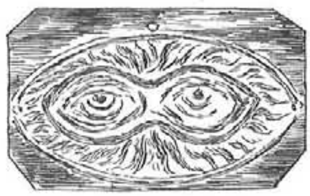
MUCH BLATHER, Nov. 14—Thirty-seven doorknobs were removed from various doors in the Mustard Token in the early hours of yesterday morning by persons unknown. They (the door-knobs were later recovered from a birdbath in the garden of M



The smallest clue may be (or not)
The one to give away the plot.
THE IPSIAD, *can. I*









P.T.O.

Isla Trope is really *Lord Onion*'s *great granddaughter*

James Grumesdaub and *Charles Toast* are really the same person

On the *14th* of *January* *the 'Larko Sandargo'* was *still off the coast of Iceland*

At *11.17 the door to the winter garden* was *already locked and bolted.*

George Utmost is really not *Daphne Soot*'s *cousin from Wyoming*

Lady Truss is really two entirely different people



What the murderer failed to realize is that *there is no Number Fourteen, Bandage Terrace*

Perhaps it might be even subtler
If after all it *was* the butler.
THE IPSIAD, *can. IX*

What the murderer failed to realize is that *yellow stitchbane is not yellow at all, but a pale mauve*

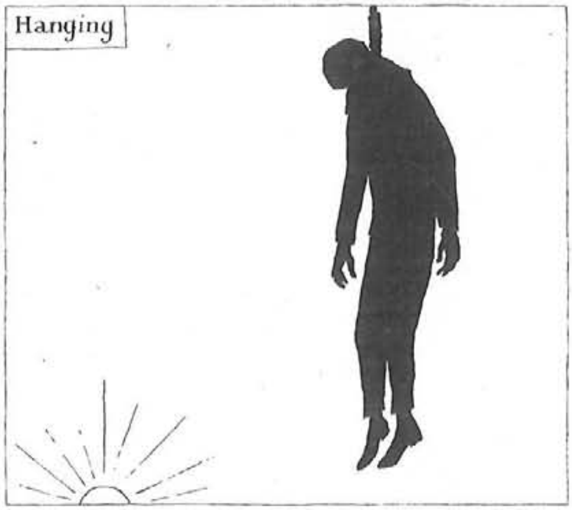
What the murderer failed to realize is that *Grumblotch's salts are not soluble in lemonade*

What the murderer failed to realize is that *the Great Northwest Road does not go beyond Little Remorse*

What the murderer failed to realize is that *at high tide the outermost of Saint Loola's Rocks is completly submerged*



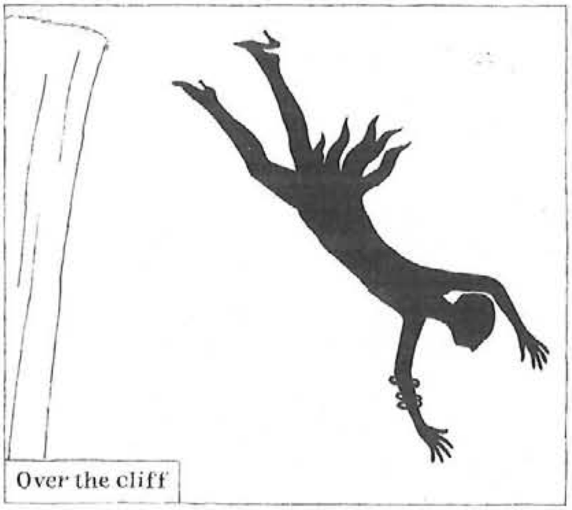
Cyanide pill



Hanging

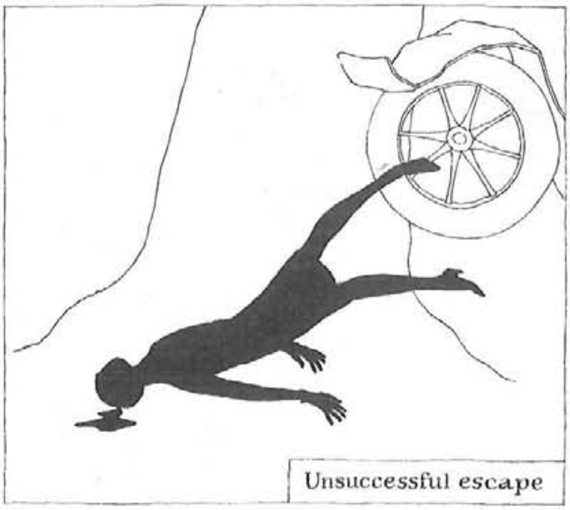


Madness

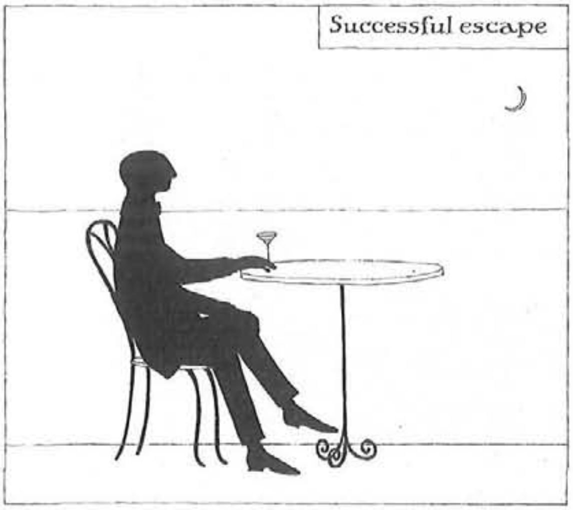


Over the cliff

The guilty found, there's little wait
Before they're overcome by fate.
THE IPSIAD, *can. xiii*

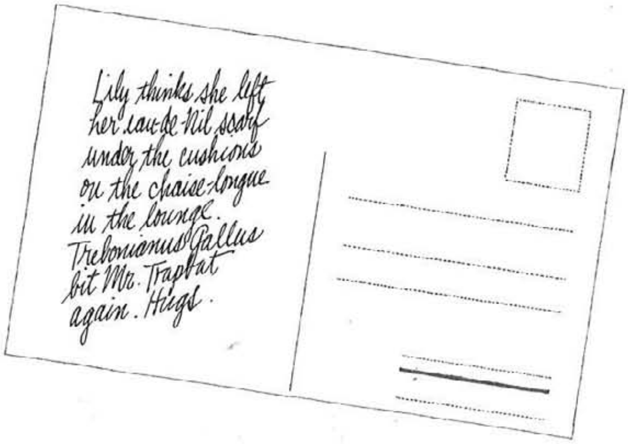


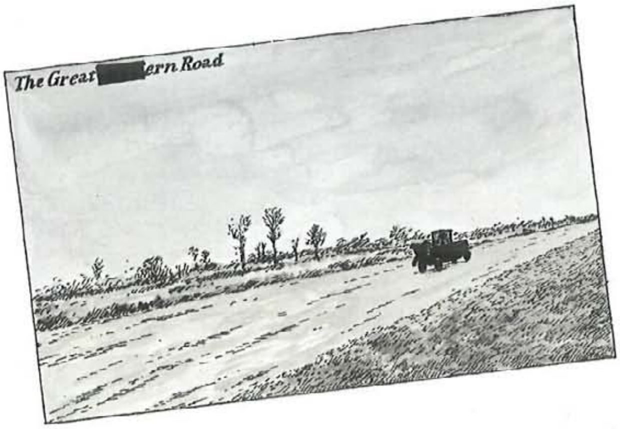
Unsuccessful escape

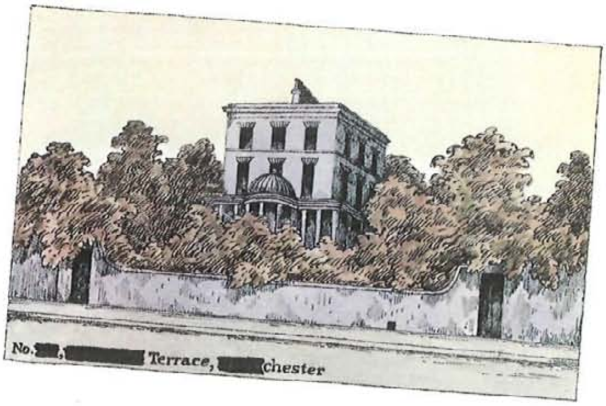


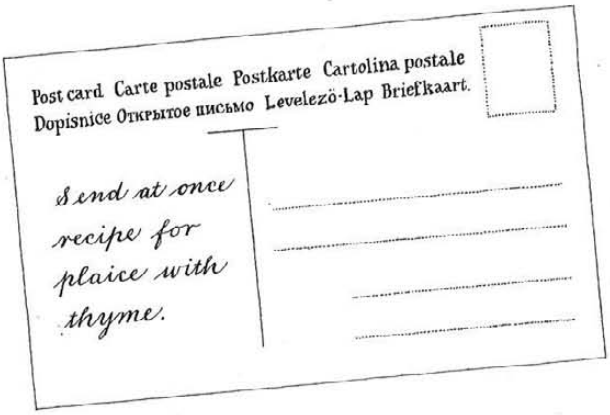
Successful escape

These postcards recently fell out of a discarded lending-library copy of *The Teacosy Crime,* perhaps Miss Awdrey-Gore's most popular work. It will be noticed they were never sent, or, for that matter, even addressed.



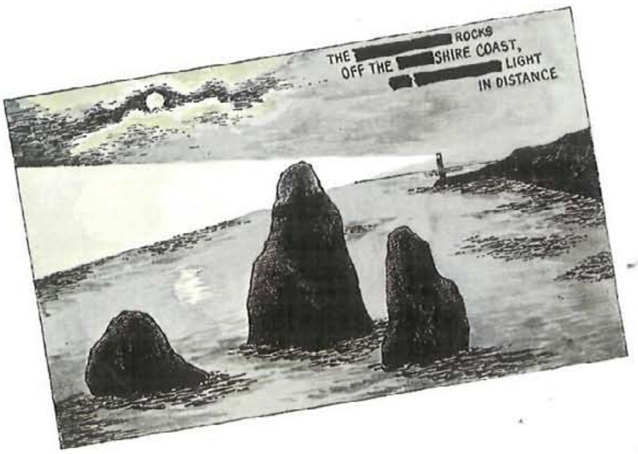


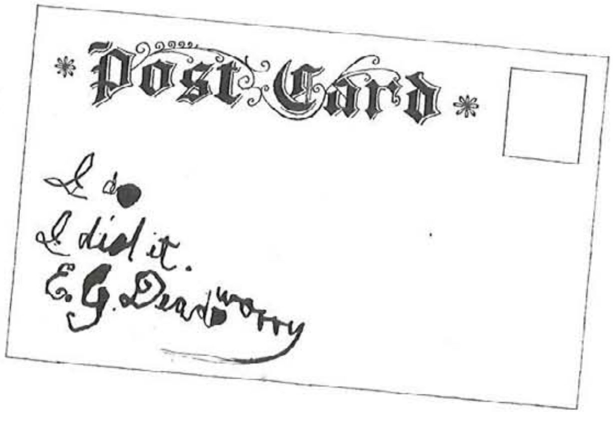


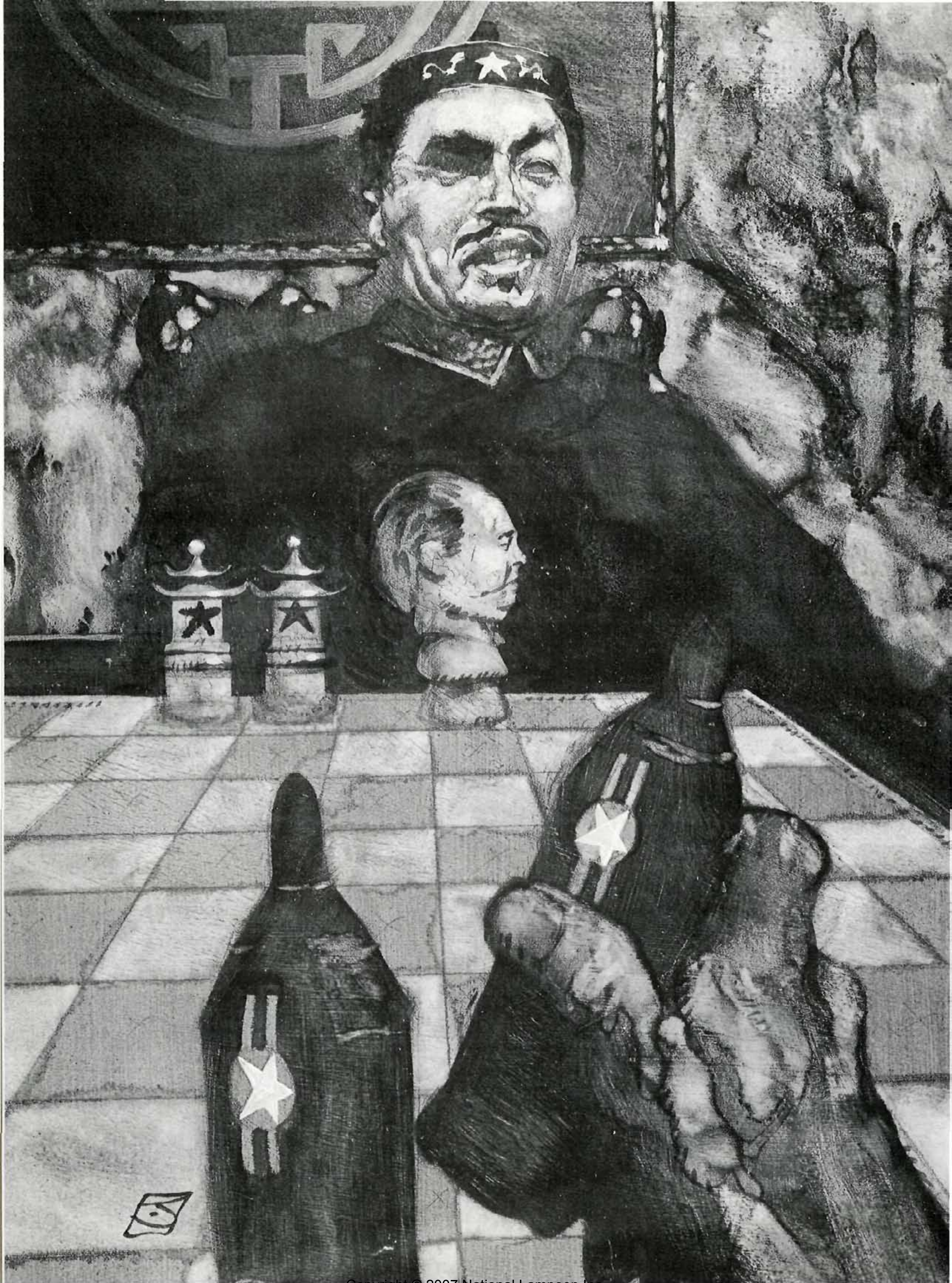


And what if then we don't find out
What all of it has been about?

THE IPSIAD, *can.XI*







THE THOUGHTS OF CHAIRMAN FU-MANCHU

by Henry Beard

It was the best part of an hour past sundown, a fact that could be established to the satisfaction of any casual observer without recourse to his pocket watch by the presence on a table within easy reach of my hand of a whisky-and-siphon. I was sitting in the upstairs lounge of the Embargo Club, whose windows afforded an excellent view of the old bund that forms one leg of Singapore's wide harbor. The soft cries of the *molassies*, the slow but sturdy native bearers on whose backs the goods of a hundred nations made their first halting steps toward manufacturies and markets throughout the Malay States, had put me to musing once more on the exceptional circumstances which had brought me, a superannuated doctor in the autumn of his days, to this last outpost of Empire under the teeming belly of the ageless East.

I thought again of the singular cable that I had received at my flat on West Halkin Street, a cable that had said: URGENT YOU MEET ME 14 FEB EMBARGO CLUB SINGAPORE. WHAT HAS GREEN EYES AND HAMADRYADS? NAYLAND SMITH.

It was doubly a mystery, for not only was its subject, who could be none other than the archfiend, Dr. Fu-Manchu, long since vanished and presumed dead, but its sender, Commissioner Sir Denis Nayland Smith K.G. M.C., had been on the inactive list for nearly twenty years following his quiet but forcible retirement from the Special Branch after he proposed attaching magnetic torpedoes to the hulls of the Russian cruisers when Crabbe disappeared. My last correspondence with him had taken place eight years previous, at which time he was comfortably settled in Rhodesia, where he owned a small tobacco plantation.

I had at first thought the wire a hoax, but something in the wording of it called to mind Nayland Smith's characteristic urgency, and why deny it? After fifteen years of quiet retirement spent detesting the Labour Government and not finding anything funny in *Punch*, even the pursuit of the goose's wild cousin seemed to me a worthy occupation.

But here it was, already evening on the appointed day, and Smith had thus far failed to show, and I was considering whether to book a return flight the next day or give him, for old times' sake, the benefit of twenty-four-hours' grace, when the door to the lounge opened, and Shingles, the club steward, entered. "A gentleman to see you, Dr. Petrie," he announced, and as he did so, a tall, lean, silver-haired man, his face bearing in equal degrees the marks of age and of the African sun, entered the room. I jumped to my feet, for it was none other than Nayland Smith!

"Good old Petrie," he cried, grasping my hand in a grip that had lost none of its viselike strength. "I knew you wouldn't fail me!"

"Smith," I said incredulously. "I cannot believe it. You haven't aged a minute! It is as if we were meeting again after a fortnight and not twenty years! But what have you been up to? And why——"

"It must wait, Petrie," he broke in. "God willing, we shall have a chance to go over old times when the present business is settled, but now we have not a moment to lose!" And he went to the window and briefly surveyed the traffic on the bund. Having satisfied himself on some mysterious score, he strode back across the room to where I stood in a state of consternation. "If you want the rest of that,"—he pointed to my half-finished whisky—"you must finish it on the stairs!" At that, he dashed out of the room.

Judging that, if the adventures of a previous age were any indication, an evening spent in the company of Nayland Smith might prove more supportable if no prior opportunity for fortification were allowed to pass, I drained the glass in a single swallow and followed him down the stairs.

He was halfway out the door when I caught him up. "Smith," I gasped, "if you mean to continue this pace, I suggest we engage an ambulance now and spare ourselves the time and trouble of calling one later!"

He motioned for silence with a quick, peremptory jerk. I heard nothing for a moment, and then a quiet call, building to a wail and finally to an ear-piercing shriek.

"What on earth?" I whispered.

"It is the cry of a *quoit*," hissed Nayland Smith. "Surely you recall it, even after all these years. For my part, I shall carry it with me to my grave."

"But it cannot be," I protested. "This is 1971, and Singapore is as sinister as Dorset."

"Don't be so sure," began Smith, but at that moment there was a movement in a doorway just past the limestone blackamoors that guard the entrance to the Embargo, and with a sudden lunge that knocked me off my balance, Smith pushed me back through the still open door of the club and slammed it shut.

It was well that he did so, for even as I was falling, I sensed more than felt the little loop of poisoned rope that is at once a *quoit*'s calling card and his method of execution brush past my ear.

"Petrie, are you all right?" rapped Smith.

"I think so," I groaned, for although the shock of my narrow escape had left me dazed, I was otherwise unhurt.

"We cannot stay here. If they dare an attack on us on the South Wharf, then they dare equally to storm the Embargo and slit our throats in the billiards room, members or not!"

Smith pointed through the narrow row of windows to one side of the front door to a cabstand across the wide sidewalk, where three of the tiny Japanese-built taxis that serve Singapore sat idling their engines. I couldn't help but notice the evil coil

continued

of rope that sat oozing its cargo of venom onto the pavement.

"We must run for it. When I give the signal, make for the first cab in the line, and for God's sake, run like the devil himself were at your heels!"

I nodded weakly. Next to a *quoit*, the devil presented to my mind a figure no more terrifying than a tipsy vicar.

"Now!" cried Smith, and flung open the door. We rushed across the width of concrete separating us from the waiting cab and clambered in like madmen, to the driver's utmost surprise. As I shut the door, a long suction-tipped dart attached itself to my window with a wet, poisonous slap.

Smith barked at the driver in some odd tongue and thrust a fistful of Straits dollars into his hand. The driver looked more puzzled still, but, with a shrug of his shoulders that expressed in a single gesture the abyss that forever cleaves the Orient from the Occident, he shifted gears noisily into reverse and began backing down the street at a tremendous clip.

"No, no, you filthy wog!" shouted Smith, and as the driver applied the brakes, he produced and rapidly consulted a tiny blue-covered dictionary. He uttered another word or two, and we proceeded forward down the wharf at high speed.

"It's been a long time," he admitted sheepishly.

We were, for the moment, safe.

As the cab sped through the wide, straight streets of the section of the city on which the compasses and plumb lines of Her Majesty's Engineers had left their indelible mark, Nayland Smith grew more relaxed. Producing and charging a cracked briar with some foul weed, presumably of his own cultivation, he proceeded to fill the cab with a smoke only slightly less toxic than the gooey substance, extracted from katydids, with which the *quoits* treat their assassin's loops. "Well," he laughed, "it's just like the old days, eh Petrie?"

"Too much like," I said. "But look here, Smith. What in blue blazes is going on? I think I am entitled to an explanation."

"And, if you allow me to proceed with a minimum of interruption, you shall have it, in broad strokes, by the time we reach our destination."

"Which is?" I ventured.

"A certain Chinese restaurant, frequented by tourists. But let me tell it in order, for I swear to you, it is the strangest business you shall ever hear of, in or out of the pages of a book."

I readily assented.

"That Dr. Fu-Manchu was dead," he began, "we long accepted as a fact. True, there was neither body nor obituary, but to be alive yet, he would have to vie with the Galápagos turtle in longevity. As you know, when his activities ceased in Europe in 1936, we naturally presumed that he had returned to China and his ancestors. There were other dangers and a fiend worthy of the East arising by then to engage our attention close to home, and there the matter lay. When, after the War, the Communists came to power, it seemed that the Young China, for which he held such disdain, had triumphed at last. China had indeed awakened, and was a menace, yes, but with the coming of the Red dawn, we naturally were confident that the vile and warped creatures it had produced in its uneasy sleep were banished.

"Ah, Petrie, we were fools to think so," he continued, "and the signs were there for any with the wit to read them, whether in Whitehall or on a tobacco farm in Rhodesia. The dozens of Chinese-born scientists, seized with the sudden urge to leave their well-stocked laboratories and return to China. The cleverly arranged purges of American scholars learned in Chinese studies. The mysterious suicide of an American Secretary of Defense who had seen the peril. And later, the well-timed malfunctioning of an American spy plane over Russia that broke a threatening axis. And now the sudden activity, the Ping-Pong tour, a trade agreement, the issuance of a vague invitation for the American President to visit Peking, its dramatic acceptance, and finally the U.N. debacle. Petrie, it is all of a pattern, and the hand on the loom is that of Dr. Fu-Manchu!"

"It cannot be true," I gasped.

"And yet it is," said Smith, "And I am convinced of it beyond a doubt. You see, my role in this business began with a telephone call that coincided with the visit of Sir Alec Douglas-Home, the Foreign Secretary, to Salisbury. The headlines went to the British-Rhodesian agreement, but Sir Alec's visit was at best a pretext, for such was the gravity of the situation and so pervasive the doctor's web, that it was felt that the only secure place for a discussion was in a curing shed on my farm!"

"It is incredible!"

"Yes, but not half so incredible as the tale Sir Alec told—a tale which incidentally led me to spend two nights not a month ago in a Mongolian *turd*, those curious tentlike domes of pressed yak dung, in the company of a colonel in the Russian Army. And while there to search through the charred wreckage of a Chinese Air Force plane that had crash-landed just inside Mongolia not five days before with nine passengers aboard. But I am getting ahead of myself. Sir Alec spoke of strange happenings in China: of the crushing of the Red Guards and the disappearance of nine of the most powerful leaders in China—yes, in that plane crash—Lin Piao, Mao's heir; Lin's wife, Yeh Chun, together with two other Politburo members, Chen Po-ta and Kang Sheng; Wu Fa-hsien, the air force commander; Li Tso-peng, a deputy chief of staff of the army and first political commissar of the navy; Chiu Hui-tso, another deputy chief of staff; Hsu Shih-yu, deputy defense minister and commander of the key East China military region; and Hsieh Fu-chih, head of the powerful Peking Revolutionary Committee and titular leader of the Red Guards. There have been purges before, but this was the decimation of an entire faction; it was as if the whole Cabinet, excepting only the queen and the prime minister, suddenly boarded a Viscount, which then crashed in Iceland, killing them all.

"Add to that a hundred other oddities, troop movements, the grounding of the air force, and so on, and all this on the eve of Nixon's visit, and a pattern emerges. It was thus that Sir Alec came to me, the recognized expert on Fu-Manchu." He said this without humility, for it was true. "And that very day, the new rankings list was published in Peking. Mao Tse-tung was number one, Chou En-lai number two, and Chaing Ching, Mao's wife, was number three."

"I fail to see the significance," I said.

"Good God, Petrie, it has more sig-



"Give me all your money or I'll play 'Come Back to Sorrento' on the back of your head!"

nificance than anything that has taken place since the War, perhaps since the beginning of the century! For Mao is dead, Chou En-lai is none other than Dr. Fu-Manchu, and Chaing Ching is his daughter!"

If Smith had struck me with a pistol, he could not have surprised me more. A thousand questions rose to my lips, but there was not time for even one of them, for even as Smith made this extraordinary declaration, the taxi pulled up to the curb and he dashed out. When I joined him on the sidewalk, he leaned close and said in low tones, "I think we have managed to elude our pursuers. Now it is time for some playacting. We are American tourists, understand?"

I muttered assent, and Smith led the way into the restaurant. It was called Jimmy's Gate of the Heavenly Egg-Roll, and had the garish decorations which serve as a potent caveat to the experienced traveler. It was filled with tourists, mostly Americans off cruise ships, but a few Japanese draped with the Nikons that are their national costume were also present, together with one or two tables of Chinese, whom I presumed to be relatives of the owner, who, in return for a free meal, gave the place the sort of atmosphere that lets housewives from Lansing think they have found a restaurant off the beaten track where the local people eat.

The headwaiter came up. "Wall, I swan," intoned Smith. "My pardner and I'd like to tie on a feedbag for two. Flied lice, right pardner?" he said in a loathsome twang, and jabbed me in the ribs.

"Come out with your hands up," I said. Unfortunately, most of my knowledge of American slang is limited to what I have gleaned from television programmes.

The headwaiter smiled and led us to a small table in a little alcove just past the main dining room. When he had left, Smith hissed an explanation to me without moving his lips.

"Forty-seven American tourists, all of them males in their late forties or middle fifties, have disappeared in Singapore and Hong Kong in the last year. This place is our only solid clue."

He had no time for more, for a waiter appeared with a dish of fortune cookies. This struck me as odd, since they are invariably served at the end of the meal, but it would have been out of character for us to have noticed, so Smith barked a hearty "Swell," and we each opened one. What followed next is blurred in my recollection. Briefly, a greenish gas emanated from the cookies, a drapery which hung to either side of the alcove shot closed, and the portion of the floor which held us and our table began to drop.

The gas had totally paralyzed us but did not render us unconscious, and hence I was able to observe, with the curious detachment of the opium addict, the events which transpired around our frozen forms.

As soon as the platform, which was in fact a cleverly concealed freight elevator, had come even with the floor below, a gang of Chinese appeared and, picking us up like so many bags of noodles, bore us through a passage in the basement wall that gave into a sewer. As we were hurried along, one of them said in English, "One from Column A, and one from Column B," and laughed, and another said, "Give me some Franch frize, chop chop," and they all laughed.

After perhaps twenty minutes, we were thrust through a manhole, and the pungent smell of the vast swirling mass of cold, thin won-ton that sits in Singapore harbor assailed my nostrils. We were bundled along a pier and dropped into a waiting junk, whose hidden diesels came instantly to life the moment we struck the deck.

We had been on the junk for more than an hour, when I spied from my accidental face-up position the low, black outline of a submarine. Nayland Smith must have seen it too, for I thought I detected a twinge around his lips which spoke of a superhuman, but vain, attempt to force his vocal cords to work.

A hatch clanked, four Chinese sailors hopped lightly onto the junk, and we were passed across the iron deck, down the companionway, and through several compartments, until we reached the torpedo room. There we were dumped unceremoniously into a pair of waiting hammocks, and a Chinese orderly arrived with a hypodermic and gave us injections.

Just before I lost consciousness my eyes came to rest on a small square plate screwed to the bulkhead no more than a foot from my face. It had been painted over, but the original inscription was still legible. It read: General Dynamics, Electric Boat Division. SSN-571. USS Thresher.

When consciousness returned, I was lying on a simple mat in a vast, ornate room, on whose walls were intricately carved in an endlessly repeating pattern a succession of raging dragons and billowing waves.

Nayland Smith was thumbing excitedly through a copy of *Life* magazine. On the cover was a picture of President Nixon waving to the crowds from the balcony overlooking Tienanmen Square. It bore the headline "Nixon's Historic Journey to Peking" and the date March 5, 1971.

"Petrie, old man, thank heavens you're alive," cried Smith when he saw that I had awakened. Then he thrust the magazine in my face. "Look at this," he cried.

"Let me guess," I said sourly. "You've discovered that *Life* is cheaper in the Orient."

"Good old Petrie," he laughed. "But in all seriousness, Nixon has come here and gone—we have been unconscious for nearly three weeks!"

"Here?" I queried.

"Come look," he said, and led me to one of the square, barred windows which pierced the room at regular intervals. Shimmering in the murky haze stood the impossible roofs of the Forbidden City. We were in Peking.

"Yes, we have come to meet our old foe on his own ground in what may prove to be our last battle."

It was but one more shock arriving on the heels of a dozen others, and, like patients I had treated during the Blitz, who received with equanimity news of the death of a third or fourth loved one in a single night, I found myself unmoved by our predicament.

"There," pointed Smith, "standing in a line, are the Old Palace, Prospect Hill, and the Drum Tower. That can

continued



continued

mean only one thing—we must be somewhere in the upper chambers of the Gate of Heavenly Peace."

As he spoke, a soft gong sounded, and at the farthest end of the great room, a massive double door opened, and Premier Chou En-lai entered. He was wearing not the customary blue Mao suit, but a rich silk jacket, and on his head sat the black silk cap of the Mandarin order. But, as he drew closer, some subtle change seemed to come over his features, for, with every catlike step he took, his face seemed less like that of the austere-looking man in the Wirephotos and more like the one which occasionally appeared in my worst nightmares, a face in whose high brow and sharp, Satanic features were joined at once the ancient cunning and the fathomless cruelty of the yellow race.

It was Dr. Fu-Manchu.

"Well, Mr. Nayland Smith and Dr. Petrie, what a pleasure to have you as my guests after so many long years." He spoke in perfect English, with the slightest sibilance.

Neither Smith nor I spoke. His face was incredibly old, but his eyes, long and magnetic and of the true institutional green, shone like running lights.

"Ah, you are thinking, it cannot be, it is a trick of the eyes, a vision." He laughed softly. "Surely, as your poet Tennyson put it, 'After many a summer dies the swan'? But no, I am more like the poem's subject, Tithonus, gifted with a sort of immortality, but not"—and his voice held the slightest touch of remorse—"immortal youth. Come, Dr. Petrie, you witnessed some of the medical aspects of my researches. Do you not credit me with the ability to prolong my own life a few paltry decades?"

"But still," I stammered, "it is impossible. You must be, what, all of one-hundred-twenty years old!"

"One hundred thirty-seven in May," he intoned softly. I gasped.

"What do you mean to do with us?" interrupted Smith.

"Still the hasty one, eh Mr. Smith? Well, I will tell you. First we are going on a little tour, and then I am going to give you a very simple choice. Please follow me."

He clapped his hands all but inaudibly, and a pair of evil-looking thugs materialized out of the shadows and placed themselves at our sides.

"I warn you to try no foolish tricks," said Fu-Manchu. "They are Rosicrucians."

He led the way down a wide staircase and into another vast room which appeared to be situated beneath the one in which we had found ourselves, but differed from it in that the windows were several times larger and halfway along one wall a door led to a huge balcony which gave out onto Tienanmen Square. Seated in a heavy, overstuffed chair just inside was Chairman Mao Tse-tung.

Dr. Fu-Manchu went over to the apparently lifeless figure and touched a button on his jacket. Mao got to his feet unsteadily and said in English, "Death to the imperialists and all their running dogs."

The doctor smiled. "Ingenious, is it not? And all but indetectable."

"I thought such purely mechanical things beyond even your science, Fu-Manchu," I said.

He smiled. "You are quite correct, Dr. Petrie."

"Then how——"

"Did you read the account of Mr. Walt Disney's death? Yes? And did it not strike you as odd that there was no funeral? You have had opportunities to observe my death-simulating drugs at work. Are they efficacious? You have experienced one of my abductions. Was it efficient? You have some knowledge of my methods of convincing unwilling people to work. Are they reliable?"

This was too horrible to contemplate. That the creator of the lovable characters who had given such delight to millions of youngsters should be a tool in the hands of Fu-Manchu was vile beyond imagining.

"I see our little tour is already a success," said Fu-Manchu wryly.

He then conducted us down more stairs to an ancient dungeon, along whose walls ran lines of heavily bolted doors. He paused before one and gestured to a thug, who reached up and shot open a little spy door. Then he indicated that we should look within. What I saw jolted me out of my daze, for inside, chained to the wall, was Mr. Richard Nixon, the President of the United States.

Even Smith's composure was not equal to the sight. "Good God," he croaked, "you fiend!"

"Do not be oversolicitous for Mr. Nixon, my dear Mr. Smith. I once sent one of my servants, a member of a fanatic Moslem sect, to take care of a little matter for him in a California hotel, a matter involving the elimination of a rival of his for high office. And he purposed to journey to Peking solely to achieve reelection, and I do not think his countrymen would be pleased if they knew of the price I exacted for the privilege."

"You cannot hope to succeed," rapped Smith.

"Ah, you are thinking I used a mechanical device. Oh no, Mr. Smith, for although I have a high regard for Mr. Disney's talents, I realize his creations could hardly bear close scrutiny. That is why it proved necessary to obtain some reasonable look-alikes from a restaurant in Singapore. They did not have to be perfect, you understand. Plastic surgery accomplishes miracles. But to be utterly convincing, it is essential to begin with the correct bone-structure. Here I adopted the methods of the American space program, preparing no fewer than eight possible substitutes, and subjecting them all to the process by which they became both perfect duplicates and perfect dupes. I did not make the final choice until after I met Mr. Nixon. The substitution itself was, of course, a simple matter. Private discussions between heads of state are, after all, well-guarded from prying eyes."

"I assure you," he continued, "even those very few who know Mr. Nixon well will never discover the change. And as for his public face, can you tell me that, when my Mr. Nixon takes actions which will lead to the destruction of the American economy, the division of her people, and the decay of her world position, anyone will notice in them anything even slightly different from the actions of his predecessor?"



"It's part of the mayor's clean-up program!"

"Why have you done this? What possible reason could you have?" gasped Smith.

Fu-Manchu drew up to his true height and his eyes flashed. "I do not act purposelessly, Mr. Smith! Nor have my purposes changed one iota since our last meeting. I care nothing for the tedious ideology of that fatuous pedagogue, Mark; nor for the mindless desires of the masses; nor for the muling cries of ignorant barbarians in the Third World. I serve China, and I shall see her restored to glory, and the supplicating emissaries of her vassals crowded prostrate before the Dragon Throne, there to be awed and soothed by the hand that holds the Mandate of Heaven!"

"You are mad," said Smith softly.

Fu-Manchu smiled. "Madness consists in delusions; I have none. But enough, gentlemen. We have come to the choice of which I spoke." He led us to a bare little room. It was empty save for a pair of slabs such as one might find in a Harley Street examining room.

"You have doubtless heard that acupuncture is effective in the abatement of pain," said Fu-Manchu. "It is also effective in its production. I will be frank. Your deaths I do not regard as necessary. Alive, in a comfortable place from which escape is impossible, you will afford me a welcome audience as you enjoy an unusually lengthy and pleasant retirement. From your deaths, I gain nothing. You need not trust this appearance of sentimentality, but if it is false, it is pointless, for I could have you killed where you stand in five seconds. I seek no service from you, no betrayal of your country, nothing. You have from time to time been worthy adversaries, and it would be ungenerous of me not to provide you with an opportunity to live. The choice is yours. You have fifteen minutes."

He left abruptly, and the door clanged shut.

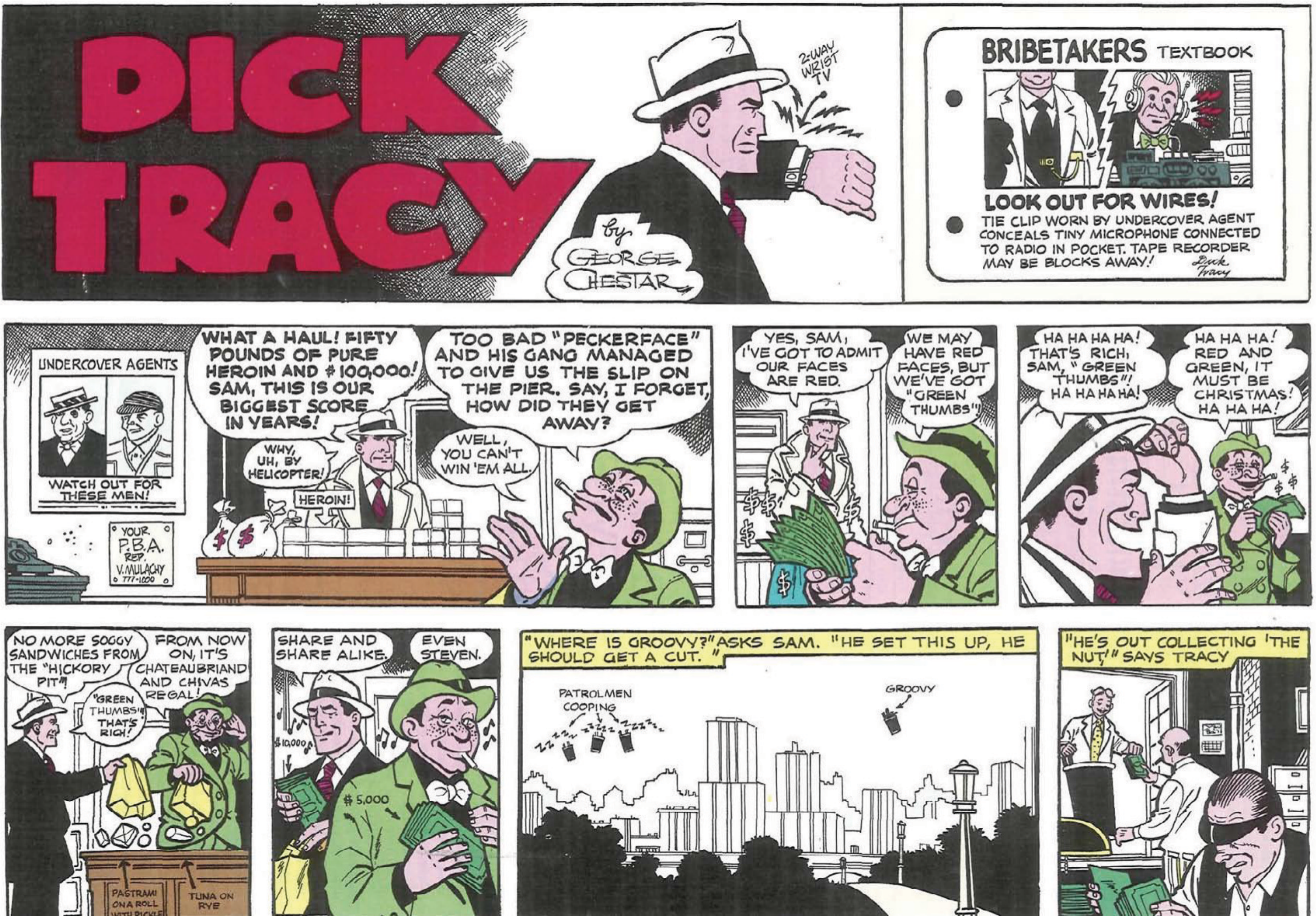
The light spring breeze passed through the galleries of the little palace built by a minor Ming emperor for his favorite concubine, touching and sounding as it passed invisible bells and unseen chimes.

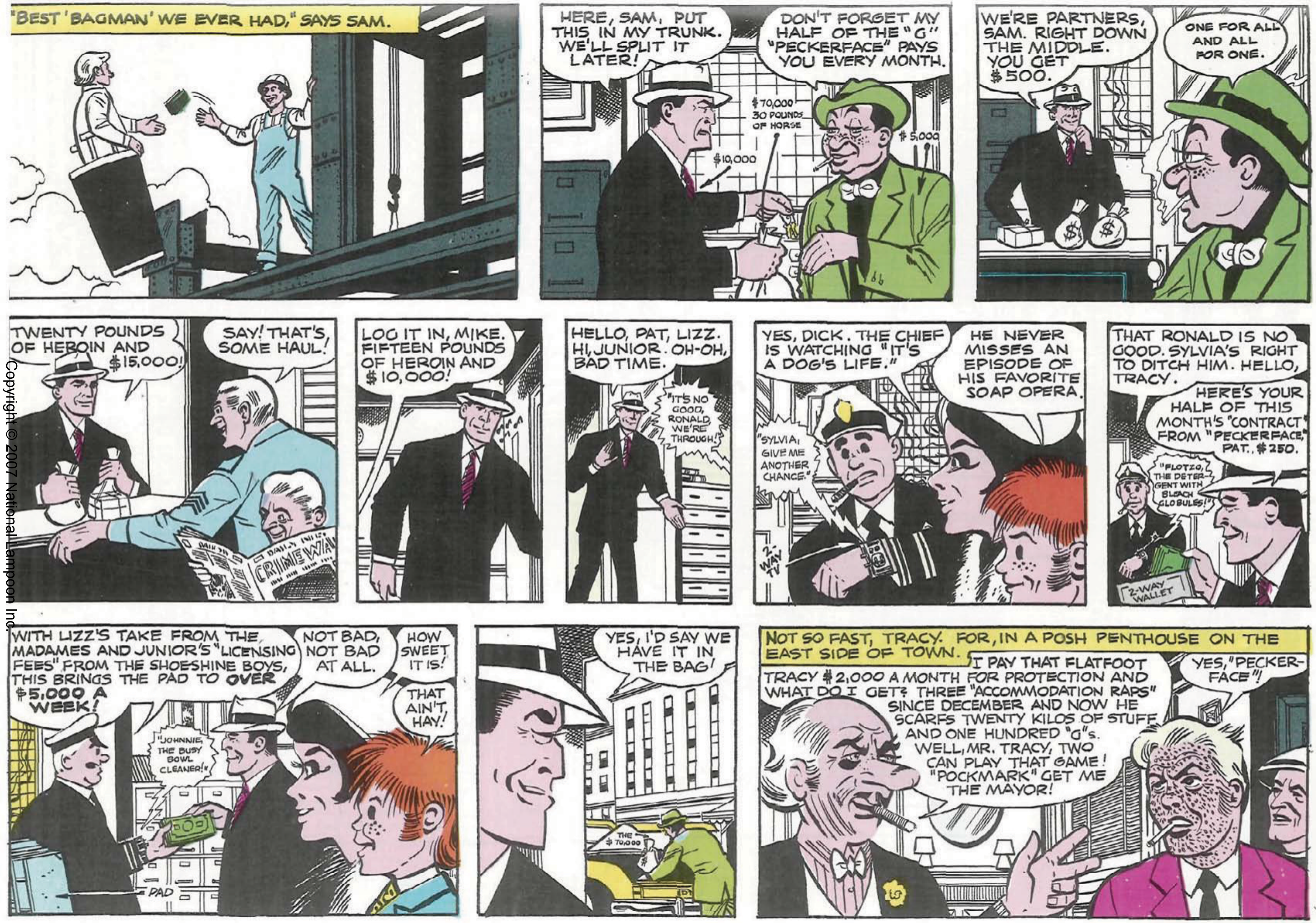
"You are pensive tonight, Dr. Petrie," said Fu-Manchu as he fingered his queen's bishop. "I trust you are not regretting your decision?"

"Heavens, no," I said. I took a sip from my glass of *mai tai*.

"I am so sorry that Mr. Smith did not display equal wisdom. I confess, though I expected it, I do not understand it."

"The mind of the Occidental is inscrutable," I said. His laughter mingled with the sound of the chimes. □


DICK TRACY
by GEORGE CHESTAR
2-WAY WRIST TV
BRIBETAKERS TEXTBOOK
LOOK OUT FOR WIRES!
TIE CLIP WORN BY UNDERCOVER AGENT CONCEALS TINY MICROPHONE CONNECTED TO RADIO IN POCKET. TAPE RECORDER MAY BE BLOCKS AWAY! Dick Tracy
UNDERCOVER AGENTS
WATCH OUT FOR THESE MEN!
YOUR P.B.A. REP. V. MULACHY 777-1000
WHAT A HAUL! FIFTY POUNDS OF PURE HEROIN AND $100,000! SAM, THIS IS OUR BIGGEST SCORE IN YEARS!
WHY, UH, BY HELICOPTER!
HEROIN!
TOO BAD "PECKERFACE" AND HIS GANG MANAGED TO GIVE US THE SLIP ON THE PIER. SAY, I FORGET, HOW DID THEY GET AWAY?
WELL, YOU CAN'T WIN 'EM ALL.
YES, SAM, I'VE GOT TO ADMIT OUR FACES ARE RED.
WE MAY HAVE RED FACES, BUT WE'VE GOT "GREEN THUMBS"!
HA HA HA HA! THAT'S RICH, SAM, "GREEN THUMBS"! HA HA HA HA!
HA HA HA! RED AND GREEN, IT MUST BE CHRISTMAS! HA HA HA!
NO MORE SOGGY SANDWICHES FROM THE "HICKORY PIT"!
FROM NOW ON, IT'S CHATEAUBRIAND AND CHIVAS REGAL!
"GREEN THUMBS"! THAT'S RICH!
PASTRAMI ON A ROLL
TUNA ON RYE
SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE.
EVEN STEVEN.
$10,000
$5,000
"WHERE IS GROOVY?" ASKS SAM. "HE SET THIS UP, HE SHOULD GET A CUT."
PATROLMEN COOPING
GROOVY
"HE'S OUT COLLECTING 'THE NUT'," SAYS TRACY



"BEST 'BAGMAN' WE EVER HAD," SAYS SAM.
HERE, SAM, PUT THIS IN MY TRUNK. WE'LL SPLIT IT LATER!
DON'T FORGET MY HALF OF THE "G" "PECKERFACE" PAYS YOU EVERY MONTH.
$70,000 30 POUNDS OF HORSE
$10,000
$5,000
WE'RE PARTNERS, SAM. RIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE. YOU GET $500.
ONE FOR ALL AND ALL FOR ONE.
TWENTY POUNDS OF HEROIN AND $15,000!
SAY! THAT'S SOME HAUL!
CRIME WA
LOG IT IN, MIKE. FIFTEEN POUNDS OF HEROIN AND $10,000!
HELLO, PAT, LIZZ. HI, JUNIOR. OH-OH, BAD TIME.
"IT'S NO GOOD, RONALD, WE'RE THROUGH!"
YES, DICK. THE CHIEF IS WATCHING "IT'S A DOG'S LIFE."
"SYLVIA, GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE."
2-WAY TV
HE NEVER MISSES AN EPISODE OF HIS FAVORITE SOAP OPERA.
THAT RONALD IS NO GOOD. SYLVIA'S RIGHT TO DITCH HIM. HELLO, TRACY.
HERE'S YOUR HALF OF THIS MONTH'S "CONTRACT" FROM "PECKERFACE," PAT., $250.
"FLOTZO, THE DETERGENT WITH BLEACH GLOBULES!"
2-WAY WALLET
WITH LIZZ'S TAKE FROM THE MADAMES AND JUNIOR'S "LICENSING FEES" FROM THE SHOESHINE BOYS, THIS BRINGS THE PAD TO OVER $5,000 A WEEK!
NOT BAD, NOT BAD AT ALL.
HOW SWEET IT IS!
THAT AIN'T HAY!
"JOHNNIE, THE BUSY BOWL CLEANER!"
PAD
YES, I'D SAY WE HAVE IT IN THE BAG!
THE $70,000
NOT SO FAST, TRACY. FOR, IN A POSH PENTHOUSE ON THE EAST SIDE OF TOWN.
I PAY THAT FLATFOOT TRACY $2,000 A MONTH FOR PROTECTION AND WHAT DO I GET? THREE "ACCOMMODATION RAPS" SINCE DECEMBER AND NOW HE SCARFS TWENTY KILOS OF STUFF AND ONE HUNDRED "G"s. WELL, MR. TRACY, TWO CAN PLAY THAT GAME! "POCKMARK" GET ME THE MAYOR!
YES, "PECKER-FACE"!

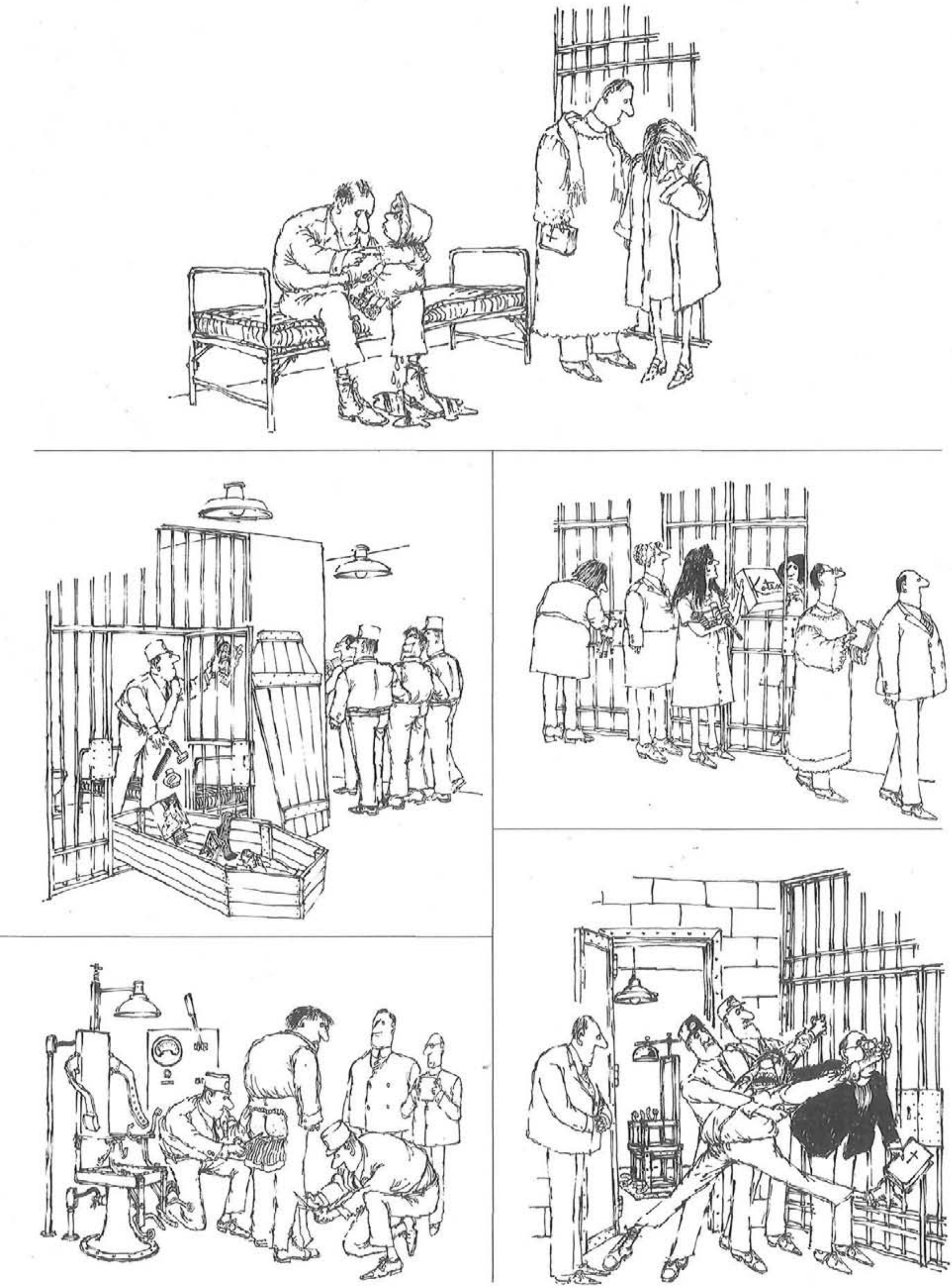
The LAST sMILE

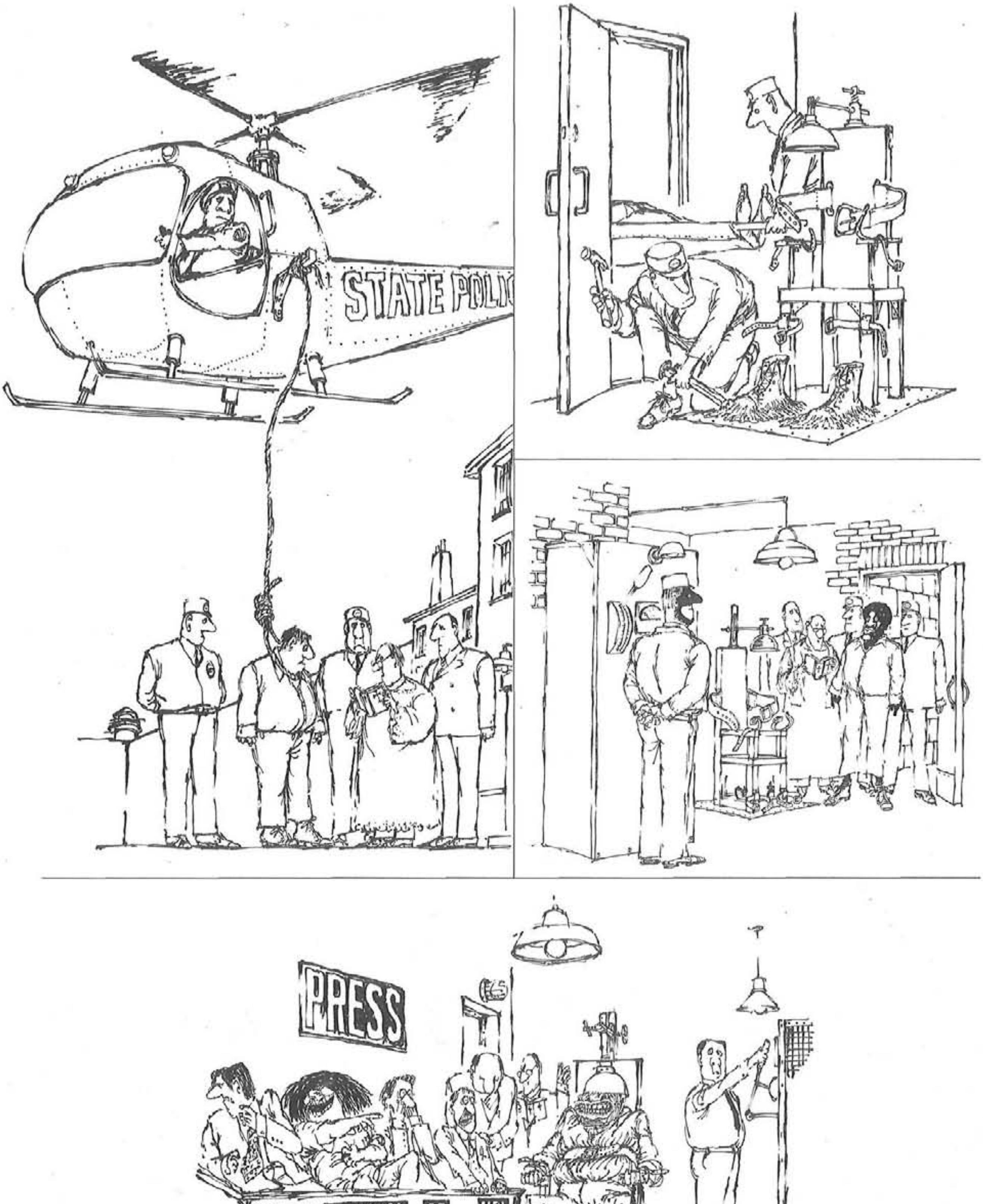
BY rodrigues










STATE POLIC
PRESS
TIME
NATIONAL LAMPOON
AP
UPI

Angela and Rocky Take You on a Tour of the Big House



by George W. S. Trow



Living and Learning at San Quentin Correctional Facility

Hi, I'm Angela Davis on the scene.

And I'm Nelson Rockefeller, remoting in from my understated country retreat in Pocantico Hills, New York.

And we're here to escort you on a personalized tour of SAN QUENTIN CORRECTIONAL FACILITY.

You know, Angela, so many people think that our correctional facilities are an expression of fear and an irrational desire for vengeance and retribution. Nothing could be further from the truth. Correctional facilities are an expression of society's desire to REHABILITATE!

Rock, tell me how "Rehab" works. Quite frankly, I'm still in the dark.

Let me introduce you to a nationally known expert on Rehab. You'll recognize her name immediately. Yes, it's MISS MANNERS!

Yes, it's me, Miss Manners, First Lady of the American Cage. I urge all our guests to follow these simple rules:

1. Keep your nose clean.
2. Keep your hands to yourself.
3. Remember the "magic" words: *Please, Miss Manners; Thank you, Miss Manners;* and *Uncle.*



Obey Miss Manners' three simple rules and reap big rewards at San Quentin Correctional Facility.

1. X-tra washcloth during Christmas.
2. Generous amounts of nourishing air furnished on request.
3. Certified blessings in the language of your choice.*
4. Long-distance phone calls from altruistic Bennington girls.
5. Free subscription to *Look* magazine.
6. Job training in the area of your choice.
   Your Choice: License Plate Manufacture
7. X-tra pencil (when available).

*Death Row Only

Goodness, Nelson, but what happens to the Correctional Guest who fails to keep Miss Manners' three simple rules?

Qualified (or very nearly qualified) Filipino surgeons operate on the cause of the guest's BAD MANNERS. Often a simple, painless operation is enough to put it right. Of course, more complicated cases involving Negrosis (the dread Black Pride) or "Balls" (your doctor's name for Excessive Manhood) may take decades to cure.





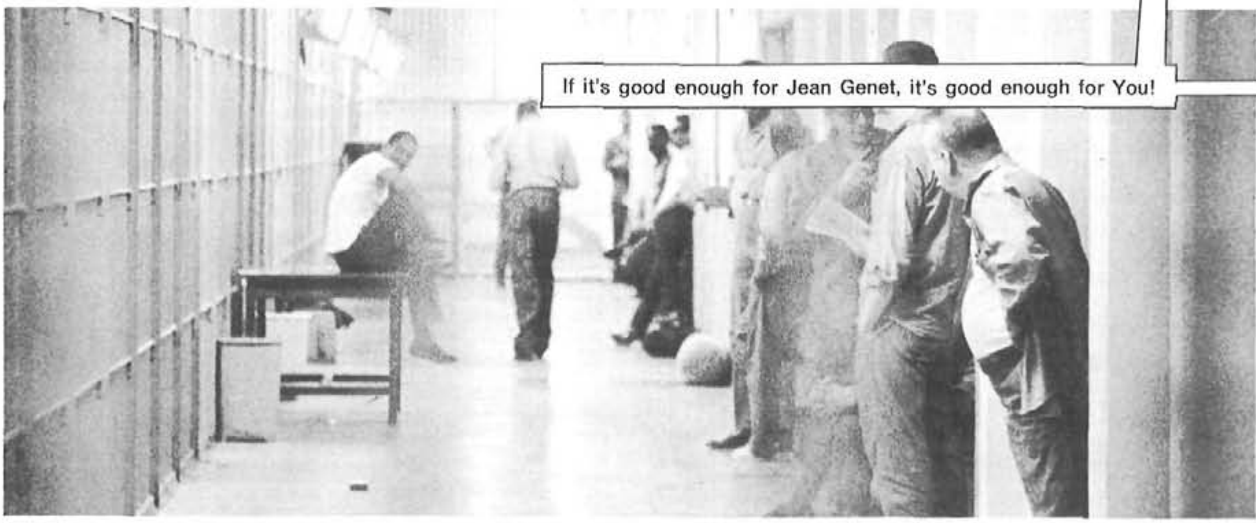


But in any case, it costs the Correctional Guest *not one penny*. Isn't that right?

That's right, Angela, Mr. John Q. Public picks up the tab. It costs a bundle of your tax dollars, but what's money when you know you're helping a man become a boy.

WHY DO SO MANY GUESTS AT SAN QUENTIN CORRECTIONAL FACILITY COME BACK AGAIN AND AGAIN?

COULD IT BE *the lasting friendships formed here*? Yes, friendships are rampant at San Quentin. Many an interesting conversation is struck up here, on "Flirtation Walk."



If it's good enough for Jean Genet, it's good enough for You!

CULTURALLY DEPRIVED?

LIVE A REAL-LIFE DRAMA AT SAN QUENTIN CORRECTIONAL FACILITY, "THE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY OF THE STARS."

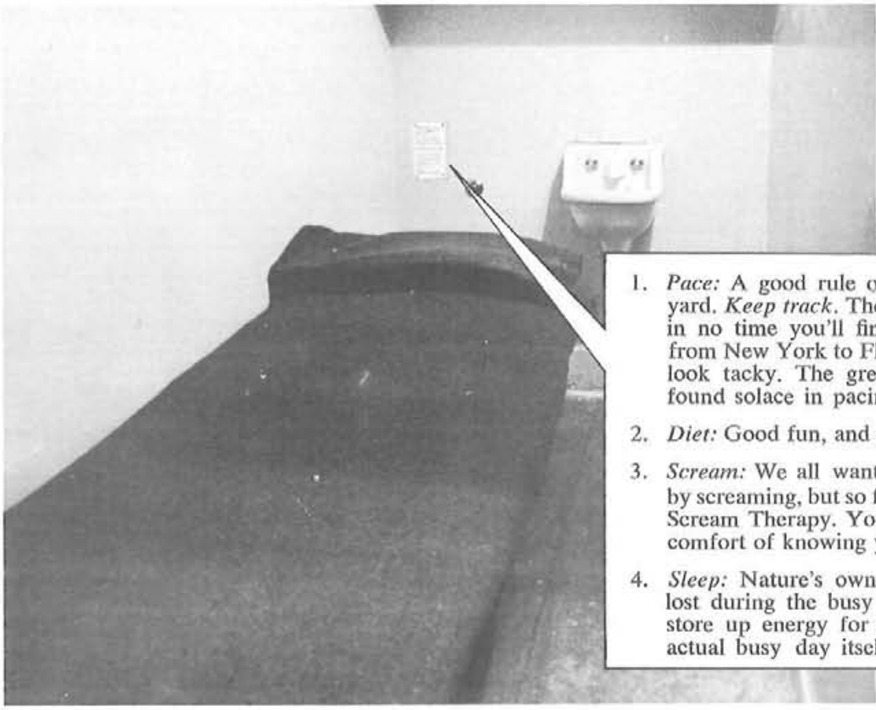
***THEATRE OF CRUELTY**

***THEATRE OF LONELINESS**

***THEATRE OF BOREDOM**

It's all for free at San Quentin Correctional Facility!

You don't have to SULK in Solitary. When the "ace in the *hole*" is *you*, remember, you can always . .





1. *Pace:* A good rule of thumb is that one stride equals a yard. *Keep track*. Those yards will mount up quickly, and in no time you'll find that you've walked the distance from New York to Flint, Michigan. Pacing makes jogging look tacky. The great and the near-great have always found solace in pacing. Ask Leibnitz; ask Spinoza!
2. *Diet:* Good fun, and good for you, too, "chubby."
3. *Scream:* We all want to re-create the agony of our birth by screaming, but so few of us can afford expensive Primal Scream Therapy. You get free intensive sessions and the comfort of knowing you won't be disturbing others.
4. *Sleep:* Nature's own way of restoring precious energy lost during the busy day. Lucky you—you'll be able to store up energy for busy days *years in advance* of the actual busy day itself.

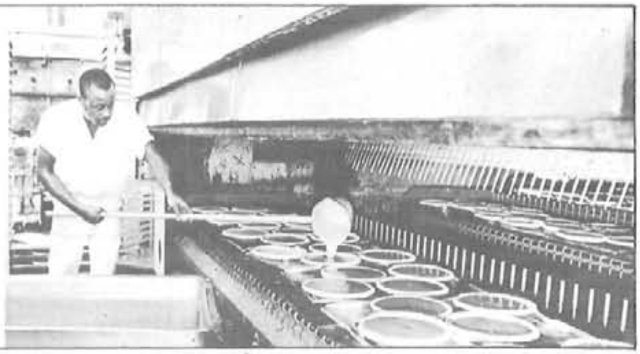
Why do so many guests at San Quentin Correctional Facility come back again and again?

COULD IT BE *the Food*?

Angela's special recipe for Floating Oatmeal Salad à la San Quentin Correctional Facility:

1. Three carloads aged oatmeal.
2. Forty gallons pure creamery Wesson oil.
3. Your favorite soft drink.

Makes 5,000 generous helpings, or 20,000 child's portions.



With the Mandatory Second-Helping Program in full effect, there's never any left at the San Quentin Correctional Facility!

Why do so many guests at San Quentin Correctional Facility come back again and again?







COULD IT BE the Sports? Men of action have their own way of entering into meaningful dialogue at S.Q.C.F. Informal sporting contests between prisoners and guards are just part of the fun.

I tell my troubles to an understanding counselor at San Quentin Correctional Facility.





THERE'S A RIOT GOING ON!

And You're invited.

RSVP San Quentin C

Yes, at San Quentin there is in-depth therapy and counseling by qualified Caucasians with many years' experience on the vaudeville circuit and elsewhere. While fewer guests than previously take advantage of the elaborate Electric Shock Therapy Program, more and more are discovering the therapeutic benefits of psychodrama (Correctional guests are encouraged to reexperience the Thirty Years War, for instance), and nearly everyone takes part in realistic encounter sessions. Guards participate, too, and frequently express Pent-Up Hostility Honestly and Frankly. Sometimes they can be seen taking the "role" of "hostage," with all the touching submissions and degradations that role entails.

GUEST LIST

1. Revolutionaries
2. Ringleaders
3. Troublemakers
4. Unwitting Dupes
5. Innocent Bystanders
6. Hostages (dead)
7. Official Representative of the Governor

Here, Angela, try my official guest-list on for size!



Gosh, Angela, I wish I could be there in person, but pressing commitments keep me here at my understated retreat in Pocantico Hills, New York. May I send as my personal representatives about five thousand riot police trained to maim and kill? Later, just give me the names of Those Who Have Given Their Lives in My Name (hostages only, please), and I'll see to it that their loved ones receive a $25 savings bond and a complimentary tour of fabulous Rockefeller Center. (Sorry, offer does not apply to the wounded, maimed, or Rainbow Grill.)
Well, I'm remoting out now, God Bless!

Thanks, Governor, the crew will have these cameras out in a jiffy. . . .

continued from page 53

dreamed of driving very fast on a straight highway along which engines had been arranged in a slalom course. A voice sang, "Chevrolet—A Better Way to Go D.O.A.," and I kept trying to hit the brake, but there wasn't any. Rendall was sitting next to me sticking bolts in all his holes and telling me not to worry, because he was already dead. Then parts started lazily flying out from under the hood and hitting the highway with a sound like clanging pails, and then the clanging turned into a ringing, and I woke up sweating. It was 8:30. The telephone was ringing. I answered it.

"Nader here," I said. I also said, "This phone is tapped." It was too early in the morning to think up any nifties.

"Mr. Nader, it's me." It was Mrs. Stallworth.

"Okey," I said. Most of the tiles in my tray were *q*'s and *x*'s, so I wasn't going for any fancy triple-word scores.

"I just got a call from someone out on the Beltway who told me to meet him in an hour. It's about some letters I sent to someone I used to lend my car to that he's got. He thinks I have something he wants."

I was thinking about as quickly as one of those dinosaurs that had to send postcards to its feet to start walking. I waited for the little buzzer to tell me my time was up. "I guess I'll have to settle for the Speidel and the free shoes for life," I said.

"What?"

"Try it another way," I said.

She did some thinking. "Sounds like Olivetti," she said finally.

That worked. I was going to pay Spinetti a call anyway, but I didn't want her around. I had a feeling that the atmospheric lead-count was going to be unusually high. I told her to stay home.

"I can't," she said. "I've got to see to it I get those letters back."

I started to tell her that was what her $50-a-day was buying, but I was just spinning the V.U. meters on Mr. Hoover's Wollensaks. She had hung up. I dialed her number, but she had left the phone off the hook.

I washed my face. Then I went to the drawer where I keep a spare shirt. It didn't say it had a ring around its collar, so I took off the soggy one I was wearing, and put it on.

I opened the drawer of my desk and took out the Triple-A Recommended Smith and Wesson .38 and strapped it on. Then I fitted my hat gently on my head. I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror as I went out. I didn't look stronger than dirt.

Outside, nobody's clothes were turning white as I walked by.

Beltway Buick was in Falls Church, just past the intersection of Route 29 and the Beltway. Route 29 is the road the airport buses take out to Dulles, and for a couple of dollars, the driver made an unscheduled stop before getting on I-495 and left me off under the overpass, about three hundred yards away from ten acres of cars with prices soaped in their windows and, overhead, a sign that said Beltway Buick and a lot of leathery red, white, and blue pennants strung up on wires and rattling in the wind and a big yellow board in the shape of a price tag with O.K. Used Cars on it. This told everyone that the odometers were as reliable as a sundial in a snowstorm.

I walked across the asphalt to the glass-walled building where they keep the Cars of the Decade for a year. I was looking at a Buick Riviera with dealers' plates parked out front, when a man wearing a suit made out of the stuff they used to use to jam radar came out and let me see his teeth.

"Any man who comes on foot must need a car real bad," he sang. "Are you looking for something new, or can I show you one of our quality reconditioned cars?" There was a tone in his voice that said anyone who spent a lot of time walking probably wouldn't need a guidebook to find his way around the Kremlin.

"I'm looking for Spinetti," I said. He put his teeth away. Showing me Spinetti wasn't going to get him any bonuses.

"Right this way," he said, and led me through the showroom. The 1972 cars all had serious looks on their grilles. Last year they had foolish chromium grins. Times are bad all over.

"Didn't I read somewhere that Spinetti was Salesman of the Year in this region a year or so back?" I asked. That bought me a couple of incisors.

"You bet," he said. "Almost a thousand cars. It's an area record." He looked happier. Maybe I had let my Party membership expire.

Spinetti's office was in back, flanked by a pair of dusty rubber plants in tubs. His door had his name on it: Vincent J. Spinetti.

Mr. Happy Tooth did a quick shave-and-a-haircut on the door and warbled, "Mr. Spinetti, a gentleman to see you."

The door opened slowly. Out of habit I put my foot against it. What was making it open was a thick, heavy man in a conservative suit with a face that should have been served with horseradish and cocktail sauce and those little crackers. What was making it open slowly was fear. It was in his bulging eyes, and his pulpy face, and in the way his hand was testing the doorknob for resistance to vibration. He looked at me the way squirrels look at semis just before they get turned into little red lumps on the concrete.

"Yes," he croaked. If a city had his breath, they'd be taking some distilleries to court.

"The name is Nader," I said.

He kept looking. "Okey, Carter," he said. Carter went away.

We went into his office.

"Well, Mr. Nader, what can I do for you?" He was trying to sound like Mr. Spinetti the Big-Shot Dealer. What he sounded like was little Vin Spinetti who got caught urinating on a neighbor's rosebush.

"On the road to Georgetown I met a man with seven stab wounds who found a defect in seven million Chevrolets. I got sapped once. Now here's the poser: How many numbers do I have to dial to get the District Police?" I reached for his phone.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he said. That act held up for the time it took me to dial one number.

He hit the cradle button with a pudgy finger. "Who are you and what do you want?"

I showed him a card.

"Public eye, huh?" He made it sound like something you took drops for.

"I'm not the Man from Glad."

continued



"Perfect!! I'll mail your check when I get the insurance money!"

continued

"Who are you working for?"

"I've got seven million and one clients. The first seven million want to know about a car they own that gets a kick out of dropping its load in the road. The last one wants some letters back. Since she's footing the bill, let's talk about her first."

"Letters?" He was getting confident. I wasn't the law. Maybe if he zipped up his fly very quick, his mommy would never know.

"No more games, Spinetti," I said. "Let me tell you the way I see it, and if I leave anything out, you tell me afterwards. Sometime last week Larry Rendall drove out here in a Camaro you sold to a Mrs. Stallworth and told you he had something the boys in Detroit would pay a lot to keep from getting around. He probably picked you because your name was on the back of the car, and because he figured it didn't much matter who in GM he went to, because word would get back. He gave you the name of a part and a stock number, and told you what happened to it when you hit it with a hammer, and said to get in touch with him when you had some word. It didn't mean anything to you, but you figured it wouldn't look good on your record if there was something in what he was saying and you let it go by, so you make a call, and they tell you they'll look into it. Pretty soon they call back, and they tell you to stall him, deal with him, anything, until they can get some people out from Detroit to see him, and they talk to you about stock options and bonuses if it all goes all right."

Spinetti had a silly smile on his face. He wasn't looking at me. He was smelling the roses and looking at the glistening leaves.

"So you called Rendall and arranged to meet him at his place Friday night. When you got there, Rendall was cocky and named some ridiculous sum, and laughed at you, and maybe you got mad or maybe you figured a dead Larry Rendall would please the company even more than a bought-off one, maybe ten thousand shares more, who knows? So you did a little stabbing, and Rendall did a lot of struggling and took a tie clip off you, but you were in a hurry and afraid and didn't notice. You found it missing Monday morning, so you went back Monday night, and searched for it, but all you found were some love letters. You figured they might buy you some silence from Mrs. Stallworth if Larry had done any talking to her, and that might come in handy, because by now the boys from Detroit are all over the place, and they don't like the way you've been handling things, and they tell you Mrs. Stallworth has gone to see a dick. But just as you're about to leave, some gumshoe comes up and plays with the doorbell, and then with the lock, and you give him a sap to eat. But what do you know? He gets your license number,"—this was for drama—"and finds a tie clip."

The first time I said those words Spinetti had jerked like those dummies in the collision tests. He did the second time, too.

"What do you want me to do?" It was a whimper.

"First of all, you're going to give me the letters." Mrs. Stallworth had a good ear for an entrance line, because right then Carter did his little paradiddle on the door, and she walked in. As soon as Carter closed it, she brought out a little nickel-plated .22 of the kind women keep in their purses so muggers will have something to shoot them with in case they forgot to bring their own.

"I want those letters," she said. The gun didn't say anything, but it looked like it was getting ready to.

"Put it away, Mrs. Stallworth," I said. "Mr. Spinetti was just about to give them to me, weren't you, Mr. Spinetti?" He was. One of the fat little crabs that lived on the ends of his wrists scuttled into a drawer and came out with a sheaf of letters. Penny snatched them, took a quick look, and then stuffed them in her purse.

"No Xeroxes?" I said. He shook his head no. His hand was heading back into the drawer, so I picked up a heavy brass ruler he had on his desk that had the Golden Rule printed on it, and hit it. Then I went over and took the gun it had been looking for out of the drawer and put it in my pocket.

Spinetti looked at his hand. I had rapped his knuckles, maybe that was the end of it.

I told Penny to put away the gun again, and this time she did. Then I had a bright idea and told her to go home, but I was a little late. The door opened without a knock and a half dozen hard-looking men in gray suits came in. They were on the company payroll, but I was willing to bet they weren't the Pontiac Choirboys.

Spinetti's face did an impression of the underbelly of a grouper.

One of the men said, "Let's go," and just in case Spinetti hadn't heard this, two more picked him up out of his chair and took him out. Spinetti had made a mess. Messes were bad for business. They were tidying up. In about an hour he was going to be just one more body by Fisher.

The man who seemed to be giving the orders looked at me. "Don't I know you?" he said.

I took a chance. Maybe this was a different set of goons from the ones that had been tailing me and calling in death threats. Maybe it was a special set who took care of this kind of work.

"No, sir," I said, trying to sound as gee-whiz as I could. "The wife and I were just in looking at a Le Mans. Say, are you G-men?" I figured I'd make it as easy for him as I could.

He reached in his pocket. I had a feeling he wasn't going to show me his Lark pack. He took out a gun. He used it as a badge to fool Mr. and Mrs. Booby.

"That's right, folks," he said. "And you'll be doing the government a big favor if you keep quiet about this."

"Gosh," I said, "you bet. We won't say a thing, will we, Velma?"

"No siree," said Velma. "We won't breathe a word." She was good. Paper covers rock.

They went out.

We sat still for five minutes. Then I got up. Someone had replaced my legs with a pair of swizzle sticks.

"Now what?" said Penny Stallworth.

"Now you go home. Here are the keys to your car. It was in Rendall's garage. It's parked on Wisconsin, near P Street. Don't get it for a couple of days. Rendall's dead. Spinetti killed him. I haven't done any talking to the law, and it doesn't look like I'm going to have to now, but if I do have to, there's no way I can tell it and leave you out of it."

She didn't bother to look sad. She took the keys and put them in her purse and took out some bills.

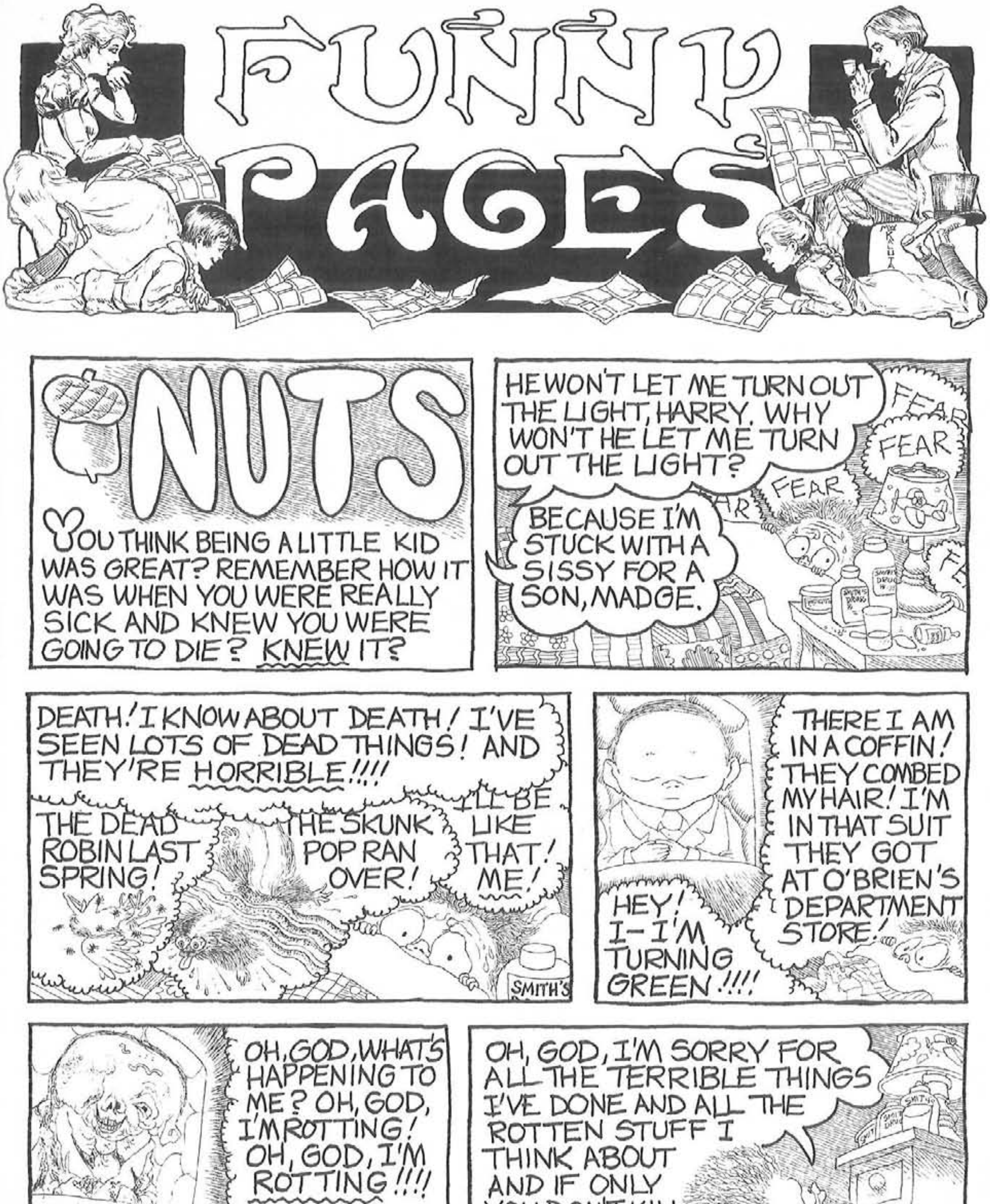
"Nix," I said. "You gave me $100. I worked two days. We're quits."

She put the money away, and then she gave me the kind of kiss uncles get, and then she walked away very fast.

I gave her a few minutes and then I walked outside. Carter was talking to a couple of suckers who weren't a shamus and his client pretending to be rubes. He didn't see me go.

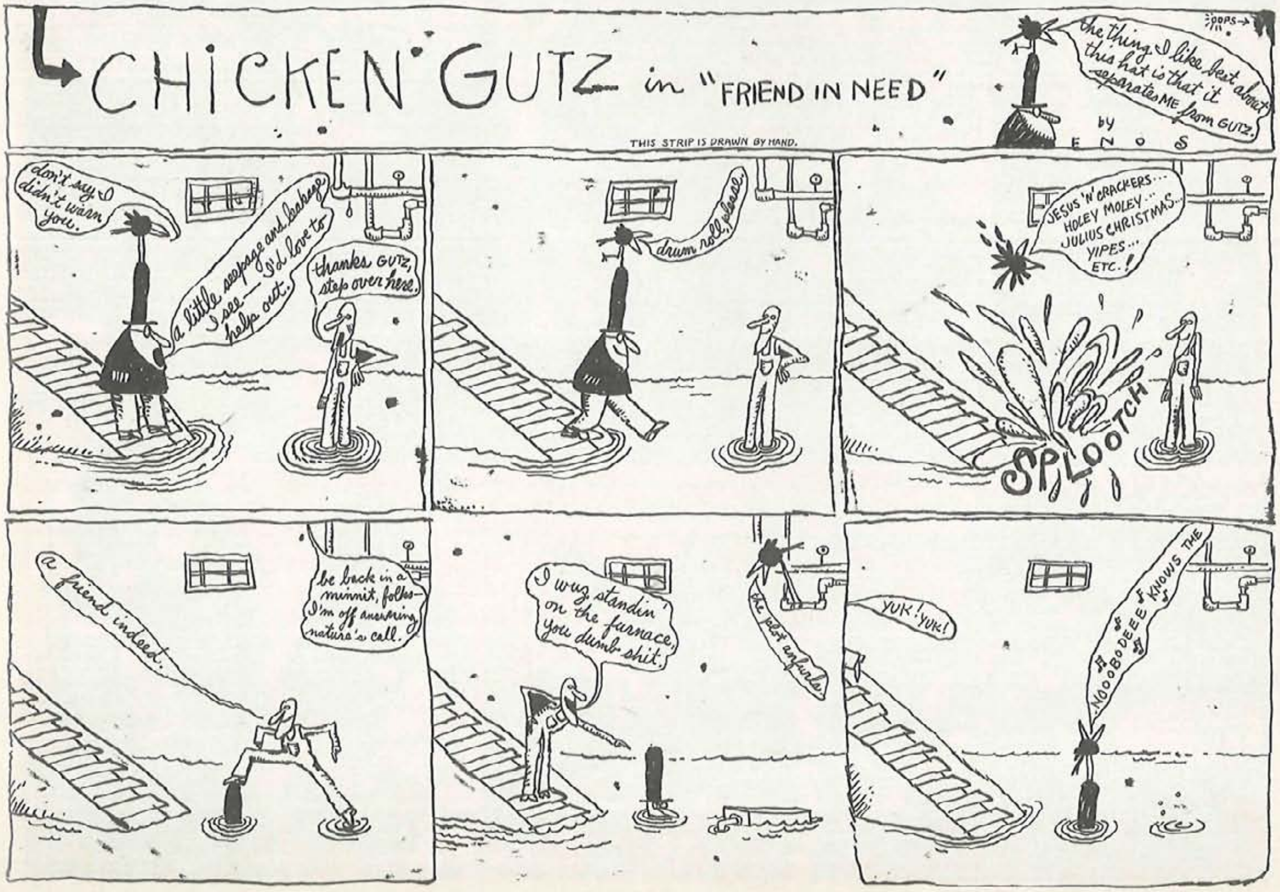
I walked along the highway to a place where I could flag the bus. The people going by in their cars made sighing noises, and whether it was the people who made them, or the cars, you couldn't tell. Defective people in defective cars, moving fast, but not fast enough. It didn't matter whether you ended up sitting in a bathtub with too many holes in your body to repair, or whether you did something stupid and they came and took you away . . . it was all the same. Everyone goes back, sooner or later, back in the big recall.

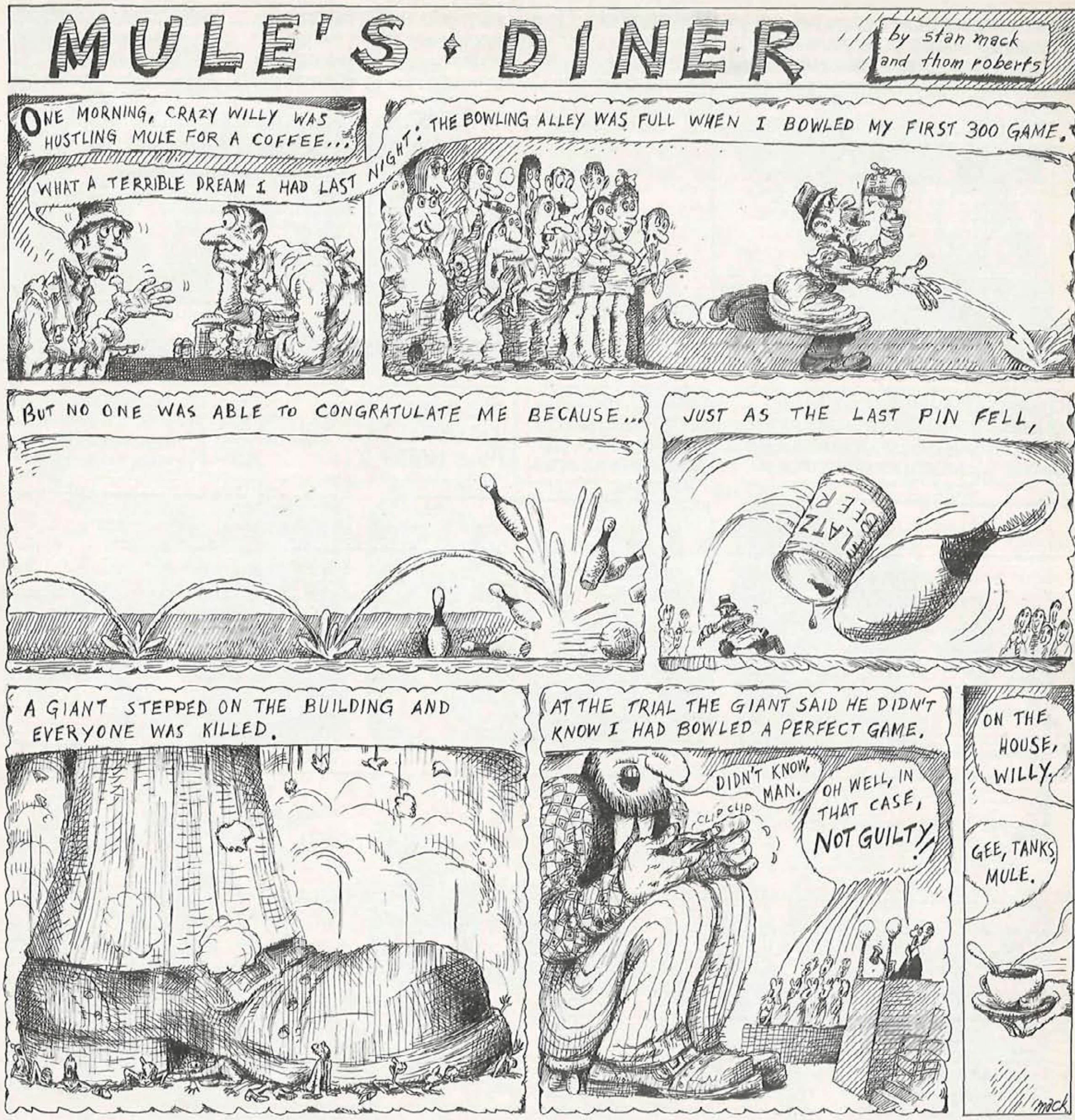
When I got back downtown I made some telephone calls to a few congressmen and sent the bolt with some notes to a man I know in the National Traffic Safety Bureau. After that I went home. ☐


FUNNY PAGES
NUTS
YOU THINK BEING A LITTLE KID WAS GREAT? REMEMBER HOW IT WAS WHEN YOU WERE REALLY SICK AND KNEW YOU WERE GOING TO DIE? KNEW IT?
HE WON'T LET ME TURN OUT THE LIGHT, HARRY. WHY WON'T HE LET ME TURN OUT THE LIGHT?
FEAR
FEAR
FEAR
BECAUSE I'M STUCK WITH A SISSY FOR A SON, MADGE.
DEATH! I KNOW ABOUT DEATH! I'VE SEEN LOTS OF DEAD THINGS! AND THEY'RE HORRIBLE!!!!
THE DEAD ROBIN LAST SPRING!
THE SKUNK POP RAN OVER!
I'LL BE LIKE THAT! ME!
SMITH'S
THERE I AM IN A COFFIN! THEY COMBED MY HAIR! I'M IN THAT SUIT THEY GOT AT O'BRIEN'S DEPARTMENT STORE!
HEY! I-I'M TURNING GREEN!!!!
OH, GOD, WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? OH, GOD, I'M ROTTING! OH, GOD, I'M ROTTING!!!!
Gahan Wilson
OH, GOD, I'M SORRY FOR ALL THE TERRIBLE THINGS I'VE DONE AND ALL THE ROTTEN STUFF I THINK ABOUT AND IF ONLY YOU DON'T KILL ME, GOD, I PRO
I'LL NEVER, EVER DO
ANY OF IT AGAIN, GOD, IF YOU
NEXT MONTH: "A DIFFICULT RECOVERY"


CRASH CHRISTIAN
by MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE + FRANK SPRINGER
AMERICA'S ACE OF THE AIRWAVES WHO FLIES ON FAITH ALONE!
"I'LL SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE, HOOKNOSE!"
DAWN PATROL! CRASH IS FLYING A ROUTINE MISSION OVER MUONG KHUONG, FIRE-BOMBING ANCIENT SHRINES....
TRY THIS FOR SIZE, BUDDHA-HEADS!
WHOOM!
WHEN SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE SUN, STREAKS C.C'S ARCH-FOE, "THE BARNSTORMING MONEYLENDER," PONTIUS PILOT!
יִתְגַּדַּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ
A SAVAGE DOGFIGHT ENSUES BETWEEN THE HEBRAIC MERCENARY IN THE EMPLOY OF THE IDOLATROUS KONG AND THE FLAXEN-HAIRED DEFENDER OF THE TRUE RELIGION....
DIE, GOY!
TAKKA TAKKA TAKKA
TAKKA TAKKA
DIE, YID!
HOURS PASS AND STILL NO VICTOR....
TAKKA! TAKKA!
SCREEE!
ZING!
POWF! POWF!
BWEEE!!
ZING!
BEEOW!
WHREEE!
TAKKA TAKKA TAKKA!!!
VAROOOSH!
THEN, EACH IMPORTUNES HIS OWN GOD TO BREAK THE STALEMATE....
KILL, YAHWEH! RAIN FIRE ON THE INFIDEL! STRIKE FOR THE PROTOCOLS OF THE ELDERS OF ZION!
OH LORD ALMIGHTY! EXPUNGE THE ACCURSED JEW WHO DROVE NAILS OF IRON INTO THE FLESH OF OUR BELOVED SAVIOR! ZAP HIM IN THE NAME OF THE HOLY FATHER! AMEN!
THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT IS AT HAND! BOTH FACE THE SUPREME TEST! WHICH WILL THE DEITY CHOOSE?
THE EARTH TREMBLES, THE HEAVENS PART, AND...
OY-VEY!
K-PVOW!
THE ZOOMING ZIONIST IS ZAPPED!!
...OR IS HE?
THE END
FLY WITH US AGAIN IN OUR NEXT EPISODE- "BITE THE DUST, COMMO CREEPS!" WHEN YOU'LL HEAR HAIPHONG HELEN, "THE VOICE OF THE RED MENACE," SAY:
NOW YOU OUR PRISONER, HONORABLE CRASH! YOU MUST LICK TOE OF THIS WEIRD PAGAN IDOL OR WE DISEMBOWEL YOU AND STICK POISON BAMBOO-SHOOTS UP YOUR NOSE!
...AND YOU'LL HEAR CRASH REPLY:
KISS OFF, CHINK!!


ONCE UPON A TIME AT 2:30 IN THE AFTERNOON, THERE LIVED A WISE AND BENEVOLENT AND WONDERFUL WIZARD WHO WORE A BIG HAT AND WENT BY THE HANDLE:
CHEECH WIZARD
by VAUGHN BODE
©1972
WOW. CHEECH, DAT OUNCE OF GRASS YOU SOLD ME WAS POW!
I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE IT, BILE BRAIN, MY OWN BLEND: CRUMBLED BAT GUANO... WANNA 'NOTHER LID?
WELL, NO... CAUSE IT MAKES ME THROW UP.
CHRIST, BEAT IT, GO HOME. I IS CONTEMPLATING MYSTIC CONCEPTS DAT IS FAR BEYOND YER PINPOINT MIND.
BODE PICTOGRAPHY ©
I DON'T GOT NO HOME, I IS AN ORPHAN.
TOUGH TITTY, KID, WE ALL GOT SOCIAL STIGMAS... HEY, LOOKIT THAT LUSCIOUS BROAD RUBBIN' ON DAT LUCKY TREE TRUNK!
SAY THERE, PILLOW TITS, I'LL CAST YOU A MAGIC SPELL FOR A PIECE OF DA TREE TRUNK'S ACTION.
GO WAY, I DO NOT BALL HATS.
DO A TRICK, CHEECH.
MOST BROADS WOULD JUMP AT DA CHANCE TO MAKE IT WITH A HAT.


CHICKEN GUTZ in "FRIEND IN NEED"
the thing I like best about this hat is that it separates ME from GUTZ.
OOPS →
by ENOS
THIS STRIP IS DRAWN BY HAND.
don't say I didn't warn you.
a little seepage and leakage I see— I'd love to help out.
thanks GUTZ, step over here.
drum roll, please.
JESUS 'N' CRACKERS... HOLEY MOLEY... JULIUS CHRISTMAS... YIPES... ETC.!
SPLOOTCH
a friend indeed.
be back in a minnit, folks— I'm off answering nature's call.
I wuz standin' on the furnace, you dumb shit.
the plot anfurls.
YUK! YUK!
NOOOBODEEE KNOWS THE


MULE'S DINER
by stan mack and thom roberts
ONE MORNING, CRAZY WILLY WAS HUSTLING MULE FOR A COFFEE...
WHAT A TERRIBLE DREAM I HAD LAST NIGHT: THE BOWLING ALLEY WAS FULL WHEN I BOWLED MY FIRST 300 GAME.
BUT NO ONE WAS ABLE TO CONGRATULATE ME BECAUSE...
JUST AS THE LAST PIN FELL,
A GIANT STEPPED ON THE BUILDING AND EVERYONE WAS KILLED.
AT THE TRIAL THE GIANT SAID HE DIDN'T KNOW I HAD BOWLED A PERFECT GAME.
DIDN'T KNOW, MAN.
CLIP CLIP
OH WELL, IN THAT CASE, NOT GUILTY!
ON THE HOUSE, WILLY.
GEE, TANKS, MULE.
mack


loumyers


A cloud comix PRESENTATION
tales of the TIMEBEAST
THEY LACK THE BALLS TO FIGHT FOR THEMSELVES!
SWALLOW DEATH! LAME ONE!!
THEY ALL LOOK ALIKE TO ME!
VAGENA AND THE AMAZONS HAVE TRAVELED VIA TIMEBEAST TO NECROPOLIS, TO LIBERATE AN OPPRESSED RACE OF ANDROIDS KNOWN AS "THE GRIEVOUS LAMES", AND DESTROY THE AMORPHOS EYES, WATCHFUL INSTRUMENTS OF AN EVIL TYRANT!!
ARISE! AND CAST OFF YOUR CHAINS!!
WE'RE NOT WORRIED, NO NOT US!!
WE'VE... GOT NO... REGRETS!
THE VENOMOUS MOONSHRINKER, RULER OF NECROPOLIS, AND OPPRESSOR EXTRAORDINAIRE, WATCHES WITH NINO "THE HITTER" GREASERONI, HIS LOYAL ROBOT !!!
I'LL SOON PLUNK HER TWANGER!
VAGENA! ...EYE CLANK! ...OUCH!NIZE! BEEP! TITS!
YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE SOME RESPECT FOR THESE LAMES, BUT HOW CAN YOU DEAL WITH IT?
TAKE ME TO "HIS EXCREMENCY'S" QUARTERS, LAME!
Vagena enters via window
oy!
PREPARE TO DIE, CHAUVINIST PIG!
WE'VE
GOT
Gulp!
SORRY, VAJ, THE LAMES LOVE ME. THEY WILL OFF ANYONE FOR ME AT THE PUSH OF A BUTTON!!
NO
REGRETS!
WHAT OF... MY BUTTON? IF NOT FOR THE CHASTITY BELT I WEAR...
SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVERSITY!
NINO WILL CRUSH IT!! HIS FINGERS ARE ITCHING!!
MMMM!!
CRUNCH
BILLIONS OF MILES AWAY, AN ALARM RINGS IN THE SPACESHIP OF PRIEST WARRIOR PHALOS, SOLDIER OF THE RIGHTEOUS UNIVERSE!
clang! clang!
THAT UNGODLY MOON-SHRINKER, I KNEW HE'D USE ANY MEANS TO GAIN ENTRANCE TO HER... SACRED CHAMBER!
AND IF HE HAS, SHE'S COMPLETELY HELPLESS!!
TO BE CONTINUED!
BY BILL SKURSKI & MIKE SULLIVAN



COMING NEXT MONTH

Escape

"I am varning you, Major Reltney, any more escape attempts vill be dealt with harshly. I vill show no *mercy, me, the Mersey! The next stop on your killer-hurricane tour of the magical Midlands. From the moment you board the sleek, stern-wheel hydrofoil,* Hugh Gaitskell, *at Slum-on-Mersey-with-Mayo, the uninteresting history of Wales will unfold before your puffy eyes as you sit in Spartan luxury*, hanging from beryllium wrist irons in the infamous Caves of Zoom. "Dale, Dale," cried Flash, but the only answer he got was a spine-chilling shriek from the bloated mouth of a man-eating *Ka-Blam, the prune-filled, nut-chocked, snack-time treat that lets you stretch those little trips to the john into a Hawaiian holiday. Get some* tonight, at nine, in the Strudelstrasse. He will be wearing a blue muslin tarboosh and will whistle the andante from De Kuyper's *Mazurka for a Blue Monday*. You will respond by striking a frying pan with a spoon. He will take you to Glomisch. From there it is only two kilometers to *surprising Nogales, Arizona, contentment capital of the cactus-ridden Southwest, where the hawking of doomed oldsters mingles with the rhythmic flatulence of mindless wetbacks in a soft* burst of machine-gun fire that sent bullets humming over our heads like angry bees. "Sarge, Sarge, what are we going to do?" Willis moaned. "They're all over the place, there must be a million of 'em." Sgt. "Gruff" Garotte spit out the soggy cigar that looked like it had been in his mouth since Tarawa. "Do?" he growled. "I'll tell you what we're gonna do. We're gonna get that Jap machine-gun nest! Stokowski, you go around left, Ormandy, you go right. I'll take *D.O.A. Airlines, the only airline with a special coach morgue in both our perilous 707s and our hopelessly unsafe 747s. And D.O.A. is the only airline that gives you extreme unction in both coach and first class. Of course, first-class passengers also get a year of novenas at the Our Lady of the Airways chapel at Kennedy Airport. Fly D.O.A.—because how can you know when you're going to go?* "Tomorrow night," said Burtiss. "It's all set. We go out through E Block. Puglisi and Prentiss will take care of the guard. "Here," he said, "these'll come in handy. I made them in the shop." He took out a dozen license plates. They were razor sharp. Burtiss looked at me. "Well, kid, are you coming with us?" "Y-yeah," I said. "Okay," he said, "but don't plan on changing your mind. "Say," he added, "what are you in for anyway?" I tried to keep the fear out of my voice. "Stealing jokes from S. J. Perelman."

Pamplemousse/The immensely human tale of a gabby old frog who is determined to get 6 percent off the top and 100,000 francs in front for his story of a lovable old con who is determined to live free or not at all—a tale so gripping that as you lie glued to your bed, you'll almost be able to hear the rattle of bars, the clang of the shovel, and the ring of the cash register.

Special California Supplement/Build a smogman! Light a Bank of America branch to the memory of San Andreas! Hang ten! Electrocute three! Buy a box of Soledad Brothers Off Drops! See the life-size Ken Kesey dummy babble incoherently every ten minutes! Leave your palm prints at Grauman's and your footprints in the oils of time!

Stranger in Paradise/The heartwarming account of a harried, overworked man who woke up one morning in May of 1945 and decided it was time to get away from it all.

Harry Houdini's Scrapbook/You'll be the center of attention at parties and wiggle your way into the hearts of adoring females as you get out of trunks in seconds and Vietnam in only fourteen years.

A Whitman Sampler/The man whom William Cullen Bryan called "the most boring person whom I have ever met" brings you a century of tedious open-road literature and a kilo of leaves, if you count the flaky stuff in his cuffs.

Suicide Section/Remember—last impressions are the most important. So let Michael O'Donoghue show you how to write a good suicide note.

Plus: Mrs. Agnew's Diary, the Funny Pages, some unfunny pages, dropped pilots, guns hidden in cakes hidden in Afro wigs, Marcel Marceau and the secret of King Solomon's mimes, and are we off the air? Huh? Are we off? That oughta hold the little bastards.

Coming in March: *The Best of the National Lampoon, Number 1*, a huge collection of the funniest pieces from the first year or so, including "Tarzan of the Cows," "Real Balls Magazine," "The High School Yearbook," "The Undiscovered Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci," "How to Write Good," "The Dink Patrol," and much, much more. □



~~Happy Xmas~~ (war is over), Love, John & Yoko.

Happy New Year

PHOTOGRAPHY BY IAIN MACMILLAN